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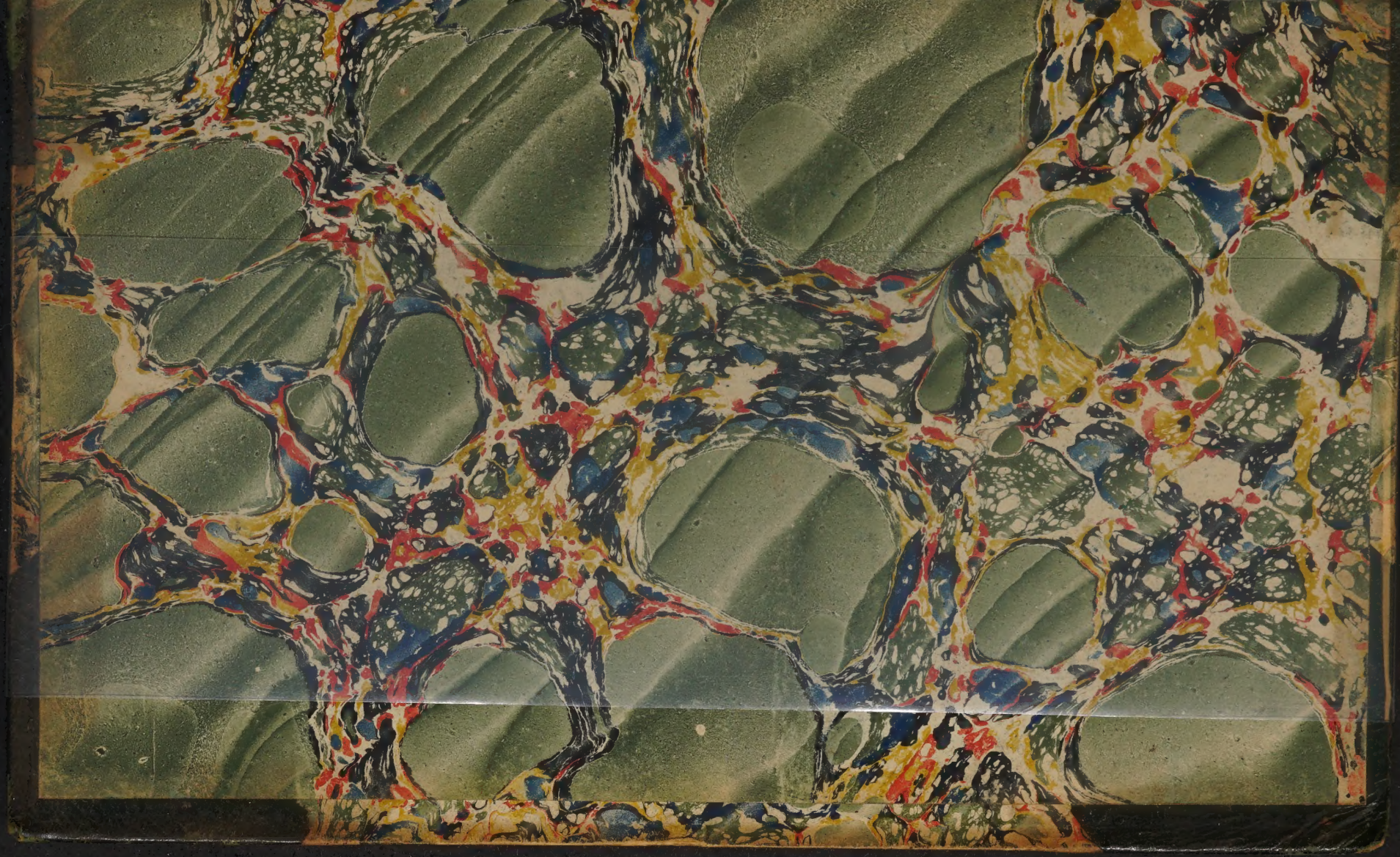
OLD PLAYS

VOL.
IV.

THE MALCONTENT.
ALL FOOLS.
EASTWARD HOE.
REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.
DUMB KNIGHT.

LONDON.
1825.

DODSLEY.



Gayley
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A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

O L D P L A Y S.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

A NEW EDITION:

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE

ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,
AND THE EDITOR.

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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME IV.

THE MALCONTENT.
ALL FOOLS.
EASTWARD HOE.
THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.
THE DUMB KNIGHT.

M.DCCC.XXV.

THE

MALCONTENT.

JOHN MARSTON is supposed to have been of a family settled at Aftcot, in the county of Salop*[1]. Wood[2] imagines him to have been the same John Marston who was a student of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and was admitted B. A. Feb. 20, 1592.† He was a poet who acquired, and very deservedly, a considerable reputation‡, and is[3] said to have died in the former part of King Charles the First's time, aged about 60 years§. He was the Author of (1.) "The "Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and Certaine "Satires, 1598."

(2.) The Scourge of Villanie. Three Bookes of Satires, 1599.

Both these works were reprinted in 1764. And Mr. Warton, in his Observations on Spenser's Pairy Queen, vol. I. p. 59. says of these Satires, that they "contain "many well-drawn characters, and several good strokes

* There was a respectable family of the name of Marston settled at Slauston in Leicestershire, from the register of which parish Nichols has given large extracts, but several leaves being torn out (from 1572 to 1612) the baptism of a John Marston does not occur in it. *Thomas* Marston, son of *John* Marston, was baptized 9th May, 1569. O. G.

[1] Oldys Mss. Notes on Langbaine.

[2] Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. I. p. 332.

† Among the Oxford verses on the death of Q. Elizabeth there is a copy signed "John Marston ex œde Christi." O. G.

‡ In the 34th of Elizabeth's reign, John Marston was chosen reader of the Inner Temple, and this I take to be the poet who in the passage cited from the "Return from Parnassus," is accused of throwing about "Ram-alley Meditations." Ram Alley is one of the avenues from the Temple to Fleet Street. O. G.

[3] Oldys.

§. That he was living in 1633, we have the evidence of W. Sheares the Bookseller, who collected and published six of Marston's plays in that year: he says, in the Dedication to Lady Falkland: "Whatsoever even in the spring of his years he hath presented upon the private and public theatre, now in his autumn and declining age he need not be ashamed of; and were it not that *he is so far distant* from this place he would have been more careful in revising the former impressions, and more circumspect about this than I can." C.

" of satirical genius; but are not upon the whole so " finished and classical as Bishop Hall's, the first part " of which were published about a year before these."

Marston sometimes assumed the name of *Kinsayder;* but why he did so*, and from whence he adopted it, do no where appear †. Under this fictitious surname, he is satirized in *The Return of Parnassus*, A. 1. S. 2.

" What, Monsieur Kinsayder, lifting up your leg, " and pissing against the World? put up, man, put up " for shame."

" Methinks, he is a ruffian in his style,
" Withouten bands, or garters' ornament:
" He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's helicon;
" Then roister doister, in his oily terms,
" Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoe'er he meets,
" And strows about Ram-Alley meditations.
" Tut, what cares he for modest, close-couched
" terms,
" Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?
" Give him plain-naked words, stripp'd from their
" shirts,
" That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine:
" Ay, there is one, that backs a paper steed,
" And manageth a pen-knife gallantly,
" Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth,
" Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns;

* In his Scourge of Villanie he gives a hint at one reason.

" Shall Matho raise his fame
By printing pamphlets in another's name,
And in them praise himself, his wit, his might,
All to be deem'd his country's lanthorn-light,
Whilst my tongue's tied with bonds of blushing shame,
For *fear* of broaching my *concealed name?*"

In his play of " What you Will," he speaks of himself under his assumed name.

" Away Idolater! why you Don *Kinsayder*
Thou canker-eaten rusty cur, thou snaffle
To freer spirits." Act II. C.

† Bishop Hall and Marston seem to have been upon bad terms, and the former wrote an epigram upon " Pigmalion's Image," of the latter in which he played upon Marston's *nom de guerre.*

" The dog was best cured by cutting and *kinsing.*" &c. Marston, replying to it, points out the conceit. C.

" And at first volley of his cannon shot,
" Batters the walls of the old fusty world."

When *The Malcontent* was first published Marston lived in friendship with Ben Jonson, to whom he dedicated it. He, also, wrote some complimentary verses to that author, which are printed before the first Edition of Sejanus in 1605. The good correspondence between them, however, was afterwards broken; but the cause of it remains unknown.

In the next year, 1606, the play of Sophonisba appeared, and in the Preface is the following passage plainly levelled at the play he had just before applauded: " Know that I have not labour'd in this " Poem to relate any thing as an Historian, but to en- " large every thing as a Poet. To transcribe Authors, " quote Authorities, and translate Latin prose Orations " into English Blank Verse, hath in this subject been " the least aim of my studies."

Ben also many years afterwards spoke of Marston with some degree of acrimony*; he said to Drummond

* Regarding this quarrel Mr. Gifford in his Life of B. Jonson speaks thus conclusively, I. lxxii.

" The *Satiromastix* appeared in 1602; the *Malcontent* was probably written in the following year, as two editions of it were printed as early as 1604. This play Marston dedicated to Jonson, in terms that do the highest honour to his friend as they seem to be expressly selected for the purpose of confuting the calumnies of Decker. Nor was this all, for in the epilogue to this play he thus adverts to his " liberal and cordial friend" and his meditated Tragedy.

" Then, till another's happier muse appears,
Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
To whose desertful lamps pleas'd fates impart,
Art above nature, judgment above art,
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet daunteth:
He that knows most, knows most how much it wanteth."

In the succeeding year, 1605, Marston again addresses his " most worthy friend," as one whose work (Sejanus,) would " even force applause from dispairful envy:" yet the critics affirm that in 1606, when this Poet published his *Sophonisba*, he attacks him upon the score of this very tragedy, which is here declared to be unrivalled. Not a shadow of offence appears on the side of Jonson; yet because Marston changed his language, therefore, say the commentators, " it is probable that Ben's natural arrogance and self-

of Hawthornden, that " he fought several times with " Marston, and that the latter wrote his father-in-law's " preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies*."

Marston was the Author of the following Plays:

(1.) Antonio and Mellida: A History. Acted by the Children of Paul's. 4to, 1602.†

(2.) Antonio's Revenge: The Second Part. As it hath beene sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's. 4to, 1602

(3.) The Insatiate Countess; A Tragedy. Acted at White Fryers. 4to, 1603. 4to, 1613. 4to. 1631.

(4.) The Malcontent, 4to, 1604. Another Edition in 4to. in the same year‡.

(5.) The Dutch Courtezan. As it was play'd in the Blacke Friars, by the Children of her Majesties Revels. 4to. 1605§.

(6.) Parisitaster; or, The Fawne. As it hath bene divers times presented at the Blacke Friars, by the Children of the Queenes Majesties Revels. 4to, 1606.

sufficiency had lessened their friendship, since we find Marston casting some very severe glances at his *Sejanus* and *Catiline*." As *Cataline* was not in being till 1611, no glances could be cast at it in 1606; for the rest, if Marston did not know his own mind it seems hard to blame Jonson for it; since whatever might be the demerits of *Sejanus* they could not be greater in 1606, than when he praised it two years before. In a word, if this play be meant, it will be difficult to acquit Marston of the basest flattery or the meanest revenge." C.

* It has been conjectured that late in life, Marston became a preacher himself; and a Sermon is in existence " preached at St. Margaret's, in Westminster, Feb. 6, 1642, by John Marston." C.

† An incident in Act II. of this " History," is either founded upon a story in " the merrie conceited Jests of George Peele," or the story upon the incident—probably the former. The earliest date of Peele's Jests has not been ascertained. C.

‡ Although not printed until 1604, it should seem from an addition to note 54, that the *Mulcontent* was written in 1600.

§ This Comedy was alluded to in the year following its publication in a tract entitled " The Blacke Yeare," 1606,—" Others have good wits but so critical that they arraign other men's works at the tribunal seat of every censorious Aristarch's understandinig, when their own are sacrificed in Paul's Church-yard for bringing in the *Dutch Curtezan*, to corrupt English conditions, and sent away *Westward* for carping both at Court, City, and Country." C.

(7.) The Wonder of Women; or The Tragedie of Sophonisba. As it hath beene sundry times acted at the Blacke Friers. 4to. 1606.

(8.) What you will. 4to. 1607.

All these, except *The Insatiate Countess* and *The Malcontent*, were printed in 12mo. 1633.

He was also, the Author of "The Argument of the "Spectacle, presented to the sacred Majestys of Great "Britain and Denmark as they passed through "London." In MS. in the British Museum, No. 18. A. 31. *

The following Epigram is printed in *The Scourge of Folly*, by John Davies, 12mo. N. D. p. 105.

To acute Mr. John Marston.

Thy *Malecontent*, or *Malecontentednesse*,
Hath made thee change thy Muse as some do gesse:
If time mispent made her a *Malecontent;*
Thou need'st not then her timely change repent.
The end will shew it: meane while do but please
With vertuous paines, as erst thou did'st with ease;
Thou shalt be prais'd, and kept from want and wo;
So, blest are crosses, that do blesse us so.†

* Among the Duke of Bridgewater's MSS. is an unpublished Masque, by Marston, entitled "The Lorde and Ladye of Hunting-"don's entertainment of theire right noble mother Alice Coun-"tesse Dowager of Darby, the first night of her honor's arrivall "at the house of Ashby," from which the Rev. H. J. Todd has given large extracts in his edition of Milton. See preliminary notes on the Arcades. O. G.

† The following from Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, Lib. II. refers to Marston's claim to be the *second* English Satirist, Bishop Hall being considered the *first*.

AD JOANNEM MARSTONUM.

Gloria Marstoni Satirarum proxima primæ,
Primaque fas primas si numerare duas;
Sin primam duplicare nefas, tu gloria saltem
Marstoni primæ proxima semper eris.
Nec te pœniteat stationis, Jane, secundus,
Cum duo sint tantum, est neuter at ambo pares. C.

BENIAMINI JONSONIO

POETÆ

ELEGANTISSIMO

GRAVISSIMO

AMICO

SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO

IOHANNES MARSTON

MVSARVM ALVMNVS

ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM,

D. D.

TO THE READER.

I AM and ill orator; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly than eloquently, for it is my custom to speak as I think, and write as I speak.

In plainness, therefore, understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families: for which some may wittily accuse me; but my defence shall be as honest, as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious. Since (I heartily protest) it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet in despite of my endeavours, I understand, some have been most unadvisedly over-cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtilty (as deep as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumours, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surley I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple: to such I protest that with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of his holy policy, reverend comely superiority, and established unity: for the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not, but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so general and honest, as may modestly pass with the freedom of a Satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that Scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself,

therefore, set forth this Comedy; but so, that my inforced absence must much rely upon the Printer's discretion; but I shall intreat slight errors in orthography may be as slightly over-passed; and that the unhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus.

J. M.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIOVANNI ALTOFRONTO, *disguised as* MALEVOLE, *ometime duke of Genoa.*
PIETRO JACOMO, *duke of Genoa.*
MENDOZA, *A minion to the dutchess of Pietro Jacomo.*
CELSO, *a friend to Altofronto.*
BILIOSO, *an old choloric marshal.*
PREPASSO, *a gentleman-usher.*
FERNEZE, *a young courtier, and inamoured of the dutchess.*
FERRARDO, *a minion to duke Pietro Jacomo.*
EQUATO, GUERRINO. } *two courtiers.*
PASSARELLO, *fool to Bilioso.*

AURELIA, *dutchess to duke Pietro Jacomo.*
MARIA, *dutchess to duke Altofronto.*
EMILIA, BIANCA, } *two ladies attending the dutchess.*
MAQUERELLE, *an old panderess.*

THE

INDUCTION

TO

THE MALCONTENT;

AND

The Additions acted by the King's Majesty's Servants.

Written by John Webster.

Enter [4] W. SLY; *a* TIRE-MAN *following him with a stool.*

Tire-man. SIR, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

Sly. Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou do'st not take me for a country gentleman, do'st? do'st thou fear hissing? I'll hold my life thou took'st me for one of the players.

Tire-man. No, sir.

Sly. By god's-slid, if you had I would have given you but [5] six-pence for your stool. Let them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. Hiss at me! He that

[4] *William Sly*] Was one of the original actors in Shakspeare's plays. His name is among those enumerated in the Folio Edition of his Works, 1623.

See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, III. 206 and 476, for such particulars as are known regarding *W. Sly.* C.

[5] *but six-pence*] From chap. VI. in Dekkar's *Guls Horn-book*, reprinted in the last Edition of Shakspeare, vol. I. p. 80. it appears, that it was the fashion for the gallants of the times to sit on the stage on stools. We learn from a passage in *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI. that a shilling was the sum paid for them.

will be laughed out of a tavern, or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. Where's [6] Harry Condell, [7] Dick Burbage, and William Sly? Let me speak with some of them.

Tire-man. An't please you to go in, sir, you may.

Sly. I tell you no; I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action. I have most of the jests here in my table-book.

Enter [8] SINKLOW.

Sinklow. Save you, cuz.

Sly. O! cousin, come, you shall sit between my legs here.

Sinklow. No indeed, cousin; the audience then will take me for [9] a viol de gambo, and think that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, cuz.

Sinklow. We staid for you at supper last night at my cousin Honey-moon's, the woollen-draper. After supper we drew cuts for a score of apricots; the longest cut still to draw an apricot: by this light, 'twas Mrs. Frank Honey-moon's fortune still to have the longest cut. I did measure for the women. What be these, cuz?

Enter D. BURBAGE, H. CONDELL, *and* [10] J. LOWIN.*

Sly. The players. God save you.

[6] *Harry Condell*] One of the publishers of Shakspeare's Plays in Folio, 1623.

[7] *Dick Burbage*] See Dialogue on Plays and Players, vol. XII.

[8] *Sinklow*] This was a player in Shakspeare's time. His name is twice printed in that Author's Works, instead of the characters he performed. See Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew;* and the conclusion of *The Second Part of King Henry* IV.

[9] *a viol de gambo*] From the name of this instrument, which is derived from the Italian, and the manner in which it appears to have been played on, I apprehend it to be the same which is now called a base viol.

[10] *John Lowin*] Another of the original actors in Shakspeare's Plays. See Dialogue on Plays and Players, vol. XII.

* As the orthography of some of these names, especially that of Burbage, has been disputed, it may be well to mention that they are thus spelt in the old copies—*Burbidge, Cundale,* and *Lewin.* Some account of them will be found in vol. III. of Malone's

Burbage. You are very welcome.

Sly. I pray you know this gentleman, my cousin; 'tis Mr. Doomsday's son, the usurer.

Condell. I beseech you, sir, be cover'd.

Sly. [11] No, in good faith, for mine ease; look you, my hat's the handle to this fan: god's so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you.

[*Puts his feather in his pocket.*

Burbage. Why do you conceal your feather, sir?

Sly. Why! do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play to be laugh'd at? This play hath beaten all young gallants out of the feathers. [12] Black-friars hath almost spoil'd Black-friars for feathers.*

Sinklow. God's so! I thought 'twas for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counsel'd me to wear my feather to the play; yet I am loath to spoil it.

Sly. Why, cuz?

Sinklow. Because I got it in the [13] tilt-yard: there was a herald broke my pate for taking it up. But I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it.

Sly. Do you hear, sir? this play is a bitter play.

Condell. Why, sir, 'tis neither satire nor moral, but the mere † passage of an history: yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious appliment; but should their

Shakespeare by Boswell, p. 183, 467, 199, 475, and 207, respectively. C.

[11] *No, in good faith, for mine ease*] A quotation from the part of *Osrick* in *Hamlet*. See vol. X. edit. 1778, p. 395. *Sly* might have been the original performer of that character. See Note 5 to *The Taming of the Shrew*, vol. III. p. 396. S.

[12] *Black-friars hath almost spoil'd Black-friars for feathers*] See Note 1 to *The Muses Looking-glass*, vol. IX.

* The following passage in A. 5. S. 2. is probably alluded to as having produced this change. "For as now-a-days no courtier "but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no "cuckold but has his horns, and *no fool but has his feather.*" C.

[13] *tilt-yard*] Where the barriers were fought. See Note 8 to *The White Devil*, vol. VI.

† Meane, second 4to of 1601.

interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

Sly. I will not go far with you; but I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelve-penny room: and I say again, the play is bitter.

*Burbage.** Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against any thing that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the antient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies, that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant, that his expence in the brothel should gain him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cur'd as men heal tetters, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else, sir?

Sly. Ay marry would I: I would know how you came by this play?

Condell. Faith, sir, the book was lost; and because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it.

Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

Condell. [14] Why not Malevole in folio with us, as well as Ieronimo in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, we call it, *One for another.*†

Sly. What are your additions?

Burbage. 'Sooth, not greatly needful; only as your sallet to your great feast, to entertain a little more time,

* In the former reprints of this play the Christian names of these actors have been given, though not found in the old copy. If inserted at all it might at least be expected that they should be printed correctly, whereas *Dick* Burbage is several times called *Henry*. C.

[14] *Why not Malevole,* &c.] See Mr. Collins's Note on *Troilus and Cressida,* vol. IX. edit. 1778, p. 8. S.

† It is not very easy to understand this passage unless we suppose that the *Malcontent* was played by "the King's Majesty's Servants" at this time, under the title of *One for Another.* According to the entries in the Stationers' Books, W. Rowley wrote a play called "A Knave in Print; or, *One for another.*" C.

and to abridge the not-receiv'd custom of musick in our theatre. I must leave you, sir. [*Exit Burbage.*

Sinklow. Doth he play the Malcontent?

Condell. Yes, sir.

Sinklow. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

Condell. O! no, sir, nothing, [15]*Ad Parmenonis suem.*

Lowin. Have you lost your ears, sir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sinklow. Why did you ask that, friend?

Lowin. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five baubees: and in this kind you might venture four of your elbows; yet God defend your coat should have so many.

Sinklow. Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have been one of the college of criticks once. My cousin here hath an excellent memory, indeed, sir.

Sly. Who, I? I'll tell you a strange thing of myself; and I can tell you, for one that never studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange too.

Condell. What's that, sir?

Sly. Why, I'll lay an hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's-row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

Lowin. 'Tis very strange.

Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve. There's in all just five and fifty. I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too. What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

Condell. I know not, sir,

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some fifty of the Grecians that were cramm'd in the horse-belly had eaten garlick, do you not think the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

[15] *Ad Parmenonis suem*]
Summum *suem Parmenonem* impertit
Gnatho. Terent. Eunuch. S.

Condell. Very likely.

Sly. By God, I wou'd they had, for I love Hector horribly.

Sinklow. O but cuz, cuz!

[16] Grēat Ā|ēxān|dēr whĕn hĕ|cāme tŏ thĕ|tōmb ŏf Ă|chīl-lēs,
Spāke wĭth ă|bīg lōud|voīce, Ō|thōu thrice|blēssĕd and| hāppȳ.|

Sly. Alexander was an ass to speak so well of a filthy [17] cullion.

Lowin. Good sir, will you leave the stage? I'll help you to a private room.

Sly. Come, cuz, let's take some tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

Lowin. Not any, sir.

Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore.
Come to them, and fencing of a congey with arms and legs,
Be round with them.*

"Gentlemen [18], I could wish for the women's sakes "you had all soft cushions; and, gentlewomen, I could "wish that for the men's sakes you had all more easy "standings." What would they wish more but the play now? And that they shall have instantly.

[16] *Great Alexander*, &c.] These two lines are hexameters, that "*halt ill on Roman feet*," like those of Sydney mentioned by Pope. Into such verse Stanyhurst translated the four first Books of Virgil. S.

[17] *— cullion*] See Note 87, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 68.

* This passage which here, and in the old copies is printed as part of the text, is most likely merely a *stage direction*, which has been mistaken for a portion of Sly's prologue. C.

[18] *Gentlemen*, &c.] This seems intended as a burlesque on the Epilogue to *As you like it*.

THE

MALCONTENT.*

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

The vilest out-of-tune musick being heard.

Enter BILIOSO *and* PREPASSO.

Bilioso. WHY, how now? are ye mad, or drunk, or both, or all?

Prepasso. Are ye building Babylon, there?

Bilioso. Here's a noise in court! you think you are in a tavern, do you not?

Prepasso. You think you are in a brothel-house, do you not? This room is ill-scented.

Enter one with a perfume.

So, perfume, perfume; some upon me, I pray thee: the duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there.

SCENA II.

Enter the duke PIETRO, FERRARDO, *count* EQUATO, *count* CELSO *before, and* GUERRINO.

Pietro. Where breathes that musick?

Bilioso. The discord rather than the musick is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Ferrardo. Malevole!

Malevole. [*out of his chamber.*] Yaugh, god-a-man, what do'st thou there? Duke's Ganymede, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what

* In the margin opposite this repetition of the general title, are the words *Vexat censura columbas.* It is also printed in the same manner at the commencement of Marston's *Fawne.* C.

would'st, weesel? thou lamb at court, what do'st bleat for? ah, you smooth-chinn'd catamite!

Pietro. Come down, thou ragged cur, and snarl here; I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty: trot about and bespurtle whom thou pleasest.

Malevole. I'll come among you, you goatish blooded [19] toderers, as gum into taffata, to fret, to fret: I'll fall like a spunge into waters, to suck up, to suck up. Howl again. I'll go to church and come to you.

Pietro. This Malevole is one of the most prodigious affections that ever convers'd with nature. A man, or rather a monster; more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence. His appetite is unsatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from heaven. His highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven; for 'tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented is a slave and damn'd; therefore does he afflict all in that to which they are most affected. The elements struggle with him; his own soul is at variance within herself: his speech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith; he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes me understand those weaknesses which others flattery palliates. Hark! they sing.

SCENA III.

Enter MALEVOLE, *after the song.*

Pietro. See, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air: he blows over every man; and—sir, whence come you now?

Malevole. From the public place of much dissimulation, the church.

Pietro. What did'st there?

Malevole. Talk with a usurer; take up at interest.

Pietro. I wonder what religion thou art of.

[19] *toderers*] I suppose this is a word coined from *tod*, a certain weight of sheeps' wool. He seems willing to intimate that the duke, &c. are *mutton* mongers. The meaning of *lac'd mutton* is well known. S.

Malevole. Of a soldier's religion.

Pietro. And what do'st think makes most infidels now?

Malevole. Sects, sects. I have seen seeming piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her petticoat.

Pietro. Oh! a religious policy.

Malevole. But, damnation on a politic religion! I am weary; would I were one of the duke's hounds now.

Pietro. But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou dogg'st rumour still.

Malevole. Common news? why, common words are, God save ye, Fare ye well: common actions, flattery, and couzenage: common things, women, and cuckolds. And how does my little Ferrardo? Ah ye letcherous animal! my little ferret! he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a weesel. And to what do'st thou addict thy time now, more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers, flattery, pride, and venery?

Ferrardo. I study languages. Who do'st think to be the best linguist of our age?

Malevole. Phew! the devil; let him possess thee; he'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travelled greatly in the world, and is every where.

Ferrardo. Save i'th' court.

Malevole. I, save i'th' court. And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beast, how does thy young wife, old[20] huddle? [*To Bilioso.*

Bilioso. Out! you improvident rascal.

Malevole. Do, kick, thou hugely-horn'd old duke's ox, good Mr. Make-peace.

Pietro. How do'st thou live now-a-days, Malevole?

Malevole. Why, like the knight St. Patrick Penlolians, with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey.

[20] *huddle*] See Note 31 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II. p. 182.

Pietro. How do'st spend the night? I hear thou never sleep'st.

Malevole. O no; but dream the most fantastical: O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pietro. Dream, what dream'st?

Malevole. Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his foot-cloth; that metreza[21] her plate: this madam takes physick, that t'other monsieur may minister to her: here is a pander jewel'd; there is a fellow in shift of sattin this day, that could not shift a shirt t'other night: here a Paris supports that Helen; there's[22] a lady Guinever bears up that[23] sir Launcelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fansies, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits. [*To Prepasso.*] Sir Tristram Trimtram, come aloft Jack-a-napes with a whim-wham: here's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe; do the sword-dance with any morris-dancer in Christendom; ride at the ring, till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin; and run the wild-goose chace even with Pompey the huge.

Pietro. You run!

Malevole. To the devil. Now, signior Guerrino, that thou from a most pitied prisoner should grow a most loathed flatterer: alas! poor Celso, thy star's oppress'd, thou art an honest lord! 'tis pity.

Equato. Is't pity?

Malevole. I, marry is't, philosophical Equato; and 'tis pity that thou being so excellent a scholar by art, should'st be so ridiculous a fool by nature. I have a thing to tell you, duke; bid 'em avaunt, bid 'em avaunt.

Pietro. Leave us, leave us; now, sir, what is't?

[*Exeunt all, saving Pietro and Malevole.*

Malevole. Duke, thou art a[24] becco, a cornuto.

[21] *metreza*] i. e. mistress. S.

[22] *lady Guinever*] King Arthur's unfaithful queen. See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. III. p. 338.

[23] *sir Launcelot*] A celebrated hero of romance.

[24] *becco*] A cuckold, *Ital.* S.

Pietro. How?

Malevole. Thou art a cuckold.

Pietro. Speak; unshell him quick.

Malevole. With most tumbler-like nimbleness.

Pietro. Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

Malevole. Mendoza is the man makes thee a horn'd beast.

Duke, 'tis Mendoza cornutes thee.

Pietro. What conformance? relate; short, short.

Malevole. As a lawyer's beard,

There is an old[25] *crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,*

She is my mistress sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me.

Blirt, a rime; blirt, a rime; Maquerelle is a cunning bawd. I am an honest villain; thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold; farewel, duke.

Pietro. Stay, stay.

Malevole. Dull, dull, duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God! for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made!

Pietro. What did God never make?

Malevole. A cuckold. To be made a thing that's hood-wink'd with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to have a coxcomb with egregious horns pinned to a lord's back, every page sporting himself

So, in Massinger's *Bondman*, A. 2. S. 3.

" — Pass the rest; they'll all make
" Sufficient *becos*, and with their brow-antlers
" Bear up the cap of maintenance."

[25] *crone*] i. e. an old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 2. S. 3.

Again, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, l. 4851.

" But it were only dame Custance alone,
" This olde Soudannesse, this cursed *crone*."

Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 5.

" — marry, let him alone
" With temper'd poison to remove *the croan*."

The Devil is an Ass, A. 2. S. 1.

" No lace-woman, nor bawd, that brings French masks
" And cut works. See you? nor old *croans* with wafers,
" To convey letters."

with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it; pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

Pietro. Death and damnation!

Malevole. Lightning and thunder!

Pietro. Vengeance and torture!

Malevole. [26] Catzo!

Pietro. O revenge!

Malevole. Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs
A lady far inferior to the most,
In fair proportion both of limb and soul;
To take her from austerer check of parents,
To make her his by most devoutful rites,
Make her commandress of a better essence,
Than is the gorgeous world even of a man;
To hug her with as rais'd an appetite,
As usurers do their delv'd up treasury.
(Thinking none tells it but his private self);
To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss,
Distilling panting ardour to her heart;
True to her sheets, nay diets strong his blood,
To give her height of hymeneal sweets—

Pietro. O God!

Malevole. Whilst she lisps, and gives him some court *quelquechose*,
Made only to provoke, not satiate:
And yet even then the thaw of her delight
Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
Only from strange imaginations rankness,
That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul,
And makes her think she [27] clips the foul knave's loins.

Pietro. Affliction to my blood's root!

[26] *Catzo!*] I believe, in cant Italian, this word is obscenely used. S.

This conjecture seems to be well founded. See Florio's *Dictionary*, 1598, voce *cazzo*.

It is to this day an ordinary Italian exclamation. On reference to the *Honest Whore*, it will be seen that Matheo frequently employs it. C.

[27] *clips*] i. e. clasps, embraces.

Malevole. Nay think, but think what may proceed of this,
Adultery is often the mother of incest.

Pietro. Incest!

Malevole. Yes, incest: mark; Mendoza of his wife begets perchance a daughter; Mendoza dies; his son marries this daughter. Say you? Nay, 'tis frequent, not only probable, but no question often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance, clasps his own seed.

Pietro. Hideous imagination!

Malevole. Adultery? why next to the sin of simony, 'tis the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation.

Pietro. Next to simony!

Malevole. I, next to simony, in which our men in next age shall not sin.

Pietro. Not sin? why?

Malevole. Because (thanks to some church-men) our age will leave them nothing to sin with. But adultery! O dulness! shew such exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze but to think it. I would damn him and all his generation! my own hands should do it; ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance any thing.

Pietro. Any thing, any thing, Malevole; thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holds. Farewel, remember I forget thee not, farewel. [*Exit Pietro.*

Malevole. Farewel.
Lean thoughtfulness, a sallow meditation,
Suck thy veins dry? distemperance rob thy sleep;
The hearts disquiet is revenge most deep.
He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,
But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul kills.
Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
Which kings do seldom hear, or great men use,
Free speech: and though my states usurp'd,
Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue,
As fetterless as is an emperor's.
I may speak foolishly, I, knavishly,
Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion

To poize my breath. " For he that laughs and strikes,
" Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again."
Duke, I'll torment thee now, my just revenge
From thee than crown a richer gem shall part.
Beneath God, nought's so dear as a calm heart.

SCENA IV.

Enter CELSO.

Celso. My honour'd lord!
Malevole. Peace, speak low; peace, O Celso! constant lord,
(Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself;
Thou in whose hands [28] old Ops may put her soul:)
Behold for ever banish'd Altofront,
This Genoa's last year's duke. O truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance, and [29] suspect: I could not time it, Celso;
My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,
To all of equal neanress, bore with none;
Rein'd all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
Suspectless, too suspectless: till the crowd,
(Still liquorous of untried novelties,)
Impatient with severer government,
Made strong with Florence, banish'd Altofront.
Celso. Strong with Florence! ay, thence your mischief rose,
For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
No stratagem of state untry'd was left,
Till you of all——
Malevole. Of all was quite bereft.
Alas! Maria too, close prisoned,

[28] *old Ops*] The wife of Saturn, who deceived him by a stratagem relative to the preservation of Jupiter. S.
[29] *suspect*] i. e. suspicion. See Note 45 to *Edward* II. vol. II. p. 378.

My true-faith'd dutchess, i'th' citadel.

Celso. I'll still adhere: let's mutiny and die.

Malevole. O no; climb not a falling tower, Celso;
'Tis well held desparation, not zeal,
Hopeless to strive with fate; (peace) temporize.
[30] Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretched'st man,
Yet bid'st me live, and lurk in this disguise.
What? play I well the free-breath'd [31] discontent?
Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs or natural fools. Celso, the court's afire; the dutchess's sheets will smoke for't ere it be long. Impure Mendoza, that sharp-nos'd lord, that made the cursed match, link'd Genoa with Florence, now broad horns the duke, which he now knows. Discord to malcontents is very manna; when the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Altofront.

Celso. I, but durst——

Malevole. 'Tis gone; 'tis swallowed like a mineral:
Some way 'twill work; pheut, I'll not shrink:
He's resolute who can no lower sink.

BILIOSO *entering,* MALEVOLE *shifteth his speech.*
O the father of may-poles! did you never see a fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, respect in his office, religion on his lord, and love in himself? why then, behold——

Bilioso. Signior!

Malevole. My right worshipful lord, your court night-cap makes you have a passing high forehead.

Bilioso. I can tell you strange news, but I am sure you know them already. The duke speaks much good of you.

Malevole. Go to then; and shall you and I now enter into a strict friendship?

[30] *Hope, hope,* &c.] So Pope:
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
"Man never is, but always to be blest."

[31] *discontent*] i. e. *discontented person,* as we now say *malecontent.* So in *The First Part of King Henry* IV. A. 5. S. 1.
"Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents.*"
See Mr. Malone's Note on this passage.

Bilioso. Second one another?

Malevole. Yes.

Bilioso. Do one another good offices?

Malevole. Just; what tho' I call'd thee old ox, egregious wittal, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy, yet, since I am in favour——

Bilioso. Words of course, terms of disport. His grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful remembrance for—I am ignorant for what, marry, ye may impart: yet howsoever—come—dear friend, do'st know my son?

Malevole. Your son?

Bilioso. He shall eat wood-cocks, dance jigs, make possets, and play at shuttle-cock with any young lord about the court: he has as sweet a lady too; dost know her little bitch?

Malevole. 'Tis a dog, man.

Bilioso. Believe me, a she bitch: O 'tis a good creature! thou shalt be her servant. I'll make thee acquainted with my young wife too: what! I keep her not at court for nothing: 'tis grown to supper-time, come to my table; that, or any thing I have, stands open to thee.

Malevole. How smooth to him that is in state of grace!— [*To Celso.*
How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!
What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,
Are heav'd to them, are minions to a crown.
Envious ambition ne'er saves her thirst,
Till sucking all, he swell, and swell, and burst.

Bilioso. I shall now leave you with my always best wishes, only let's hold betwixt us a firm correspondence, a mutual friendly-reciprocal kind of steady-unanimous-heartily-leagued——

Malevole. Did your signiorship ne'er see a pigeon-house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stink within? have you not, old courtier?

Bilioso. O yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of them all.

Malevole. Adieu my true court-friend, [31] farewel, my dear Castilio.

Celso. Yonder's Mendoza. [*Exit Bilioso.*

Malevole. True, the privy-key. [*Descries Mendoza.*

Celso. I take my leave, sweet lord. [*Exit Celso.*

Malevole, 'Tis fit, away.

SCENA V.

Enter MENDOZA, *with three or four Suitors.*

Mendoza. Leave your suits with me, I can and will —attend my secretary; leave me. [*Exeunt Suitors.**

Malevole. Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain: God be wi' ye.

Mendoza. Out, you base-born rascal!

Malevole. We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe-wife were our mother: ah you whore-son, hot-reign'd he-marmoset! Egistus! did'st ever hear of one Egistus?

Mendoza. Gistus?

Malevole. I, Egistus, he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Mendoza. Out, grumbling rogue!

Malevole. Orestes, beware Orestes.

Mendoza. Out, beggar!

Malevole. I once shall rise.

Mendoza. Thou rise?

Malevole. I, at the resurrection.

" *No vulgar seed, but once may rise, and shall;*
" *No king so huge, but 'fore he die may fall.* [*Exit.*

Mendoza. Now, good Elyzium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour? O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best

[31] *farewel my dear Castilio.*] He alludes to Baldessar Castilio, Author of the famous Italian book, called *The Courtier.* S. P.

This book was translated into English by *Thomas Hobby.* One Edition of it was published in 4to, 1603, the year before *The Malcontent* appeared.

* It is to be concluded that the suitors go out here, but the old quartos do not mention it. C.

of life! what should I think, what say, what do, to be a favourite? a minion? to have a general timorous respect observe a man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum, and busy murmurs of obsequious suitors training him; the cloth held up, and way proclaim'd before him; petitionary vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace lampreys that ingender with snakes, and all full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated humbleness, fix all their delights upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death! I cornute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you; and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you; you preservers of mankind, life-blood of society, who would live, nay who can live, without you? O paradise, how majestical is your austerer presence? how imperiously chaste is your more modest face? but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! the amorous smiles, the soul-warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedless Phæton![32] in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how——O pleasure unutterable! indeed it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a dutchess! in despight of Phœbus I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her. [*Exit.*

[32] *in body how delicate,* &c.] This part of Mendoza's speech seems intended as a parody on that of *Hamlet,* A. 2. S. 2. "What a "piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in "faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in "action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the "beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

SCENA VI.

Enter FERNEZE *ushering* AURELIA, EMILIA, *and* MAQUERELLE *bearing up her train*, BIANCA *attending: all go out but* AURELIA, MAQUERELLE *and* FERNEZE.

Aurelia. And is't possible? Mendoza slight me! possible?

Ferneze. Possible? what can be strange in him that's drunk,
Grows insolent with grace?—Speak Maquerelle, speak.

Maquerelle. To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my inforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well known I can put up any thing; [*Ferneze privately feeds Maquerelle's hands with jewels during this speech.*] can bear patiently with any man: but when I heard he wrong'd your precious sweetness, I was inforc'd to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite; and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another,) when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possess'd with your indear'd grace, Mendoza most ingratefully renounced all faith to you.

Ferneze. Nay, call'd you—speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Maquerelle. By heaven, witch; dry'd bisquet; and contested* blushlessly he lov'd you but for a spurt, or so.

Ferneze. For maintenance.

Maquerelle. Advancement and regard.

Aurelia. O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

Maquerelle. Nay, he is the rustiest jade, the foulest mouth'd knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against women—

Aurelia. How? how?

Maquerelle. I am asham'd to speak't, I.

Aurelia. I love to hate him; speak.

* Probably we ought to read *confessed;* but the 4to has it *contested.* C.

Maquerelle. Why, when Emilia scorn'd his base unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said—

Aurelia. What?

Maquerelle. Troth, 'tis too shameless.

Aurelia. What said he?

Maquerelle. Why that at four, women, were fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourscore, witches, and at a hundred, cats.

Aurelia. O unlimitable impudence!

Ferneze. But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart,
Was never shadeless meadow drier parch'd,
Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog,
Than is my heart with your inforcing eyes.

Maquerelle. A hot simile.

Ferneze. Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell;
O pity then; grace should with beauty dwell.

Maquerelle. Reasonable perfect, by'r lady.

Aurelia. I will love thee, be it but in despight
Of that Mendoza: witch! Ferneze: witch!
Ferneze, thou art the dutchess' favourite,
Be faithful, private; but 'tis dangerous—

Ferneze. "*His love is lifeless, that for love fears breath,*
"*The worst that's due to sin, O would t'were death.*"

Aurelia. Enjoy my favour, I will be sick instantly and take physick;
Therefore in depth of night visit—

Maquerelle. Visit her chamber, but conditionally, ou shall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

Ferneze. By this diamond— [*Gives it to Maquerelle.*

Maquerelle. Nor tarry longer than you please: by this ruby!

Ferneze. By this ruby— [*Gives again.*

Maquerelle. And that the door shall not creak.

Ferneze. And that the door shall not creak.

Maquerelle. Nay, but swear.

Ferneze. By this purse— [*Gives her his purse.*

Maquerelle. Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember, visit.

Enter MENDOZA, *reading a sonnet.*

Aurelia. Dry'd bisquet! look where the base wretch comes.

Mendoza. *Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen.*

Maquerelle. That's his Emilia.

Mendoza. *Nature's triumph, best on earth!*

Maquerelle. Meaning Emilia.

Mendoza. *Thou only wonder that the world hath seen.*

Maquerelle. That's Emilia.

Aurelia. Must I then hear her prais'd? Mendoza!

Mendoza. Madam, your excellency is graciously incounter'd; I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of— [*Exit Ferneze.*

Aurelia. Out, villain! villian! O judgment, where have been my eyes? what bewitch'd election made me doat on thee? what sorcery made me love thee? but be gone! bury thy head! O that I could do more than loath thee! hence, worst of ill! *No reason ask, our reason is our will.* [*Exit with Maquerelle.*

Mendoza. Women? nay furies! nay worse! for they torment

Only the bad; but women good and bad. Damnation of mankind! breath hast thou prais'd them for this? and is't you, Ferneze, are wriggled into smock-grace? Sit sure. O that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth; women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish; without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting: their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sighs dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial. *Their blood is their only god: bad cloaths, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at.* That I could rail now!

SCENA VII.

Enter PIETRO, *his sword drawn.*

Pietro. A mischief fill thy throat? thou foul-jaw'd slave:
Say thy prayers.
Mendoza. I ha' forgot 'em.
Pietro. Thou shalt die.
Mendoza. So shalt thou; I am heart-mad.
Pietro. I am horn-mad.
Mendoza. Extreme mad.
Pietro. Monstrously mad.
Mendoza. Why?
Pietro. Why? thou, thou hast dishonour'd my bed.
Mendoza. I? come, come, sir; here's my bare heart to thee,
As steady as is this center to the glorious world.
And yet hark, thou art a cornuto; but not by me.
Pietro. Yes slave, by thee.
Mendoza. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath
Loose him can loose thee: I offend my duke!
Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights,
How vigilent my sleepless eyes have been,
To watch the traitor; record, thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I have thrown myself
To under-offices, only to learn
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd.
And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion
To places private and prohibited,
Only to observe the closer passages,
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,
Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain?
What rogue hath wronged us?
Pietro. Mendoza, I may err.
Mendoza. Err? 'tis too mild a name; but err and err,
Run giddy with suspect, 'fore through me thou know'st

That which most creatures save thyself do know:
Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,
'Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt together.

Pietro. Mendoza, thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted man.

Mendoza. The fitter to make a cuckold: would your brows were most plain too!

Pietro. Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail—

Mendoza. At women, true: why what cold phlegm could choose
Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, sweet,
To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold:
Heart! I hate all women for't! Sweet sheets, wax lights, antique bed-posts, cambrick smocks, villainous curtains, arras pictures, oil'd hinges, and all ye tongue-ty'd lascivious witnesses of great creatures wantonness: what salvation can you expect?

Pietro. Wilt thou tell me?

Mendoza. Why you may find it yourself; observe, observe.

Pietro. I ha' not the patience: wilt thou deserve me? tell, give it.

Mendoza. Take't; why Ferneze is the man, Ferneze; I'll prov't, this night you shall take him in your sheets, will't serve.

Pietro. It will, my bosom's in some peace; till night—

Mendoza. What?

Pietro. Farewel.

Mendoza. God! how weak a lord are you!
Why do you think there is no more but so?

Pietro. Why?

Mendoza. Nay, then will I presume to counsel you;
It should be thus. You with some guard upon the sudden
Break into the princess' chamber; I stay behind
Without the door; through which he needs must pass;
Ferneze flies; let him; to me he comes; he's kill'd
By me; observe, by me; you follow; I rail,

And seem to save the body: dutchess comes,
On whom (respecting her advanced birth,
And your fair nature), I know, nay I do know,
No violence must be us'd. She comes, I storm,
I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain
The dutchess' honour; she for this loves me.
I shall know her soul, you mine;
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance
(As women are most thoughtful in revenge)
Of her Ferneze; but you shall sooner know't
Than she can think't. Thus shall his death come sure,
Your dutchess brain-caught: so your life secure.

Pietro. It is too well: my bosom, and my heart,
" *When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.*" [*Exit.*

Mendoza. " *Who cannot feign friendship, can ne'er produce the effects of hatred.*" Honest fool duke! subtle lascivious dutchess! silly novice Ferneze! I do laugh at ye, my brain is in labour till it produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible, the issue is at hand.

" *As bears shape young, so I'll form my device.*
" *Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes men wise.*" [*Exit.*

Enter MALEVOLE *and* PASSARELLO.

Malevole. Fool, most happily incounter'd; can'st sing, fool?

Passarello. Yes, I can sing fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments, scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded, I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies.

Malevole. You are in good case since you came to court, fool; what garded,[33] garded!

[33] *garded*] Adorned with lace, or fringe. Barret, in his Alvearie, explains *a garment, garded*, to be same as one *hemmed, plaited*, or *fringed*. So, in the Dedication to *Euphues and his England*, 1582. " If a tailour make your gowne too little, you " cover his fault with a broade stomacher: if too greate, with a " number of plightes: if too short, with a fayre *garde*; if too long, " with a false gathering, &c."

Passarello. Yes faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament or honour, but for a badge of drudgery: for now the duke is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep every night.

Malevole. What are his griefs?

Passarello. He hath sore eyes.

Malevole. I never observ'd so much.

Passarello. Horrible sore eyes; and so hath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the eyeballs, and that's the reason the horn of a cuckold is as tender as his eye; or [34] as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since, that could not endure to be toucht. The duke hangs down his head [35] like a columbine.

Malevole. Passarello, why do great men beg fools?

Passarello. As the Welchman stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch: only to keep begging in fashion.

[34] *as that growing in the woman's forehead*] In 1679, was published a pamphlet, intitled. "A Brief Narrative of a strange and wonder-"ful Old Woman, who hath a pair of horns growing upon her "head. Giving a true account how they have several times after "their being shed grown again, &c." This woman, whose name was Davies, was born at Shotwick, in *Cheshire*, and, supposing the pamphlet to be a republication, might be the person here alluded to. Her picture, and one of the horns which she shed, are now among the curiosities in the British Museum.

The woman with the horn in her forehead was probably Margaret Griffith. A portrait of her is in existence, prefixed to a scarce pamphlet the full title of which is annexed from a sale catalogue.

"Margaret Griffith, wife of David Owen, of Llan Gaduain, in Montgomery, wood cut, before a very rare and curious Tract, entituled, A miraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne Discourse of a Woman, now to be seene in London, of the age of threescore yeares or thereabouts, in the midst of whose forehead there groweth out a crooked Horne of four ynches long. Imprinted at London, by Thomas Orwin, and are to be sold by Edward White dwelling at the little north dore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1588." O. G.

[35] *like a columbine*] This flower always points itself downwards. S.

Malevole. Pugh! thou givest no good reason,
Thou speakest like a fool.

Passarello. Faith, I utter small fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with [36] jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-colour'd beard *, and taking tobacco. This is all the mirror of their knightly compliments: nay, I shall talk when my tongue is a going once; 'tis like a citizen on horse-back, evermore in a false gallop.

Malevole. And how doth Maquerelle fare now-a-days?

Passarello. Faith, I was wont to salute her [37] as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing: I would call her whore; but now that antiquity leaves her as [38] an old piece of plastick t'work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her: she was the first that ever invented perfum'd smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes for fear of creaking for the visitant. She were an excellent lady, but that her face peeleth [39] like Muscovy glass.

[36] *jingling of his gilt spurs*] See Note 3 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage.*

* The second edition of 1604, gives this passage as follows, "Faith I utter small payments as your knight courts your city widow with something of his *guilt*: some advancing his *high* coloured beard." &c. C.

[37] *as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing:*] At this time, *Flushing* was in the hands of the English as part of the security for money advanced by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch. The governor and garrison were all Englishmen.

[38] *an old piece of plastick*] i. e. an ancient model made of wax or clay, by which an artist might work. S.

[39] *like Muscovy glass*] I believe, he means *Ising-glass.* If I remember rightly, our first *ising-glass* came from Muscovy, the fish from which it is made being found in the *Borysthenes.* S.

I am rather inclined to think, he means a kind of glass called *slude*, which is among the native commodities of Russia, enumerated by Giles Fletcher in *The Russe Commonwealth*, 1591. p. 10. "In the province of Corelia (says he) and about the river Duyna "towards the North-sea, there groweth a soft rocke which they call "Slude. This they cut into pieces, and so tear it into thin *flakes*, "*which naturally it is apt for*, and so use it for glasse lanthorns and "such like. It giveth both inwards and outwards a clearer light "then glasse, and for this respect is better than either glasse or

Malevole. And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

Passarello. O excellent, he keeps beside me fifteen jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling; and utters their jests in private to the duke and dutchess; he'll lie like to your Switzer or lawyer; he'll be of any side for most money.

Malevole. I am in haste, be brief.

Passarello. As your fiddler when he is paid. He'll thrive I warrant you, while your young courtier stands like Good-friday in Lent, men long to see it, because more fatting days come after it, else he's the leanest and pittifull'st actor in the whole pageant. Adieu, Malevole.

Malevole. O world most vile, when thy loose vanities,
Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Passarello. You'll know me again, Malevole.

Malevole. O I, by that velvet.

Passarello. I, as a petty-fogger by his buckram bag.* I am as common in the court as an hostess's lips in the

" horne; for that it neither breaketh like glasse, nor yet will burne " like the lanthorne."

Muscovy glass is also mentioned in the Prologue to *the Devil is an Ass*, by B. Jonson.

" Would we could stand due north, or had no south
If that offend; or were *Muscovy glass*,
That you might look our scenes thro' as they pass.
We know not how to affect you."

Again, in Turbervile's Letter to Spenser Hackluyt, 1589. p. 410.

" They have no English glass: of slices of a rocke,
Hight *Sluda* they their windowes make, that English glass doth mocke.
They cut it very thinne and sow it with a thred
In pretie order like to panes to serve their present neede:
No other glasse good faith doth give a better light
And sure the rocke is nothing rich, the cost is very slight."

I. R.

* Pettifogger is now used in the sense in which Marston employs it; but formerly it had a wider application: thus Churchyard in the Dedication of his *Choice*, 1579, speaks generally of persons of low pursuits and mean practices, and observes, " sutche fine fellowes and *pettie foggars* are the frothe and scome of the sea." C.

country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me: the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu Malevole. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter MENDOZA *with a* [40] *sconce, to observe* FERNEZE'S *entrance; who, whilst the act is playing, enters unbraced, two pages before him with lights, is met by* MAQUERELLE *and convey'd in. The pages are sent away.*

Mendoza. He's caught, the woodcock's head is i'th' noose.
Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sense is merely deified.
The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget centaurs:
And now in strength of painting faint delight,
The goat bids heaven envy him. Good goose,
I can afford thee nothing but the poor comfort of calamity, pity.
" *Lust's like the plummets hanging on clock lines,*
" *Will ne'er ha' done till all is quite undone.*"
Such is the course salt sallow lust doth run,
Which thou shalt try: I'll be reveng'd. Duke, thy suspect;
Dutchess, thy disgrace; Ferneze, thy rivalship;
Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,
No band of nature so strong,
No law of friendship so sacred;
But I'll profane, burst, violate,
'Fore I'll indure disgrace, contempt, and poverty.
Shall I, whose very hum struck all heads bare,
Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe
Forc'd the most private passages fly ope,
Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?
Learn now to make a leg; and cry, beseech ye,
Pray ye, is such a lord within? be aw'd
At some odd usher's scoff'd formality?
First sear my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo, refert;*

[40] *sconce,*] i. e. a skreen. A sconce was a petty fortification.

My heart cries, perish all: how! how! "*What fate*
Can once avoid revenge, that's desperate?"
I'll to the duke; if all should ope—if! tush;
"*Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush.*"

SCENA II.

Enter MALEVOLE *at one door*, BIANCA, EMILIA *and* MAQUERELLE *at the other door.*

Malevole. Bless ye, chaste ladies! ha, [41] Dipsas! how dost thou old Cole?

Maquerelle. Old Cole!

Malevole. Ay, old Cole; methinks thou liest like a brand under billets of green wood. He that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that hath first been fired, a panderess, my half-burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to set a thousand virgin tapers afire. And how doth Janivere thy husband, my little perriwinckle; is he troubled with the cough of the lungs still? does he hawk anights still? he will not bite.

Bianca. No, by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty of old teeth.

Malevole. And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones: marry, he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.

Bianca. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Malevole. The close stock*! O mortal wench! lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your decay'd Jasons? look ye, crabs guts bak'd, distill'd ox-pith, the pulveriz'd hairs of a lion's upper-lip, jelly of cock-sparrows, he-monkey's marrow, or powder of fox-stones. And whither are you ambling now?

Bianca. To bed, to bed.

Malevole. Do your husbands lie with ye?

[41] *Dipsas!* The Dipsas is the *fire drake*, a serpent of a nature directly opposite to that of the *Hydrus*. The one is supposed to kill by inflammation, the other by cold. S.

* *i. e. stoccata.* See note on Twelfth Night. Shakspeare, 1778, IV. 248. S.

Bianca. That were country fashion, y'faith.

Malevole. Ha' ye no foregoers about you? come, whither in good deed law now?

Bianca. In good indeed law * now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable compos'd posset with three curds, without any drink. Will ye help me with a he fox? here's the duke. [*The ladies go out.*

Malevole. Fry'd frogs are very good, and French-like too. [*To Bianca.*

SCENA III.

Enter PIETRO, *Count* CELSO, *Count* EQUATO, BILIOSO, FERRARDO, *and* MENDOZA.

Pietro. The night grows deep and foul, what hour is't?

Celso. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Malevole. Save ye, duke.

Pietro. From thee? be gone, I do not love thee; let me see thee no more, we are displeas'd.

Malevole. Why God be with thee, heaven hear my curse;
May thy wife and thee live long together!

Pietro. Be gone, sirrah!

Malevole. [42] *When Arthur first in court began,*—
Agamemnon:
Menelaus—was ever any duke a Cornuto?

Pietro. Be gone, hence!

Malevole. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Mendoza. Out with him!

Malevole. With most servile patience. Time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumb,
Thy [43] bezel'd sense. Slaves to favour, marry, shall arise.†

* Perhaps we should read "indeed-la." So *Slender*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. "Truly, I will not go first; truly-*la*."

[42] *When Arthur*, &c.] This entire ballad (which Falstaff likewise begins to sing in the Second Part of *King Henry* IV) is published in the first Volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

[43] *bezel'd*] See Note 14 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 348.

† The second 4to of 1604, reads: "Slaves I favour, I mary shall he, rise." C.

" *Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!*
" *Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly;*
" *As fowl the tortoise mockt, who to the sky*
" *Th' ambitious shell-fish rais'd: th' end of all*
" *Is only, that from height he might dead fall.*"

Bilioso. Why, when? out ye rogue! be gone ye rascal!

Malevole. I shall now leave ye with all my best wishes.

Bilioso. Out, ye cur!

Malevole. Only let's hold together a firm correspondence.

Bilioso. Out!

Malevole. A mutual friendly reciprocal perpetual kind of steady unanimous heartily leagued—*

Bilioso. Hence, ye gross-jaw'd peasantly—out, go!

Malevole. Adieu, pigeon-house; thou burr, that only stick'st to nappy fortunes. The serpigo, the strangury, an eternal uneffectual priapism seize thee!

Bilioso. Out, rogue!

Malevole. May'st thou be a notorious wittally pander to thine own wife; and yet get no office, but live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a beggarly cuckold.

[*Exit.*

Pietro. It shall be so.

Mendoza. It must be so, for where great states revenge,

" 'Tis requisite the parts with piety
" And lofty respect be closely dogg'd.†
" Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,
" Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction,
" Who may discover any shape of danger;
" For once disgrac'd, discover'd ‡ in offence,
" It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)
" More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.

* Repeating the words of Bilioso, in A. I. S. 4. C.

† In the second 4to the line stands thus:—
" And loft respect *forbears*, be closely dogg'd." C.

‡ " *Displayed* in offence," second 4to. 1604, which injures the measure. C.

" [44] *Favours are writ in dust, but stripes we feel,*
" *Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.*"

Pietro. You shall be leagu'd with the dutchess.

Equato. The plot is very good.

Mendoza. You shall both kill, and seem the course to save.

Ferrardo. A most fine—braintrick.

Celso. Of a most cunning knave. [*Aside.*

Pietro. My lords, the heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soul; think, think of it:
I strike, but yet like him that 'gainst stone walls
Directs, his shafts rebound in his own face,
My lady's shame is mine; O God, 'tis mine.
Therefore I do conjure all secresy,
Let it be as very little as may be; pray ye, as may be,
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Stain nought with blood, only Ferneze dies,
But not before her brows: O gentlemen,
God knows I love her; nothing else, but this,
I am not well. If grief, that sucks veins dry,
Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,
Be-dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remove me to another world,
As sure I once must die, let him succeed:
I have no child; all that my youth begot
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me:
Which, as it ever shall, I do conjure it,
Mendoza may succeed: he's nobly born;
With me of much desert.

Celso. Much. [*Aside.*

[44] *Favours are writ in dust,*] So, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 5. S. 2:

" — but all that I have done
" (My benefits *in sand or water written*)
" As they had never been, no more remember'd."

Shakspeare's *King Henry* VIII. A. 4. S. 2:

" Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
" We write in water."

See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Dr. Percy on the last passage.

Pietro. Your silence answers, I.
I thank you. Come on now: O that I might die
Before her shame's display'd! would I were forc'd
To burn my father's tomb, [45] unheal his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this:
This both the living and the dead offends:
" *Sharp surgery, where naught but death amends.*"
[*Exit with the others.*

SCENA IV.

Enter MAQUERELLE, EMILIA, *and* BIANCA *with the posset.*

Maquerelle. Even here it is, three curds in three regions individually distinct.
Most methodical according to art compos'd without any drink.

Bianca. Without any drink?

Maquerelle. Upon my honour. Will you sit and eat?

Emilia. Good the composure: the receipt, how is't?

Maquerelle. 'Tis a pretty pearl; by this pearl, (how do'st with me) thus it is. Seven and thirty yolks of Barbary hens' eggs, eighteen spoonfuls and a half of the juice of cock-sparrow bones; one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian dates; sweeten'd with three quarters of a pound of pure candied Indian eringos; strewed over with the powder of pearl of America, amber of Cataia, and lamb-stones of Muscovia.

Bianca. Trust me, the ingredients are very cordial, and no question good, and most powerful in restauration.

Maquerelle. I know not what you mean by restauration; but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the teeth, comforteth the

[45] *unheal his bones,*] i. e. uncover. To *heal* in Sussex signifies to cover. S

stomach, fortifieth the back, and quickeneth the wit; that's all.

Emilia. By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already.

Maquerelle. Have you the art to seem honest?

Bianca. I, thank advice and practice.

Maquerelle. Why then, eat me off this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know doctor Plaister-face? by this curd, he's the most exquisite in forging of veins, sprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, soupling of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady [46] gracious by torch-light: by this curd la!

Bianca. Well! we are resolved, what God has given us we'll cherish.

Maquerelle. Cherish any thing saving your husband: keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale: but, for your beauty, let it be your saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I ha' been young, and yet in my conscience I am not above five and twenty; but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty; for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bee-hives without honey; out-a-fashion apparel that no man will wear; therefore use me your beauty.

Emilia. I, but men say—

Maquerelle. Men say! let men say what they will: life a woman! they are ignorant of your wants; the more in years, the more in perfection they grow! if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion: but when our beauty fades, good night with us. There cannot be an uglier thing to see, than an old woman; from which, Oh pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties.

Bianca. Hark! musick!

Maquerelle. Peace, 'tis in the dutchess' bed-chamber. Good rest, most prosperously grac'd ladies.

[46] *gracious*] See Note 9 to *Lingua*.

Emilia. Good night, centinel.
Bianca. Night, dear Maquerelle.
[*Exeunt all but Maquerelle.*
Maquerelle. Nay my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty;
And me, your youth and beauty: the pleasingest rest!
[*Exit Maquerelle.*

SCENA V.

A Song.

Whilst the song is singing, enter Mendoza *with his sword drawn, ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Dutchess's chamber.*

All. Strike, strike.
Aurelia. Save my Ferneze! O save my Ferneze!
Enter Ferneze *in his shirt, and is received upon Mendoza's sword.*
All. Follow, pursue.
Aurelia. O save Ferneze!
Mendoza. Pierce, pierce, thou shallow fool, drop there.
" He that attempts a prince's lawless love,
" Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argus' eyes,
" And back of Hercules, or else he dies."
[*Thrusts his rapier in Ferneze.*
Enter Aurelia, *Duke* Pietro, Ferrardo, Bilioso, Celso, *and* Equato.
All. Follow, follow.
Mendoza. Stand off! forbear! ye most uncivil lords.
Pietro. Strike.
Mendoza. Do not; tempt not a man resolved,
[*Mendoza bestrides the wounded body of Ferneze, and seems to save him.*
Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death?
Aurelia. O poor Ferneze!
Mendoza. Alas! now all defence too late.
Aurelia. He's dead.
Pietro. I am sorry for our shame: go to your bed:

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed
When I am dead.

Aurelia. What, weep for thee? my soul no tears shall find.

Pietro. Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

Mendoza. Betray such beauty! murder such youth! contemn civility!
He loves him not that rails not at him.

Pietro. Thou canst not move us: we have blood enough.
And please you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects: if not, why then—

Aurelia. Not.

Pietro. Not: the best of rest, good night.

[*Exit Pietro with other courtiers.*

Aurelia. Despite go with thee.

Mendoza. Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace.
You have wrong'd him much, loves you too much.
Go to; your soul knows you have.

Aurelia. I think I have.

Mendoza. Do you but think so?

Aurelia. Nay, sure I have: my eyes have witnessed thy love:
Thou hast stood too firm for me.

Mendoza. Why tell me, fair-cheek'd lady, who even in tears
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion
Struck you into such violent heat against me?
Speak, what mischief wrong'd us? what devil injur'd us?
Speak.

Aurelia. That thing, ne'er worthy of the name of man, Ferneze;
Ferneze swore thou lov'dst Emilia;
Which to advance with most reproachful breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.

Mendoza. Ignoble villain! did I for this bestride
[45] Thy wounded limbs for this? O God! for this?

[45] *Thy wounded limbs,* &c.] The first edition reads:
Thy wounded limbs for this? rank opposite
Even to my sovereign for this? O God for this? &c.

Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life;
Ripp'd bare my throat unto the hangman's ax.
Thou most dishonour'd trunk—Emilia!
By life, I know her not—Emilia!
Did you believe him?

Aurelia. Pardon me, I did.

Mendoza. Did you? and thereupon you graced him.

Aurelia. I did.

Mendoza. Took him to favour, nay even clasp'd with him?

Aurelia. Alas! I did.

Mendoza. This night?

Aurelia. This night.

Mendoza. And in your lustful twines the duke took you?

Aurelia. A most sad truth.

Mendoza. O God! O God! how we dull honest souls,
Heavy brain'd men, are swallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitful ground! whilst nimble bloods,
Light jointed spirits [46] speed; cut good men's throats,
And 'scape. Alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of phlegm, and heavy steadiness;
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;
Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
Who had even slic'd my heart.

Aurelia. Come, I did err, and am most sorry I did err.

Mendoza. Why, we are both but dead, the duke hates us.
" *And those whom princes do once groundly hate,*
" *Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.*
" *Prevention is the heart of policy.*"

Aurelia. Shall we murder him?

Mendoza. Instantly?

Aurelia. Instantly; before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honour's much-known blot:
Let's murder him?

[46] *speed*] The first edition reads *pent*. The second, *spent*. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

Mendoza. I would do much for you; will ye marry me?

Aurelia. I'll make thee duke. We are of Medicis;
Florence our friend; in court my faction
Not meanly strengthful; the duke then dead;
We well prepar'd for change; * the multitude
Irresolutely reeling; we in force;
Our party seconded; the kingdom 'maz'd;
No doubt with swift success all shall be grac'd.

Mendoza. You do confirm me; we are resolute;
To-morrow look for change; rest confident.
'Tis now about the immodest waist of night:
The mother of moist dew with pallid light
Spreads gloomy shades about the nummed earth.
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's birth:
This man I'll get inhum'd. Farewel: to bed;
I'll kiss the pillow. Dream the duke is dead.

[*Exit Aurelia.*

So, so, good night. [47] How fortune doats on impudence!
I am in private the adopted son of yon good prince:
I must be duke. Why, if I must, I must;
Most silly lord, name me! O heaven!
I see God made honest fools to maintain crafty knaves.
The dutchess is wholly mine too; must kill her husband
To quit her shame, much! then marry her: I.
O I grow proud in prosperous treachery!
" *As wrestlers clip, so I'll embrace you all,*
" *Not to support, but to procure your fall.*"

Enter MALEVOLE.

Malevole. God arrest thee

Mendoza. At whose suit?

* I would recommend the following regulation, &c. of this speech:
——— in court my faction
Not meanly strengthen'd (the duke then *being* dead)
Were well prepar'd for change. S.

[47] *How fortune doats on impudence!*] A repetition of the same sentiment is in A. 1. S. 1.
" Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush."

Malevole. At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous damnable monster! How do'st? how do'st, thou treacherous rogue? Ah, ye rascal, I am banish'd the court, sirrah.

Mendoza. Pr'ythee let's be acquainted; I do love thee, faith.

Malevole. At your service, by the lord, la: shall's go to supper? Let's be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously strengthened friendship: shall's, Hugonot? shall's?

Mendoza. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow morn?

Malevole. As a raven to a dunghill. They say there's one dead here; prick'd for the pride of the flesh.

Mendoza. Ferneze: there he is; pr'ythee bury him.

Malevole. O, most willingly: I mean to turn pure [48] Rochel churchman, I.

Mendoza. Thou churchman! why, why?

Malevole. Because I'll live lazily, rail upon authority, deny kings supremacy in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine own parish.

Mendoza. Wherefore do'st thou think churches were made?

Malevole. To scower plough-shares: I have seen oxen plough up altars. *Et nunc seges ubi Sion fuit.*

Mendoza. Strange!

Malevole. Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptuous steeple turn'd to a stinking privy: more beastly, the sacred'st place made a dog-kennel: nay, most inhuman, the stone coffins of long fled christians burst up, and made hog-troughs.—*Hic finis Priami.* Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at thy chamber? Good night, good mischievous incarnate devil, good night, Mendoza; ah, you inhuman villain, good night; night, fub.

Mendoza. Good night: to-morrow morn.

[*Exit Mendoza.*

[48] *Rochel church-man*] *Rochel* was at this time held by the Hugonots, or Protestants, with the priviledge of professing their religion unmolested. It was besieged, in 1573, by the duke of Anjou without success; but fell into the hands of its enemies in 1629, after a long, obstinate, and brave defence.

Malevole. I, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come. I do descry cross-points; honesty and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true Frenchman's legs.

Ferneze. O!

Malevole. Proclamations! more proclamations!

Ferneze. O! a surgeon!

Malevole. Hark! lust cries for a surgeon; what news from limbo? how doth the grand cuckold, Lucifer?

Ferneze. O help! help! conceal and save me.

[*Ferneze stirs, and Malevole helps him up and conveys him away.**

Malevole. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far.

" Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;
" But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and worse;
" Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse.
" Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;
" But, O Ferneze, what in lust to die!
" Then thou that shame respects, O fly converse
" With women's eyes, and lisping wantonness.
" Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,
" If they not burn, yet at the least they'll black."
Come, I'll convey thee to a private port,
Where thou shalt live (O happy man) from court.
The beauty of the day begins to rise,
From whose bright form night's heavy shadow flies.
Now 'gin close plots to work, the scene grows full,
And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter PIETRO, MENDOZA, *Count* EQUATO, *and* BILIOSO.

Pietro. 'Tis grown to youth of day, how shall we waste this light?

* In fact he does not " convey him away" until the end of the scene. C.

My heart's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.
Shall we go hunt? prepare for field. [*Exit Equato.*
Mendoza. Would ye could be merry.
Pietro. Would God I could! Mendoza, bid 'em haste: [*Exit Mendoza.*
I would fain shift place; O vain relief!
"*Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief:*"
As deer, being struck, fly thorough many soils,
Yet still the shaft sticks fast; so——
Bilioso. A good old simile, my honest lord.
Pietro. I am not much unlike to some sick man,
That long desired hurtful drink; at last
Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once
Both life and thirst: O would I ne'er had known
My own dishonour! Good God, that men should
Desire to search out that, which being found kills all
Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,
And then be driven from out paradise!—
Canst give me some comfort?
Bilioso. My lord, I have some books which have been dedicated to my honour, and I never read them, and yet they had very fine names: [49] *Physick for fortune.* [50] *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity.* Very pretty works of curates, scriveners, and school-masters. Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Anneus Seneca.
Pietro. Out upon him, he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haste thee to Florence. Here, take our letters; see them sealed: away; report in private to the honoured duke his daughter's forc'd disgrace, tell him at length,
We know too much; due compliments advance:
"*There's nought that's safe and sweet but ignorance.*"
[*Exit Pietro.*

[49] *Physick for fortune*] In 1579, was published a book, entitled, "Physick against fortune, as well prosperous as adverse, contained "in two Books. Written in Latin by Francis Petrarch, a most "famous poet and oratour, and now first Englished by Thomas "Twyne." 4to. B. L.

[50] *Lozenges of sanctified sincerity*] I have not met with this book but from the ridicule thrown out in *The Wits*, vol. VIII. I believe some one with a similar title had before appeared.

Enter BIANCA.*

Bilioso. Madam, I am going embassador for Florence; 'twill be great charges to me.

Bianca. No matter, my lord, you have the lease of two manors come out next Christmas; you may lay your tenants on the greater rack for it: and when you come again, I'll teach you how you shall get two hundred pounds a year by your teeth.

Bilioso. How, madam?

Bianca. Cut off so much house-keeping; that which is saved by the teeth, you know is got by the teeth.

Bilioso. 'Fore God, and so I may; I am in wond'rous credit, lady.

Bianca. See the use of flattery; I did ever counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have profited well: any man that will do so shall be sure to like your [51] Scotch barnacle, now a block, instantly a worm, and presently a great goose: this it is to rot and putrify in the bosom of greatness.

Bilioso. Thou art ever my politician. O happy is that old lord that hath a politician to his young lady!

* The second quarto reads—"Enter Bilioso and Bianca," but Bilioso was on the stage already. C.

[51] *Scotch barnacle*] In Mr. Collins's Note on *The Tempest*, A. 4. S. 1. the ridiculous opinions of several ancient writers respecting barnacles are set down. The following is from one more modern, but equally absurd: "Among the rest there is the solon goose, a "large bird, but tastes more of fish than flesh, because accustomed "to the sea, and feeds there oftener than in other places. The "inhabitants say, that the manner of its production is this: she "lets fall her egg according to the season on the side of a rock, "which, having a slimy glutinous matter about it, fastens itself to "the place where it happens to fall, nor can it be removed without "danger of breaking it to pieces. And sometimes the egg is so un-"towardly fix'd, that there is no more room for the bird to come at "it than with one of her feet, which she spreads on the upper part "of the egg, rests on it with her whole body, and in time, with the "heat of her foot, produces the young one, which from this way of "hatching takes its name, and is called *Solon* quasi *Sole on*, from the "sole of the dam's foot, which after this manner gives it being. "But, whether so or no, I am not sure; you have the relation." Morer's *Short Account of Scotland*, 1702, p. 17.

I'll have fifty gentlemen shall attend upon me: marry, the most of them shall be farmer's sons; because they shall bear their own charges, and they shall go apparell'd thus; in sea-water green suits, ash-colour cloaks, [52] watchet stockings, and [53] popin-jay green feathers. Will not the colours do excellent?

Bianca. Out upon't; they'll look like citizens riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their apparel just so many several parishes.

Bilioso. I'll have it so; and Passarello, my fool, shall go along with me, marry he shall be in velvet!

Bianca. A fool in velvet!

Bilioso. Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear sattin; I'll have mine in velvet.

Bianca. What will you wear then, my lord?

Bilioso. Velvet too! marry, it shall be embroider'd; because I'll differ from the fool somewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gout; nothing grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambassador must drink. Didst thou ask thy doctor what was good for the gout?

Bianca. Yes; he said, ease, wine, and women, were good for it.

Bilioso. Nay, thou hast such a wit; what was good to cure it, said he?

Bianca. Why, the rack. All your empiricks could never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did in England, or [54] your Scotch boot. The French harlequin will instruct you.

[52] *watchet*] i. e. pale blue.

[53] *popin-jay*] A parrot, or a bird of that species. See Skinner.

[54] *your Scotch boot*] The *torturing-boots* are mentioned by Swift, vol. xiii. 1768, p. 314, to have been hung out *in terrorem* to Captain Creichton in 1689. N.

The *boot* was an instrument of torture formerly used in Scotland. Bishop Burnet, in his *History of his own Times*, vol. I. p. 332. edit. 1754, mentions one Maccail, a preacher, who, being suspected of treasonable practices, underwent this punishment in 1666: "—he "was put to the torture, which in Scotland they call the *boots*; for "they put a pair of iron boots close on the leg, and drive wedges "between these and the leg. The common torture was only to

Bilioso. Surely I do wonder, how thou, having for the most part of thy life-time been a country body, should'st have so good a wit.

Bianca. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier thrice two months.

Bilioso. So have I this twenty years, and yet there was a gentleman-usher call'd me coxcomb t'other day, and to my face too: was't not a back-biting rascal? I would I were better travelled, that I might have been better acquainted with the fashions of several countrymen: but my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bianca. How, my lord?

Bilioso. Marry, my good lord, quoth he, your lordship shall ever find amongst an hundred Frenchmen forty hot shots; amongst an hundred Spaniards, threescore braggarts; amongst an hundred Dutchmen, fourscore drunkards; amongst an hundred Englishmen, fourscore and ten madmen; and amongst an hundred Welchmen——

Bianca. What, my lord?

Bilioso. Fourscore and nineteen gentlemen.

Bianca. But since you go about a sad embassy, I would have you go in black, my lord.

Bilioso. Why, do'st think I cannot mourn, unless I wear my hat in cypress like an alderman's heir? that's vile, very old, in faith.

Bianca. I'll learn of you shortly; O we should have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct you: how will you bear yourself when you come into the duke of Florence's court?

Bilioso. Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough; as I walk up and down the chamber, I'll spit frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth button, and 'twill do excellent.

Bianca. But there is a very beautiful lady there, how will you entertain her?

" drive these in the calf of the leg: but I have been told they were " sometimes driven upon the shin bone."

Bilioso. I'll tell you that, when the lady hath entertain'd me; but to satisfy thee, here comes the fool: fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady.

Enter PASSARELLO.

Passarello. Your fool will stand for your lady most willingly and most uprightly.

Bilioso. I'll salute her in Latin.

Passarello. O your fool can understand no Latin.

Bilioso. Aye, but your lady can.

Passarello. Why then if your lady take down your fool, your fool will stand no longer for your lady.

Bilioso. A pestilent fool: 'fore God I think the world be turn'd upside down too.

Passarello. O no, sir; for then your lady and all the ladies in the palace should go with their heels upward, and that were a strange sight you know.

Bilioso. There be many that will repine at my preferment.

Passarello. O aye, like the envy of an elder sister, that hath her younger made a lady before her.

Bilioso. The duke is wond'rous discontented.

Passarello. Aye, and more melancholy-like than a usurer having all his money out at the death of a prince.

Bilioso. Didst thou see madam Floria to-day?

Passarello. Yes, I found her repairing her face today; the red upon the white shewed as if her cheeks should have been served in for two dishes of barberries in stew'd broth, and the flesh to them a woodcock.

Bilioso. A bitter fool! Come, madam, this night thou shalt enjoy me freely, and to-morrow for Florence.

Passarello. What a natural fool is he that would be a pair of boddice to a woman's petticoat, to be truss'd and pointed to them? Well, I'll dog my lord, and the word is proper: for when I fawn upon him he feeds me; when I snap him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog's death were not strangling, I had rather be one than a serving-man: for the corruption

of coin is either the generation of a usurer, or a lousy beggar. [*Exeunt Bianca and Passarello.**

SCENA II.

Enter MALEVOLE *in some freeze gown, while* BILIOSO *reads his patent.*

Malevole. I cannot sleep, my eyes ill-neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
Thou that givest all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour;
The gally-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man, that doth [55]barb the field,
Thou makest wink sure: in night all creatures sleep,
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels: alas, he's goodman tell-clock,
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
Whilst others beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Bilioso. Malevole!

Malevole. [*To Bilioso.*] Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bilioso. I am going ambassador to Florence.

Malevole. Ambassador? Now for thy country's honour, pr'ythee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she not?

Bilioso. No, I leave her at the palace.

Malevole. At the palace! Now discretion shield man; for God's love let's ha' no more cuckold's! Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe; keep thy wife in the

* In the second 4to. the *exit* of Passarello is marked after his former speech, but this was obviously wrong. C.

[55] *barb the field*] i. e. mow it. See Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 3. S. 2. edit. 1778. S.

state of grace. Heart-a-truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled in a Bordello, than in the Genoa palace; sin there appearing in her sluttish shape.
Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes sense,
Surfeit would choak intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust.
When in an Italian lascivious palace, a lady guardianless,
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strongest incitements to immodesty,
To have her bound incensed with wanton sweets,
Her veins fill'd high with heating delicates;
Soft rest, sweet musick, amorous masquerers,
Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er,
Strong phantasy tricking up strange delights,
Presenting it dress'd pleasingly to sense,
Sense leading it unto the soul, confirmed
With potent example, impudent custom,
Inticed by that great bawd opportunity;
Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear
Youth in good clothes, well shap'd, rich,
Fair-spoken, promising, noble, ardent, blood-full,
Witty, flattering: Ulysses absent,
O Ithacan! chastest Penelope hold out!*

Bilioso. 'Mass I'll think on't. Farewel.

[*Exit Bilioso.*

Malevole. Farewel. Take thy wife with thee. Farewel.
To Florence; um: it may prove good; it may:
And we may once unmask our brows.

SCENA III.

Enter Count CELSO.

Celso. My honoured lord!

Malevole. Celso, peace; how is't? speak low, pale fears
Suspect that hedges, walls, and trees, have ears:

* This passage was very incorrectly printed in the former editions: it is now restored according to the reading of the second 4to. of 1604. C.

Speak, how runs all?

Celso. I'faith, my lord, that beast with many heads,
The staggering multitude, recoils apace.
Tho' thorough great men's envy, most men's malice,
Their much intemperate heat hath banish'd you,
Yet now they find envy and malice ne'er
Produce faint reformation.
The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block,
For which two tugging factions seem to saw,
But still the iron thro' the ribs they draw.

Malevole. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found
Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice
And fearful baseness; therefore I'll tell thee, Celso,
I find the wind begins to come about,
I'll shift my suit of fortune. I know the Florentine, whose only force,
By marrying his proud daughter to this prince,
Both banish'd me, and made this weak lord duke,
Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:
I'll lie in ambush for conveniency,
Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Celso. Is Ferneze interr'd?

Malevole. Of that at leisure: he lives.

Celso. But how stands Mendoza? how is't with him?

Malevole. Faith like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself.

Celso. He does fly from publick notice methinks, as a hare does from hounds, the feet whereon he flies betray him.

Malevole. I can track him, Celso.
O my disguise fools him most powerfully:
For that I seem a desperate malcontent,
He fain would clasp with me; he is the true slave
That will put on the most affected grace,
For some vile* second cause.

* The quartos have it "*vilde*," which is the old spelling of *vile* and not of *veil'd*, as Mr. Reed allowed it to stand. So in A. 5. S. 1. of this play, *Maquerelle* says "She had the *vilde* trick on't," &c. C.

Enter MENDOZA.

Celso. He's here.

Malevole. Give place.

[56] Illo! ho, ho, ho, art there, old true-peny? [*Exit Celso.*] Where hast thou spent thyself this morning? I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy soul. Ha, thou huge rascal!

Mendoza. Thou art very merry.

Malevole. As a scholar, *futuens gratis:* how doth the devil go with thee now?

Mendoza. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

Malevole. Who I? I have been a sergeant, man.

Mendoza. Thou art very poor.

Malevole. As Job, an alchymist, or a poet.

Mendoza. The duke hates thee.

Malevole. As Irishmen do bum-cracks.

Mendoza. Thou hast lost his amity.

Malevole. As pleasing as maids lose their virginity.

Mendoza. Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, would thou wert noble.

Malevole. Why sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind; for I find myself possessed with all their qualities; love dogs, dice, and drabs; scorn wit in stuff cloaths, have beat my shoemaker, knock'd my semsters, cuckold my 'pothecary, and undone my taylor. Noble, why not? since the stoick said, *Neminem servum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum;* only busy fortune towses, and the provident chances blend them together. I'll give you a simile: did you e'er see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? such is the state of all humanity. Why look you, I may be the son of some duke; for, believe me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes nobility doubtful: I have a lusty daring heart, Mendoza.

[56] *Illo! ho, ho, ho, art there old true-panny?*] See *Hamlet*

Mendoza. Let's grasp, I do like thee infinitely: wilt enact one thing for me?

Malevole. Shall I get by it? Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell. [*Gives him his purse.*]

Mendoza. Murther the duke.

Malevole. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fancy's dream,
My blood's longing, the only height of my hopes: how?
O God, how? O how my united spirits throng together,
To strengthen my resolve!

Mendoza. The duke is now a hunting.

Malevole. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it; lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow; so, so, I'll do it.

Mendoza. Then we agree.

Malevole. As lent and fishmongers. Come *cap-a-pie*, how? inform.

Mendoza. Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who only stands
On Florence stilts, hath out of witless zeal
Made me his heir; and secretly confirmed
The wreath to me after his life's full point.

Malevole. Upon what merit?

Mendoza. Merit! by heaven I horn him,
Only Ferneze's death gave me state's life:
Tut, we are politick, he must not live now.

Malevole. No reason, marry: but how must he die now?

Mendoza. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the dutchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria the banished duke Altofront's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction; this is all, la.

Malevole. Do you love Maria?

Mendoza. Faith, no great affection, but as wise men do love great women, to ennoble their blood, and augment their revenue: to accomplish this now; thus

now. The duke is in the forest next the sea, single him, kill him, hurl him in the main, and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him.

Malevole. Um, not so good: methinks when he is slain,
To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch
That's muffled, or with feigned holiness
To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff
Lament his wife's dishonour, and in an agony
Of his heart's torture hurled his groaning sides
Into the swollen sea: this circumstance
Well made sounds probable: and hereupon
The dutchess—

Mendoza. May well be banished:
O unpeerable! invention rare!
Thou god of policy, it honies me.

Malevole. Then fear not for the wife of Altofront, I'll close to her.

Mendoza. Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellency is pleased:
Why wert not thou an emperor? when we
Are Duke I'll make thee some great man sure.

Malevole. Nay, make me some rich knave, and I'll make myself some great man.

Mendoza. In thee be all my spirit,
Retain ten souls, unite thy virtual powers;
Resolve, ha, remember greatness: heart, farewel.

Enter CELSO.

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

[*Exit Mendoza.*

Malevole. Celso, didst hear? O heaven didst hear
Such devilish mischief? sufferest thou the world
Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still do'st wink, still doth thy vengeance slumber?
"If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder!"

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter PIETRO, FERRARDO, PREPASSO, *and three Pages.*

Ferrardo. The dogs are at a fault.

[*Cornets like horns.*

Pietro. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it! let the deer pursue safely, the dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs; as for me, 'tis unfit one beast should hunt another; I ha' one chaseth me: and't please you, I would be rid of you a little.

Ferrardo. Wou'd your grief would as soon leave you as we to quietness. [*Exeunt Ferrardo and Prepasso.*

Pietro. I thank you—Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

Page. Of a dry summer, my lord, for here's a hot world towards—but, my lord, I had a strange dream last night.

Pietro. What strange dream?

Page. Why methought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

Pietro. Prettily begg'd!—hold thee, I'll prove thy dream true; tak't.

Page. My duty; but still I dreamt on, my lord; and methought, and't shall please your excellency, you would needs out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in your hat.

Pietro. Oh, thou did'st but dream, boy, do not believe it: dreams prove not always true, they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewel. But now, sir, you dreamt you had pleas'd me with singing; make that true, as I have made the other.

Page. Faith, my lord, I did but dream, and dreams you say prove not always true: they may hold in a good sword, but not in a good song: the truth is, I ha' lost my voice.

Pietro. Lost thy voice? how?

Page. With dreaming, faith; but here's a couple of

syrenical rascals shall enchant ye*; what shall they sing, my good lord?

Pietro. Sing of the nature of women; and then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastick, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page. All in one?

Pietro. By'r lady too many; sing, my speech grows culpable of unthrifty idleness, sing. [*Song.*

SCENA V.

Enter MALEVOLE *with cross-bow and pistol.*

Ah, so, so, sing; I am heavy, walk off, I shall talk in my sleep; walk off. [*Exeunt Pages.*

Malevole. Brief, brief, who? the duke? good heaven, that fools should stumble upon greatness! do not sleep, duke, give ye good-morrow: you must be brief, duke; I am fee'd to murther thee; start not: Mendoza, Mendoza hired me, here's his gold, his pistol, cross-bow, and sword: 'tis all as firm as earth. O fool, fool, choak'd with the common maze of easy idiots, credulity. Make him thine heir! what, thy sworn murtherer?

Pietro. O can it be?

Malevole. Can?

Pietro. Discovered he not Ferneze?

Malevole. Yes, but why? but why? for love to thee? much, much: to be revenged upon his rival, who had thrust his jaws awry; who being slain, supposed by thine own hands, defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gracious with thy loose princess. Thou, closely yielding egress and regress to her, maid'st him heir; whose hot unquiet lust strait towz'd thy sheets, and now would seize thy state. Politician! wise man! death! to be led to the stake like a bull by the horns; to make even kindness cut a gentle

* The entrance of the two other pages to sing is not marked here, but their *exit* is noticed in the beginning of the next scene. C.

throat. Life! why art thou nummed? thou foggy dulness! speak. Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue, than in these fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Enter CELSO *with a hermit's gown and beard.*

*Pietro.** Lord Malevole, if this be true——

Malevole. If? come, shade thee with this disguise. If? thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

Pietro. World, whither wilt thou?

Malevole. Why to the devil: come, the morn grows late,

A steady quickness is the soul of state. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter MAQUERELLE *knocking at the Lady's door.*

Maqerelle. Medam, medam, are you stirring, medam? if you be stirring, medam, if I thought I should disturb ye—

Page. My lady is up, forsooth.

Maquerelle. A pretty boy, faith; how old art thou?

Page. I think fourteen.

Maquerelle. Nay, and ye be in the teens: are ye a gentleman born? do you know me? my name is medam Maquerelle, I lie in the old Cunny-court. See here the ladies.

Enter BIANCA *and* EMILIA.

Bianca. A fair day to ye Maquerelle.

Emilia. Is the dutchess up yet, centinel?

Maquerelle. O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies, the most piteous disaster! Ferneze was taken last night in the dutchess' chamber: alas! the duke catch'd him and kill'd him.

Bianca. Was he found in bed?

Maquerelle. O, no; but the villainous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held

* In the quartos these words are given to Celso. C.

his peace: so the naked truth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your [57] busk-points, if not chastly, yet charily: be sure the door be bolted. Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bianca. Yes, Maquerelle.

Maquerelle. I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown for his return. Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise: he loves ye: pish! he is witty; bubble! fair proportioned, mew! nobly born, wind! Let this be still your fix'd position, esteem ye every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, ladies.

Emilia. Is the duke return'd from hunting yet?

Maquerelle. They say not yet.

Bianca. 'Tis now in midst of day.

Emilia. How bears the dutchess with this blemish now?

Maquerelle. Faith, boldly; strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And there's a note to you: be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe your husband. Mark the 'haviour of the dutchess now: she dares defame; cries, Duke do what thou can'st, I'll quit mine honour: nay, as one confirm'd in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances.

Enter FERRARDO.

Bianca. For dances?

Maquerelle. Most true.

Emilia. Most strange! see, here's my servant, young Ferrardo. How many servants think'st thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maquerelle. The more the merrier: 'twas well said, use your servants as you do your smocks; have many, use one, and change often; for that's most sweet and courtlike.

[57] *busk-points,*] See Note 34 to *Lingua*, vol. V.

Ferrardo. Save ye, fair ladies; is the duke return'd?

Bianca. Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court.

Ferrardo. 'Tis very strange!

Bianca. And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maquerelle. I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow; but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, 'faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard. [*Cornets sound.*

Ferrardo. Not yet return'd? I fear—but
The dutchess approacheth.

SCENA II.

Enter MENDOZA *supporting the dutchess,* GUERRINO: *the ladies that are on the stage rise:* FERRARDO *ushers in the dutchess and then takes a lady to* [58] *tread a measure.*

Aurelia. We will dance; musick! we will dance.

Guerrino. Les quanto (lady) penses bien, passa regio, or Bianca's brawl.

Aurelia. We have forgot [59] the brawl.

[58] *tread a measure*] See Note 35 to *Alexander and Campaspe.* Vol. II.

[59] *the brawl*] The name of this dance is introduced by Mr. Gray, in his *Long Story*; and his Biographer Mr. Mason says, that "brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then (i. e. in Queen Eliza-"beth's time) in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our "modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles." Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musick*, vol. II. p. 133. observes, "A "little farther he (Sir John Elyot) speaks of a dance called the "*brawle*, by which he would have his reader understand a kind of "dancing, the motions and gesticulations whereof, are calculated "to express something like altercation between parties. Whe-"ther this term has any relation to that of the *Bransle* of Poitiers, "which occurs in Morley's Introduction, may be a matter of some "question. Minshieu and Skinner derive it from the verb *bransler*, "*vibrare*, to brandish; the former explains the word *brawle*, by "saying it is a kind of dance. Phillips is more particular calling "it a kind of dance in which several persons danced together in a "ring, holding one another by the hand." This dance is often mentioned, but in no writer described so accurately as in the text. Thus, in Jacke Drum's *Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. H 4.

Ferrardo. So soon? 'tis wonder.

Guerrino. Why, 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aurelia. O, Dedalus! thy maze, I have quite forgot it.

Maquerelle. Trust me, so have I, saving the falling back, and then honour.

Enter PREPASSO.

Aurelia. Musick, musick!

Prepasso. Who saw the duke? the duke?

Enter EQUATO.

Aurelia. Musick!

Prepasso. The duke! is the duke return'd?

Aurelia. Musick!

Enter CELSO.

Celso. The duke is either quite invisible, or else is not.

Aurelia. We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement: we are not pleased: you have forgot yourselves.

Enter a PAGE.

Celso. Boy thy master? where's the duke?

Page. Alas! I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep; bid me walk off, for the strength of fantasy oft made him talk in his dreams. I strait obey'd, nor ever saw him since: but wheresoe'er he is, he's sad.

Aurelia. Musick, sound high, as is our heart; sound high.

" What, gallants, have you ne'er a Page can entertaine
" This pleasing time with some French *brawle* or song?"

Gascoigne's *Works*, p. 209: " Againe the viols called them forth-
" wards, and againe at the end of the said *braule* Ferdinando Jeron
" to this gentlewoman."

Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. E: " Desyre hym to take
" hands in a *bralle*, ye will saie a camill daunceth."

See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet to *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 3. S. 1.

SCENA III.

Enter MALEVOLE, *and* PIETRO *disguised like an Hermit.*

Malevole. The duke? peace! the duke is dead.

Aurelia. Musick!

Malevole. Is't musick?

Mendoza. Give proof.

Ferrardo. How?

Celso. Where?

Prepasso. When?

Malevole. Rest in peace, as the duke does; quietly sit: for my own part I beheld him but dead; that's all: marry, here's one can give you a more particular account of him.

Mendoza. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow within this presence fright thee from the truth: speak confidently and freely.

Aurelia. We attend.

Pietro. Now had the mounting sun's all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,
When I (whom men call Hermit of the Rock)
Forsook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff,
Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd
His high-curl'd brows; there 'twas I eas'd my limbs:
When lo! my entrails melted with the moan
Some one, who far 'bove me was climb'd, did make—
I shall offend.

Mendoza. Not.

Aurelia. On.

Pietro. Methinks I hear him yet.—O female faith!
Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman:
And do I live to be the scoff of men?
To be the wittal cuckold, even to hug my poison?
Thou knowest, O truth!
Sooner hard steel will melt with southern wind,
A seaman's whistle calm the ocean,
A town on fire be extinct with tears,
Than women, vow'd to blushless impudence,

With sweet behaviour and soft [60] minioning,
Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd.
O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their souls!
I wash'd an Ethiope, who, for recompence,
Sully'd my name: and must I then be forc'd
To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fie,
He that can bear with must, he cannot die.
With that he sigh'd so passionately deep,
That the dull air even groan'd: at last he cries,
Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough: so dies.
For then I view'd his body fall, and sowse
Into the foamy main. O then I saw
That which methinks I see: it was the duke,
Whom strait the nicer stomach'd sea
Belch'd up: but then——

Malevole. Then came I in; but, 'las! all was too late,
For even strait he sunk.

Pietro. Such was the duke's sad fate.

Celso. A better fortune to our duke Mendoza.

Omnes. Mendoza! [*Cornets flourish.*

Enter a guard.

Mendoza. A guard! a guard! We, full of hearty tears,
For our good father's loss
(For so we well may call him,
Who did beseech your loves for our succession)
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death,
As leave his woes revengeless. Woman of shame,
[*To Aurelia.*
We banish thee for ever to the place,
From whence this good man comes;
Nor permit, on death, unto thy body any ornament,

[60] *minioning*] i. e. being treated as a *minion*, or darling. S. Steevens explains *minioning* "being treated as a minion," which may be right; but Burton thus translates a passage of Tertullian, "Suas habeant Romanæ lascivias, *purpurissa ac cerussa ora perun-* "*gunt*: Let whores and queans pranke up themselves, let them paint their faces with *minion* and ceruse."
Anat. Mel. Ed. 1632. p. 482. O. G.

But, base as was thy life, depart away.

Aurelia. Ungrateful!

Mendoza. Away!

Aurelia. Villain, hear me.

[*Prepasso and Guerrino lead away the dutchess.*

Mendoza. Be gone. My lords,
Address to publick counsel, 'tis most fit,
The train of fortune is borne up by wit.
Away, our presence shall be sudden: haste.

[*All depart saving Mendoza, Malevole, and Pietro.*

Malevole. Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politican! how do'st, duke? how dos't look now? brave duke, i'faith.

Mendoza. How did you kill him?

Malevole. [61] Slatted his brains out, then sows'd him in the briny sea.

Mendoza. Brain'd him and drown'd him too?

Malevole. O 'twas best, sure work:
For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ware, he'll prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel.

Mendoza. A most sound brain-pan!
I'll make you both emperors.

Malevole. Make us christians, make us christians.

Mendoza. I'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Malevole. To the gallows, say ye?* Come, *præmium incertum petit certum scelus.* How stands the progress?

Mendoza. Here, take my ring unto the citadel,
Have entrance to Maria, the grave dutchess
Of banish'd Altofront. Tell her, we love her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our person; do't.

Malevole. I'll make an excellent pander: duke, farewel; 'dieu, adieu, duke. [*Exit Malevole.*

Mendoza. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 'tis found

[61] *Slatted*] i. e. *dashed* his brains out. It is a North-country word. See Ray's *Collection of English words*, p. 54. edit. 1742.

* Mr Steevens supposes that we ought to read "To the gallows, say *you* ?" instead of "say *he*," as it before stood; but conjectural emendation is rendered unnecessary by reference to the second Edit. which gives the passage as in the text. C.

None cuts a diamond but a diamond.
Hermit, thou art a man for me, my confessor:
O thou selected spirit; born for my good;
Sure thou would'st make an excellent elder in a deform'd church.
Come, we must be [62] inward, thou and I all one.

Pietro. I am glad I was ordain'd for ye.

Mendoza. Go to then; thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain; dangerous, very dangerous: you see how broad he speaks, a gross-jaw'd rogue, I would have thee poison him: he's like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot go for him: he must be cored out, he must. Wilt do't, ha?

Pietro. Any thing, any thing.

Mendoza. Heart of my life! thus then: to the citadel,
Thou shalt consort with this Malevole,
There being at supper, poison him:
It shall be laid upon Maria, who yields love, or dies:
[63] Skud quick, like lightning.

Pietro. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies.

[*Exit Pietro*

Enter MALEVOLE.

Malevole. Your devilship's ring has no virtue; the buff-captain, the sallow westphalian, gamon-faced zaza, cries, Stand out, must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort.

Mendoza. Command our sudden letter.—Not enter? shalt: what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt? into my heart, into my very heart: come, let's love; we must love; we two, soul and body.

Malevole. How did'st like the Hermit? a strange Hermit, sirrah.

Mendoza. A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he must die.

[62] *inward*] See Note to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 199.

[63] *Skud quick, &c.*] The first edition reads,

" Skud quick.
Pietro. " Like lightning. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies."

Malevole. Ay, he must die.

Mendoza. Thou must kill him. We are wise; we must be wise.

Malevole. And provident.

Mendoza. Yes, provident: beware an hypocrite.
A church-man once corrupted, ah! avoid.
A fellow that makes Religion his [64] *stalking horse,**
He breeds a plague: thou shalt poison him.

Malevole. O! 'tis wond'rous necessary: how?

Mendoza. You both go jointly to the citadel,
There sup, there poison him: and Maria,
Because she is our opposite, shall bear
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loves us.

Malevole. I run. [*Exit Malevole.*

Mendoza. *We that are great, our sole self-good still moves us.*
They shall die both, for their deserts crave more
Than we can recompence; their presence still
Upbraids our fortunes with [65] beholdingness,
Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude,
They live not, to cry out, ingratitude.
One stick burns t'other, steel cut steel alone;
'Tis good trust few, but O, 'tis best trust none.
[*Exit Mendoza.*

SCENA IV.

Enter MALEVOLE *and* PIETRO *still disguised, at several doors.*

Malevole. How do you? how dost, duke?

Pietro. O let the last day fall; drop, drop on our cursed heads;

[64] *stalking horse*] *The stalking horse* was one either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 2. S. 3.

* In the margin at this place the words *shoots under his belly* are inserted, which is merely an explanation of the manner in which a corrupted churchman makes religion his *stalking horse*, viz. by shooting at his object under its belly. Hitherto it has been omitted. C.

[65] *beholdingness*] The state of being beholden. A harsh word. S.

Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames!

Malevole. O do not rant, do not turn player; there's more of them than can well live one by another already.
What, art thou infidel still?

Pietro. I am amaz'd; struck in a swoon with wonder: I am commanded to poison thee.

Malevole. I am commanded to poison thee at supper.

Pietro. At supper?

Malevole. In the citadel.

Pietro. In the citadel?

Malevole. Cross capers! tricks! truth, a heaven! he would discharge us as boys do elder-guns, one pellet to strike out another: of what faith art now?

Pietro. All is damnation; wickedness extream! there is no faith in man.

Mendoza. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man: men take 'em for blood-suckers, and so they are: now God deliver me from my friends!

Pietro. Thy friends?

Malevole. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies I'll deliver myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rankest villainy! Mark this Mendoza; mark him for a villain: But heaven will send a plague upon him for a rogue.

Pietro. O world!

Malevole. World! 'tis the only region of death, the greatest shop of the devil; the cruel'st prison of men, out of the which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee: there's nothing perfect in it but extream, extream calamity, such as comes yonder.

SCENA V.

Enter AURELIA, *two halberts before and two after, supported by* CELSO *and* FERRARDO; AURELIA *in base mourning attire.*

Aurelia. To banishment! led on to banishment!

Pietro. Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you.

Aurelia. Why? why? I can desire nothing but death,
Nor deserve any thing but hell.

If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor;
O they would [66] tire heaven's goodness to reclaim them!
Judgment is just yet, from that vast villain,
Be sure he shall not miss sad punishment
'Fore he shall rule! On to my cell of shame.

Pietro. My cell 'tis, lady; where, instead of masks,
Musick, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shews,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again; whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There usherless the air comes in and out;
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation.
A rocky barrenness shall [67] pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

Aurelia. It is too good. Blessed spirit of my lord!
O in what orb soe'er thy soul is thron'd,
Behold me worthily most miserable!
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit
Intreat some reconciliation:
If not, O joy, triumph in my just grief,
Death is the end of woes, and tears relief.

Pietro. Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkind.

Aurelia. O heaven!
As the soul lov'd the body, so lov'd he:
'Twas death to him to part my presence,
Heaven to see me pleased.
Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
To clip a base ungentle faithless villain.
O God! a very pagan reprobate—
What should I say? ungrateful, throws me out,
From whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour.
But 'tis most fit: why should a better fate
Attend on any, who forsakes chaste sheets;
Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,

[66] *tire*] The first edition reads *try*.
[67] *pierce*] The first edition reads *pain*.

Join'd by a solemn vow 'fore God and man,
To taste the brackish blood of beastly lust,
In an adulterous touch? O ravenous immodesty!
Insatiate impudence of appetite!
Look here's your end, for mark what sap in dust,
What good in sin, even so much love in lust.*
Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord; pardon to me!

Celso. 'Tis the duke's pleasure this night you rest in court.

Aurelia. Soul lurk in shades, run shame from bright-some skies;
In night the blind man misseth not his eyes. [*Exit.*

Malevole. Do not weep, kind cuckold; take comfort, man; thy betters have been Beccos: Agamemnon, emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all the true Trojans, was a Cornuto. Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve king's beards, was a Cornuto. Hercules, whose back bore up heaven, and got forty wenches with child in one night—

Pietro. Nay, 'twas fifty.

Malevole. Faith, forty's enow a-conscience; yet was a Cornuto. Patience; mischief grows proud; be wise.

Pietro. Thou pinchest too deep: art too keen upon me.

Malevole. Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous sore. I'll [68]tent thee to the ground. Thinkest I'll sustain myself by flattering thee, because thou art a prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery.

Pietro. Yet great men ha' done't.

Malevole. Great slaves fear better than love; born naturally [69]for a coal basket; tho' the common usher to princes presence, fortune, hath blindly given them better place. I am vowed to be thy affliction.

Pietro. Pr'ythee be; I love much misery, and be thou son to me.

* The second edition reads, "what sinne in good," &c. C.

[68] *tent*] A term in Surgery. So, in *The White Devil*, vol. VI.
"Search my wound deeper: *tent* it with the steel that made it."

[69] *for a coal basket*] See Note 15 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI.

Enter BILIOSO.

Malevole. Because you are an usurping duke.—— Your lordship's well return'd from Florence.

[*To Bilioso.*

Bilioso. Well return'd, I praise my horse.

Malevole. What news from the Florentines?

Bilioso. I will conceal the great duke's pleasure; only this was his charge: his pleasure is, that his daughter die; duke Pietro be banished for banishing his blood's dishonour; and that duke Altofront be re-accepted. This is all; but I hear duke Pietro is dead.

Malevole. Ay, and Mendoza is duke: what will you do?

Bilioso. Is Mendoza strongest?

Malevole. Yet he is.

Bilioso. Then yet I'll hold with him.

Malevole. But if that Altofront should turn strait again.

Bilioso. Why then I would turn strait again.
'Tis good run still with him that has most might:
I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right.

Malevole. What religion will you be of now?

Bilioso. Of the duke's religion, when I know what it is.

Malevole. O Hercules!

Bilioso. Hercules? Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.

Malevole. Your lordship is a very wittal.

Bilioso. Wittal?

Malevole. Ay, all-wit.

Bilioso. Amphytrio was a cuckold.

Malevole Your lordship sweats, your young lady will get you a cloth for your old worship's brows. [*Exit Bilioso.*] Here's a fellow to be damned! this is his inviolable maxim, flatter the greatest and oppress the least. A whoreson flesh-fly, that still gnaws upon the lean gall'd backs.

Pietro. Why do'st then salute him?

Malevole. 'Faith, as bawds go to church, for fashion sake: come, be not confounded, thou art but in danger

to lose a dukedom. Think this; this earth is only the grave and golgotha wherein all things that live must rot: 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption; the very muck-hill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excrements. Man is the slime of this dung-pit, and princes are the governors of these men; for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece; [70] there goes but a pair of sheers between an emperor and the son of a bag-piper; only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference. Now, what art thou like to lose?

A jailor's office to keep men in bonds,
Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds.

Pietro. I here renounce for ever regency;
O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right;
To trip thy heels up with a devilish slight.
For which I now from off thy throne am thrown;
world-tricks abjure;
For vengeance though't comes slow, yet it comes sure.
O I am chang'd! for here, 'fore the dread power,
In true contrition, I do dedicate
My breath to solitary holiness,
My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall be,
Restoring Altofront to regency.

Malevole. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith. [*Undisguiseth himself.*

Enter FERNEZE *and* CELSO.

Banish amazement: come, we four must stand full shock of fortune; be not so wonder-stricken.

Pietro. Doth Ferneze live?

Ferneze. For your pardon.

Pietro. Pardon and love; give leave to recollect
My thoughts, dispers'd in wild astonishment:
My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon.

[70] *there goes but a pair of sheers,* &c.] i. e. they are both of the same piece. The same expression is in *Measure for Measure,* A. 1. S. 2. See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone on the last-mentioned passage.

Malevole. Who doubts of providence,
That sees this change? a hearty faith to all:
He needs must rise, that can no lower fall.
For still impetuous vicissitude
[71] Towseth the world; then let no maze intrude
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise;
For who can sink, that close can temporise?
The time grows ripe for action; I'll detect
My privat'st plot; lest ignorance fear suspect.
Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate,
Mature discretion is the life of state. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter BILIOSO *and* PASSARELLO.

Bilioso. Fool, how do'st thou like my calf in a long stocking?

Passarello. An excellent calf, my lord.

Bilioso. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty years. When monsieur Gundi lay here embassador, I could have carried a lady up and down at arm's end in a platter; and I can tell you, there were those at that time, who, to try the strength of a man's back and his arm, would be [72] coister'd. I have measured calves with most of the palace, and they come nothing near me: besides, I think there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for the head-piece. I'll tell thee——

Passarello. What, my lord?

Bilioso. I can eat stew'd broth as it comes seething off the fire; or a custard, as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I think there are not many lords can

[71] *Towseth*] To *toze* is to disentangle wool or flax. See the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone on *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3. The first edition reads *Looseth*.

[72] *coister'd*] The meaning of this passage is plain enough without an explanation. The word *coistered* I have not found in any ancient writer, but it seems to be derived from the French word *coisser*, incommoder, faire de la peine; or perhaps *coiter*, presser, exciter. See Lacombe's *Dictionaire du vieux langage François*, 1767.

do it. [73]A good pomander, a little decay'd in the scent; but six grains of musk, ground with rose-water, and temper'd with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently.

Passarello. O ay, as a bawd with *aqua vitæ.*

Bilioso. And what, dost thou rail upon the ladies as thou wert wont?

Passarello. I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety. I am as secret to ladies as their painting; their's Maquerelle oldest bawd, and a perpetual beggar. Did you never know of her trick to be known in the city?

Bilioso. Never.

Passarello. Why she gets all the picture-makers to draw her picture; when they have done, she most courtly finds fault with them one after another and never fetcheth them; they in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops: by this means is she better known to the stinkards, than if she had been five times carted.

Bilioso. 'Fore God, an excellent policy.

Passarello. Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

Bilioso. Yes.

Passarello. Good my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abused me.

Bilioso. Whose pate?

Passarello. Young Ferrardo, my lord.

Bilioso. Take heed, he's very valiant; I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it.

Passarello. O is he so great a quarreller? why then he's an arrant coward.

Bilioso. How prove you that?

Passarello. Why thus; He that quarrels seeks to fight; and he that seeks to fight, seeks to die; and he that seeks to die, seeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel, and seeks means never to answer a man more, I think he's a coward.

Bilioso. Thou canst prove any thing.

[73] *a good pomander*] See Note 78 to *Lingua*, vol. V.

Passarello. Any thing but a rich knave, for I can flatter no man.

Bilioso. Well, be not drunk, good fool; I shall see you anon in the presence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MALEVOLE *and* MAQUERELLE, *at several doors opposite singing.*

Malevole. *The Dutchman for a drunkard.*

Maquerelle. *The Dane for golden locks.*

Malevole. [74] *The Irishman for usquebaugh.*

Maquerelle. *The Frenchman for the pox.* *

Malevole. O thou art a blessed creature! had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company; ha, thou art a melodious Maquerelle; thou picture of a woman, and substance f a beast.

Enter PASSARELLO.

Maquerelle. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels? the hall will be so pester'd anon.

Passarello. Ay, as the country is with attornies.

Malevole. What hast thou there, fool?

Passarello. Wine; I have learnt to drink since I went with my lord ambassador; I'll drink to the health of madam Maquerelle.

Malevole. Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her.

Passarello. Ay, but since I borrow'd money of her, I'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen visit brokers; or as knights send venison to the city; either to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance.

Malevole. Give me the bowl; I drink a health to Altofront our deposed duke.

[74] *The Irishman for usquebaugh*] The Irish have long been celebrated on account of their fondness for this liquor. Dericke, in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581, Sign. F. 2, takes notice of it.

" Againe if fortune faunth,
" Or on them chaunce to smile:
" She filles them then with *uskebeaghe*,
" And wine an other while."

In the margin he observes, that *uskebeaghe* is *aqua vitæ*. See also Mr. Malone's Note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.

* A singular instance of squeamishness occurs here, for in the second edition a blank is left for this word. C.

Passarello. I'll take it so; now I'll begin a health to madam Maquerelle.

Malevole. Pugh! I will not pledge her.

Pasarello. Why, I pledg'd your lord.

Malevole. I care not.

Passarello. Not pledge madam Maquerelle? why then will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger.

Malevole. Hold, I'll take it.

Maquerelle. Now thou hast drank my health, fool, I am friends with thee.

Passarello. Art? art?

[75] *When Griffon saw the reconciled quean*
Offering about his neck her arms to cast;
He threw off sword, and heart's malignant stream,
And her below the lovely loins embrac'd.

Adieu, madam Maquerelle. [*Exit Passarello.*

Malevole. And how dost thou think o'this transformation of state now?

Maquerelle. Verily very well; for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other; some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must be knaves, and some must be officers; some must be beggars, some must be knights; some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the most fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch: now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes raise that dog; sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch; now that dog which I favour I feed, and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dog now——

Malevole. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the dutchess Maria? will she stoop to the duke's lure? will she coo, think'st?

[75] *When Griffon, &c.*] *Griffon* is one of the heroes of Orlando Furioso, from whence one might suspect these lines to be taken. I do not, however, find them there.

Maquerelle. Let me see, where's the sign now? ha' ye e'er a calendar? where's the sign trow you?

Malevole. Sign! why is there any moment in that?

Maquerelle. O! believe me, a most secret power; look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss. But you must take her in the right vein then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable: in Cancer, a precisian's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling. Has the duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter CAPTAIN.

Malevole. I, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must discourse with the lady Maria, Altofront's dutchess; I must enter for the duke.

Captain. She here shall give you interview: I received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep it till I am of no use.

Malevole. Wilt thou? O heavens, that a christian should be found in a buff-jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain. [*Exit Captain.*] We attend, and what hope hast thou of this dutchess's easiness?

Maquerelle. 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature ever; she hated monkies, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely; she had the vile trick on't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect. As God bless me, she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight.

Malevole. Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Maquerelle. Let me see: heaven forgive us our misdeeds! Here's the dutchess.

SCENA II.

Enter MARIA *and* CAPTAIN.

Malevole. God bless thee, lady.

Maria. Out of thy company.

Malevole. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Maria. I hope I have one already.

Maquerelle. Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good ha' ne'er a husband as a banish'd husband, he's in another world now. I'll tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep, the wife might lawfully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banish'd.

Maria. Unhonest creature?

Maquerelle. Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so; pray ye what's honesty? what's constancy? but fables feign'd, odd old fools' chat, devised by jealous fools, to wrong our liberty.

Malevole. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke, Mendoza; he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of [76]Rosiclear*, or Donzel del Phœbo; there's jewels, if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

Maria. Captain, for God's sake, save poor wretchedness
From tyranny of lustful insolence;
Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell,
Rather than here, here round about is hell.
O my dear'st Altofront! where-e'er thou breathe,

[76] *Rosiclear—Donzel del Phœbo;*] See *The Mirror of Knighthood.* S.

* This hero of romance is not unfrequently mentioned by our old dramatists. In Glapthorne's "Wit in a Constable," a very good old comedy, he is thus introduced in Act IV.

"I pray you tell me
Which of you is the valiant *Rosicleer*
Dares break a launce on me?"

Don Quixote is just afterwards alluded to:

Is it you
Sir Knight of the ill-favoured face
That would have me for your Dulcina. C.

Let my soul sink into the shades beneath,
Before I stain thine honour! this thou hast;
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

Malevole. 'Gainst him that can inforce, how vain is strife?

Maria. She that can be enforced, has ne'er a knife.
She that through force her limbs with lust enrols,
Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.
God amend you. [*Exit with Captain.*

Malevole. Now the fear of the devil for ever go with thee! Maquerelle, I tell thee I have found an honest woman: faith, I perceive when all is done, there is of women as of all other things, some good, most bad; some saints, some sinners; for as now-a-days, no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his [77]cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather; even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his:—I can hunt the letter no farther. O God, how loathsome this toying is to me! that a duke should be forc'd to fool it! well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia.* Better play the fool lord, than be the fool lord! now, where's your slights, madam Maquerelle?

Maquerelle. Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis said, a squeamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse of their yielding is only (forsooth) the difficult obtaining. You must put her to't; women are flax, and will fire in a moment.

Malevole. Why, was not the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou! thou set fire, thou enflame her?

Maquerelle. Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

Malevole. The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman.

Maquerelle. You were too boisterous, spleeny, for indeed—

Malevole. Go, go, thou art a weak pandress, now I see.

Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,
Than all with heat can melt a mind that's chaste.

[77] *cockatrice*] See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.

Go thou, the duke's lime-twig, I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office; what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage?

Maquerelle. Now o' my conscience, now I think in my discretion we did not take her in the right sign, the blood was not in the true vein, sure! [*Exit.*

Enter BILIOSO.

Bilioso. Make way there; the duke returns from the inthronement, Malevole.

Malevole. Out, rogue!

Bilioso. Malevole.

Malevole. Hence ye gross-jaw'd, peasantly—out, go.

Bilioso. Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be, an advanced virtue, a worthily employed faithfulness, a man of grace, dear friend. Come; what? *Si quoties peccant homines:*—if as often as courtiers play the knaves, honest men should be angry? Why look ye, we must [78] collogue sometimes, forswear sometimes.

Malevole. Be damn'd sometimes!

Bilioso. Right; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.* No man can be honest at all hours. Necessity often depraves virtue.

Malevole. I will commend thee to the duke.

Bilioso. Do, let us be friends, man.

Malevole. And knaves, man.

Bilioso. Right, let us prosper and purchase; our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten.

Malevole. He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shame him.

Bilioso. True.

Malevole. For impudence and faithlessness are the main stays to greatness.

Bilioso. By the lord, thou art a profound lad!

[78] *collogue*] In cant language, the word *collogue* means to *wheedle*. See several instances of it in Mr. Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2.

Malevole. By the lord, thou art a perfect knave; out, ye [79] antient damnation!

Bilioso. Peace, peace, and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace, Cornets.

SCENA III.

Enter PREPASSO *and* FERRARDO, *two Pages with lights,* CELSO *and* EQUATO, MENDOZA *in dukes robes,* BILIOSO *and* GUERRINO.

[*Exeunt all save* MALEVOLE *and* MENDOZA.

Mendoza. On, on; leave us, leave us: stay, where is the hermit?

Malevole. With duke Pietro, with duke Pietro.

Mendoza. Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Malevole. Dead as the duke is.

Mendoza. Good, excellent: he will not blab; secureness lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Malevole. Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee my nature cannot endure.

Mendoza. Scent man? what returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Malevole. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Mendoza. Then she's but dead; 'tis resolute, she dies. *Black deed only through black deed safely flies.*

Malevole. Pugh! *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*

Mendoza. What, art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an errant knave.

Malevole. Who I? I have been twice an undersheriff, man.* Well, I will go rail upon some great

[79] *antient damnation*] A very strong, though not a very delicate phrase, which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Juliet. S.

* At this place the second edition thus reads:

"*Mendoza.* Hast been with Maria?

"*Malevole.* As your scrivener with your usurer I have dealt about "taking of this commodity, but she's cold and frosty. Well, I will "go rail upon," &c.

Perhaps when it was wished to shorten the performance at all, the scene began here. C.

man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and instantly go travel.

Mendoza. Travel when thou art married!

Malevole. I, 'tis your young lord's fashion to do so, though he was so lazy, being a batchelor, that he would never travel so far as the university; yet when he married her, tales off, and *Catzo for England.*

Mendoza. And why for England?

Malevole. Because there are no brothel-houses there.

Mendoza. Nor courtezans?

Malevole. Neither; your whore went down with the stews, and your punk came up with your puritan.

Mendoza. Canst thou impoison? canst thou impoison?

Malevole. Excellently; no Jew, 'pothecary, or politician better. Look ye, here's a box; whom would'st thou impoison? here's a box, which, when opened, and the fume taken up in the conduits through which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours space bind up all shew of life in a deep senseless sleep: here's another, which, being opened under the sleeper's nose, choaks all the powers of life, kills him suddenly.

Enter CELSO.

Mendoza. I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be deceived: so, so, *catzo.* [*Seems to poison Malevole.*

Who would fear that may destroy?
Death hath no teeth or tongue;
And he that's great, to him are slaves,
Shame, murder, fame, and wrong——
Celso!

Celso. My honoured lord!

Mendoza. The good Malevole, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on sudden! wond'rous strangely! He held in our esteem good place. Celso, see him buried, see him buried.

Celso. I shall observe ye.

Mendoza. And, Celso, pr'ythee let it be thy care to-night
To have some pretty shew, to solemnize
Our high installment; some musick, maskery.
We'll give fair entertain unto Maria,

The dutchess to the banish'd Altofront:
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel
Unto the palace; think on some maskery.

Celso. Of what shape, sweet lord?

Mendoza. What shape? why any quick-done fiction,
As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elysium forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune; some such thing,
Some far-fet trick good for ladies, some stale toy
Or other, no matter so't be of our devising.
Do thou prepare't, 'tis but for a fashion sake,
Fear not, it shall be grac'd; man, it shall take.

Celso. All service.

Mendoza. All thanks, our hand shall not be close to thee, farewel.
Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall;
Mischief that prospers men do virtue call.
I'll trust to no man; he that by tricks gets wreathes,
Keeps them with steel; no man securely breathes
Out of deserved rank: the crowd will mutter, fool:
Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.
The chiefest secret for a man of state
Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate.
[*Exit Mendoza.*

Malevole. Death of the damn'd thief! (*Starts up and speaks.*) I'll make one of the mask; thou shalt have some brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Celso. My lord, what strange delusion?

Malevole. Most happy, dear Celso, poison'd with an empty box: I'll give thee all anon: my lady comes to court, there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me, the people pray for me, the great leader of the just stands for me: then courage, Celso.
For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing but a God above him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PREPASSO *and* BILIOSO, *two Pages before them,* MAQUERELLE, BIANCA, *and* EMILIA.

Bianca. Make room there, room for the ladies: why,

gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? why, gallants? and you, sir, to drop your torch where the beauties must sit too!

Prepasso. And there's a great fellow plays the knave; why dost not strike him?

Bilioso. Let him play the knave a God's name; think'st thou, I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow? the musick! more lights! revelling! scaffolds! do you hear? let there be oaths enough ready at the door, swear out the devil himself. Let's leave the ladies, and go see if the lords be ready for them.

[*All save the ladies depart.*

Maquerelle. And by my troth, beauties, why do you not put you into the fashion? this is a stale cut, you must come in fashion: look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair: look ye, these tiring things are justly out of request now: and, do you hear? you must wear [80] falling bands, you must come into the falling fashion: there is such a deal a pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no [81] poking stick to recover its form: believe me, no fashion to the falling band, I say.

Bianca. And is not signior St. Andrew a gallant fellow now?

Maquerelle. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agree as well together, as a sattin suit and woollen stockings.

Emilia. But is not marshal Make-room, my servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maquerelle. Yes, in reversion, as he had his office; as in truth he hath all things in reversion: he has his mistress in reversion, his cloaths in reversion, his wit in reversion; and indeed he is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion: but in good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as—and indeed as fine a man

[80] *falling bands*] See Note 4 to *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI.
[81] *poking stick*] See Note 24 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

as may be, having a red beard, and a pair of warpt* legs.

Bianca. But I, faith I am most monstrously in love with count Quidlibet in quodlibet; is he not a pretty, dapper, [82] unidle gallant?

Maquerelle. He is even one of the most busy finger'd lords; he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Bilioso. Room! make a lane there! the duke is entering: stand handsomely; for beauty's sake, take up the ladies there. So, cornets! cornets!

SCENA IV.

Enter PREPASSO, *joins to* BILIOSO, *two pages and lights;* FERRARDO, MENDOZA, *at the other door two pages with lights, and the Captain leading in* MARIA; *the Duke meets* MARIA, *and closeth with her; the rest fall back.*

Mendoza. Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit;
A kingdom's safety should o'erpoise slight rites;
Marriage is merely nature's policy:
Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd,
Danger and civil tumults fright the state,
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

Maria. What would'st thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou ever devil, 'twas thou that banished'st
My truly noble lord.

Mendoza. I?

Maria. I, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems,
Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I beheld
The loved presence of my dearest lord.
O thou, far worse than death! he parts but soul
From a weak body: but thou, soul from soul
Dissever'st, that which God's own hand did knit;
Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit.

* "*wrapt* legs" in the second edition. C.

[82] *unidle*] *windle*, first edition.

Mendoza. We'll check your too intemperate lavishness.
I can, and will.
Maria. What canst?
Mendoza. Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.
Maria. *He ever is at home that's ever wise.*
Mendoza. You must
Never meet more; reason should love control.
Maria. Not meet!
She that dear loves, her love's still in her soul.
Mendoza. You are but a woman; lady, you must yield.
Maria. O save me, thou innated bashfulness,
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty.
Mendoza. Modesty: death, I'll torment thee.
Maria. Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I'll die my lord's, as long as I can die.
Mendoza. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die. Captain,
That lady's life is forfeit to justice;
We have examined her, and we do find,
She hath impoison'd the reverend hermit;
Therefore we command severest custody.
Nay, if you'll do's no good, you'll do's no harm;
A tyrant's peace is blood.
Maria. O thou art merciful! O gracious devil!
Rather by much let me condemned be
For seeming murder, than be damn'd for thee.
I'll mourn no more; come, girt my brows with flow'rs,
Revel and dance; soul, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a bride; poor heart, thou shalt die chaste.

Enter AURELIA *in mourning habit.*

Life is a frost of cold felicity,
Aurelia. *And death the thaw of all our vanity.**
Was't not an honest priest that wrote so?
Mendoza. Who let her in?
Bilioso. Forbear.
Prepasso. Forbear.

* In the second edition both these lines are given to Aurelia. C.

Aurelia. *Alas! calamity, is every where.*
Sad misery, despight your double doors,
Will enter even in court.

Bilioso. Peace.

Aurelia. I ha' done; one word; take heed; I ha' done.*

Enter MERCURY *with loud musick.*

Mercury. Cyllenian Mercury, the god of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come,
And make this presence their Elysium.
To pass away this high triumphal night,
With song and dances, courts more soft delight.

Aurelia. Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit depending in hell betwixt me and my conscience; I would fain have thee help me to an advocate.

Bilioso. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aurelia. Nay faith, Mercury has too good a face to be a right lawyer.

Prepasso. Peace, forbear: Mercury presents the mask.

Cornets: The song to the cornets, which playing, the mask enters. MALEVOLE, PIETRO, FERNEZE, *and* CELSO *in white robes, with dukes' crowns upon laurel wreathes; pistolets and short swords under their robes.*

Mendoza. Celso, Celso, court Maria for our love; lady, be gracious, yet grace.

Maria. With me, sir?

[*Malevole takes his wife to dance.*

Malevole. Yes, more loved than my breath;
With you I'll dance.

Maria. Why then you dance with death.
But come, sir, I was ne'er more apt to mirth.
Death gives eternity a glorious breath:
O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die?

* Perhaps "one word; take heed" in this line belongs to Bilioso, Aurelia repeating "I ha' done." C.

Malevole. *They die in fear who live in villainy.*

Mendoza. Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd by him.

Pietro. Madam, with me.

[*Pietro takes his wife Aurelia to dance.*

Aurelia. Would'st then be miserable?

Pietro. I need not wish.

Aurelia. O yet forbear my hand! away! fly! fly!
O seek not her, that only seeks to die!

Pietro. Poor loved soul!

Aurelia. What would'st court misery?

Pietro. Yes.

Aurelia. She'll come too soon; O my grieved heart!

Pietro. Lady, ha' done, ha' done.
Come, let's dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aurelia. Art a sad man?

Pietro. Yes, sweet.

Aurelia. Then we'll agree.

[*Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Bianca: then the cornets sound the measure, one change and rest.*

Ferneze. Believe it, lady, shall I swear, let me enjoy you in private, and I'll marry you by my soul.

[*To Bianca.*

Bianca. I had rather you would swear by your body: I think that would prove the more regarded oath with you.

Ferneze. I'll swear by them both to please you.

Bianca. O! damn them not both to please me, for God's sake.

Ferneze. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to night, and I'll marry you to-morrow fortnight, by my troth, la.

Maquerelle. On his troth, la! believe him not; that kind of cunny-catching is as stale as sir Oliver Anchove's perfum'd jerkin: promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fool's paradise; make her a great woman, and then cast her off: 'tis as common and natural to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an alderman, pride to a taylor, or an empty hand-

basket to one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth, la! believe him not; traps to catch pole-cats.

Malevole. Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion speak in your eyes. [*To Maria.*

Maria. O my Altofront!

Pietro. A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble; you conceive it all.

Aurelia. My heart, tho' not my knees, doth humbly fall,
Low as the earth to thee. [*To Pietro.*

Pietro. Peace, next change, no words.

Maria. Speak to such, I; O what will affords!

[*Cornets sound the measure over again; which danced, they unmask.*

Mendoza. Malevole!

[*They environ Mendoza, bending their pistols on him.*

Malevole. No.

Mendoza. Altofront! duke Pietro! Ferneze! hah!

All. Duke Altofront! duke Altofront!

[*Cornets, a flourish.*

Mendoza. Are we surpriz'd? what strange delusions mock
Our senses! do I dream? or have I dreamt
[*They seize upon Mendoza.*
This two days space? where am I?

Malevole. Where an arch villain is.

Mendoza. O lend me breath till I am fit to die.
For peace with heaven, for your own soul's sake,
Vouchsafe me life.

Pietro. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell,
Goodness of God or man, could once make good.

Malevole. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace canst thou expect,
That hast grown impudent in gracelessness?

Mendoza. O life!

Malevole. Slave, take thy life.
Wert thou defenced, through blood and wounds,
The sternest horror of a civil fight,
Would I atchieve thee; but prostrate at my feet

I scorn to hurt thee: 'tis the heart of slaves
That deigns to triumph over peasants graves.
For such thou art, since birth doth ne'er inroll.
A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul.
O I have seen strange accidents of state,
The flatterer like the ivy clip the oak,
And waste it to the heart: lust so confirm'd,
That the black act of sin itself not sham'd
To be term'd courtship.
O they that are as great as be their sins,
Let them remember, that th' inconstant people
Love many men meerly for their faces,
And outward shews; and they do covet more
To have a sight of these than of their virtues.
Yet thus much let the great ones still conceal,
When they observe not heaven's imposed conditions,
They are no men, but forfeit their commissions.

Maquerelle. O good my lord, I have lived in the court this twenty year; they that have been old courtiers, and come to live in the city, they are spited at, and thrust to the walls like apricots, good my lord.

Bilioso. My lord, I did know your lordship in this disguise; you heard me ever say, if Altofront did return, I would stand for him: besides, 'twas your lordship's pleasure to call me wittal and cuckold: you must not think, but that I knew you I would have put it up so patiently.

Malevole. You o'er-joy'd spirits, wipe your long wet eyes. [*To Pietro and Aurelia.*
Hence with this man: [*Kicks out Mendoza.*] an eagle takes, not flies.
You to your vows: [*To Pietro and Aurelia.*] and thou unto [83] the suburbs: [*To Maquerelle.*
You to my worst friend I would hardly give:
[*To Bilioso.*
Thou art a perfect old knave; all pleased live.

[83] *the suburbs:*] Where in most countries the stews are situated

You two unto my breast: [*To Celso and the Captain.*]
thou to my heart, [*To Maria.*
The rest of idle actors idly part;
And as for me, I here assume my right,
With which I hope all's pleas'd: to all goodnight.
[*Cornets, a flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

AN IMPERFECT ODE, BEING BUT ONE STAFFE.

SPOKEN BY THE PROLOGUE.

To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense,
Is the foul use of ill bred impudence:
Immodest censure now grows wild.
All over-running.
Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,
Yet at the last
She is defil'd
With too nice-brained cunning.
O you of fairer soul,
Controul
With an Herculean *arm*
This harm:
At once teach all old freedom of a pen,
Which still must write of fools, whilst writes of men.

EPILOGUS.

Your modest silence, full of heedy stillness,
Makes me thus speak: a voluntary illness
Is merely senseless, but unwilling error;
Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour
May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin,
Rivers take names from founts where they begin.
Then let not too severe an eye peruse
[84] *The slighter brakes of our reformed muse;*
Who could herself, herself of faults detect,
But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,
Though some men's labour: troth to err is fit,
As long as wisdom's not profess'd, but wit.
Then till another's happier muse appears,
Till his Thalia *feast your learned ears,*
To whose desertful lamps pleas'd fates impart
Art above nature, judgment above art,
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet daunteth:
He that knows most, knows most how much he wanteth.

[84] *The slighter brakes of our reformed muse;*] I suppose by this expression is meant *the uncultivated parts* of our performance; *brakes* (i. e. fern) commonly grow in ground that is never till'd, or broken up. S.

EDITIONS.

(1.) The Malcontent. By John Marston, 1604. Printed at London by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be solde at his shop in Paule's Church-yard. 4to.

(2.) The Malcontent. Augmented by Marston. With the Additions; played by the King's Majesties Servants. Written by John Webster, 1604. At London, Printed by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Church-yard. 4to.

ALL FOOLS.

George Chapman was born at [1] Hitching-hill, in the County of Hertford, some time in the year 1557. After being well grounded in school-learning, he was sent to the University, but whether to Oxford or Cambridge was unknown to Anthony Wood, who declares himself certain he resided some time at the former [2], where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in Logic or Philosophy, which may be presumed to be the reason he took no degree there. He appears to have been a man of a very respectable character, being countenanced and patronized by several eminent persons, particularly Sir Thomas Walsingham and his son, and by Prince Henry, son of James the First. Wood imagines, that he was a sworn servant either to James the First or his Queen, and says he was highly valued, but not so much as Ben Jonson. The same writer [3] adds, that "he was a person of most "reverend aspect, religious and temperate qualities, "rarely meeting in a poet:" and another [4], that "he "was much resorted to latterly by young persons of "parts as a poetical Chronicle; but was very choice "whom he admitted to him, and preserved in his own "person the dignity of Poetry, which he compared to a "flower of the sun which disdains to open its leaves to "the eye of a smoaking taper." After living to the age of 77 years, he died on the 12th day of May, 1634, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, and was buried on the South-side of the Church-yard there. His

[1] William Browne (*Britannia's Pastorals*, b. II.) speaks of him as,

"The learned shepheard of faire *Hitching-hill*."

This may, however, only allude to his residing there; and Wood supposes him of a Kentish family.

From Chapman's "Euthymiæ Raptus, or the Tears of Peace," 1609, it appears that he translated Homer, either wholly or in great part at Hitching. C.

[2] Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. I. p. 592.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine. It seems to be a quotation, but the writer is not named.

friend Inigo Jones erected a monument to his memory near the place of his interment.

Chapman is a writer who obtained much applause in his time, and was greatly praised by his contemporaries*. His Translation of Homer acquired him a considerable degree of reputation†. Mr. Dryden tells us, that Waller used to say he never could read it without incredible transport. It is much censured by Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding, acknowledges that there is a daring, fiery spirit, which animates it, something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion‡.

* The following from Freeman's Epigrams, called "Rubbe and a great Cast," 1614, may be taken as a specimen.

"To George Chapman."

"*George*, it is thy genius innated:
"Thou pick'st not flowers from another's field,
"Stolne similies or sentences translated;
"Nor seekest but what thine owne soile dost yield.
"Let barren arts go borrow what to write,
"'Tis bred and born with thee what thou inditest;
"And our Comedians thou out-strippest quite,
"And all the hearers more then all delightest.
"With unaffected stile and sweetest straine
"Thy inambitious pen keeps on her pace,
"And commeth nearest th' ancient commicke vaine:
"Thou hast beguilde us all of that sweet grace:
"And were *Thalia* to be sold and bought,
"No Chapman but thy selfe were to be sought." C.

† In "Wit's Recreations," 1641, are the following lines, which will shew how the work was esteemed.

"To Mr. George Chapman, on his translation of Homer's Works into English Verse.

"Thou ghost of Homer! 'twere no fault to call
"His the translation, thine th' original,
"Did we not know 'twas done by thee so well:
"Thou makest Homer Homer's self excell." O. G.

‡ It was of course a work of great toil and time, and was published in parts, and at intervals: the first seven books were printed in 1598, and in the same year came out "Achilles' Shield," in ten-syllable verse, which he afterwards altered to fourteen-syllable verse, to render it uniform with the rest. Subsequently twelve books appeared in folio, without date, and dedicated to Prince Henry, so that it was printed after 1603. At the end are several sonnets to distinguished persons, not reprinted

He translated also the *Batrachomyomachia;* finished Marlow's Translation of *Musæus;* and produced several original Poems, and some other translations*.

in the complete edition of the Iliad and Odyssey, and among them one to the Lady Arabella Stuart, who was sent to the Tower in 1611. [Vide D'Israeli Cur: of Lit: 2d Series, I. 256.] This sonnet confirms in some degree the literary reputation of this unhappy female, and has never been quoted. Prince Henry, who was one of Chapman's Patrons, commanded him to finish his translation of Homer, and to this circumstance the poet refers in the *Corrolarium ad Principem* annexed to his *Euthymiæ Raptus*, 1609, which was written in an interval of his great undertaking :

" Thus strooke I this abortive from my braine,
" Which with it lay in this unworthy paine :
" Yet since your Homer had his worthy hand
" In venturing *this delay of your command*
" *To end his Iliades,* deigne (great Prince of Men)
" To hold before it your great shielde, and then
" It may doe service worthy this delaie
" To your more worthy pleasure; and I maie
" Regather the 'spers'd fragments of my spirits,
" And march with Homer through his deathless merits
" To your undying graces." C.

* The following list of Chapman's Poems, &c. has been made from various authorities.

(1.) " Σκελανυκτος. The Shadow of Night: containing two poeticall " hymnes." 1594. 4to.

(2.) " Ovid's Banquet of Sence. A coronet for his mistresse " philosophie," &c. 1595. 4to.

(3.) " Hero and Leander. Begunne by Ch. Marlow, and finished " by George Chapman." 1606. 4to.

(4.) " *Euthymiæ Raptus,* or the Tears of Peace, with Interlocu- " tions." 1609. 4to.

(5.) " An Epicede, or Funeral Song, on the most disastrous Death " of the High-born Prince of Men, Henry, Prince of Wales." 1612. 4to.

(6.) " *Andromeda Liberata,* or the Nuptialls of Perseus and An- " dromeda." 1614. 4to.

(7.) The Georgicks of Hesiod, by George Chapman; translated elaborately out of the Greek: containing doctrine of Husbandrie, Moralitie and Pietie; with a perpetuall Calendar of good and bad daies; not superstitious but necessary (as far as naturall causes compell) for all men to observe and difference in following their affaires. London, 1618. 4to.

(8.) Pro Vere Autumni lacrymæ, to the memorie of Sir Horatio Vere. 1622. 4to.

(9.) A justification of a strange action of Nero, &c. Also a just reproofe of a Romane small-Feast being the fifth satyre of Juvenall. 1629. 4to.

He is the Author of the following dramatick performances:

(1.) The Blind Beggar of Alexandria: A Comedy. Most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of conceit and pleasure: sundry times publickly acted in London by the Right Honourable the Earl of Notingham, Lord High Admiral, his servants, 4to, 1598 *.

(2.) " A pleasant Comedy; intitled, An Humerous " Daye's Myrth. As it hath beene sundrie times pub- " lickley acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of " Notingham, Lord High Admiral, his servants." 4to, 1599.

(3.) " All Fooles: a Comedy. Presented at the " Black Friers, and lately before his Majestie." 4to, 1605.

(4.) " Eastward Hoe. As it was play'd in the Black " Friers by the Children of her Majestie's Revels. " Made by George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John " Marston." 4to, 1605.

(5.) The Gentleman Usher: A Comedy. 4to, 1606.

(6.) " Monsieur D'Olive: A Comedie. As it was " sundrie times acted by her Majestie's Children at the " Blacke Friers." 4to, 1606.

(7.) " Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie. As it hath been " often presented at Paule's." 4to, 1607 †. 4to, 1608. 4to, 1646. 4to, 1657 [5].

Mr. A. Chalmer's (Biogr. Dict. ix. 126.) also assigns to Chapman " a paraphrastic translation in verse of Petrarch's seven penitential Psalms." Ritson (Bibl. Poet. 157.) states that Chapman wrote " Noah's Flood" which is in fact the work of Drayton, though also erroneously given to Chapman in the Cat. Brit. Mus. Ritson likewise inserts No. 9. in the above list as two works when in fact they were only one. C.

* The subsequent entry in Henslowe's account shews that this play was acted three years before it was printed.

" R. the 13 of febreary, 1595, at the blind beger of Alexandria, iii. l." C.

† From Chalmers' Supp. Apol. 200, we find that " The tragedye " of Busye Damboise made by George Chapman," was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, June 3d, 1607. O. G.

[5] Mr. Dryden, in his Dedication to *The Spanish Friar*, says, " I

(8.) Cæsar and Pompey: A Roman Tragedy; declaring their Warres. Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition, Only a just man is a Freeman. 4to, 1607. 4to, 1631.

(9 and 10.) "The Conspiracie and Tragedie of "Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France. Acted "lately, in two Plays, at the Black Friers." 4to, 1608. 4to, 1625.

(11.) "May Day: A Witty Comedie. Divers times "acted at the Blacke Fryers." 4to, 1611.

(12.) "The Widdowe's Tears: A Comedie. As it "was often presented in the Blacke and White Friers." 4to, 1612.

(13.) "The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie. As it hath been often presented at the private "Play-house in the White Friers." 4to, 1613.

(14.) "The memorable Masque of the two honourable Houses, or Innes of Court, the Middle Temple, "and Lyncolne's Inne. As it was performed before the "King at Whitehall on Shrove-Munday at Night, "being the 15th of Febr. 1613, at the princely celebration of the most royall Nuptials of the Palsgrave, and "his thrice gratious Princesse Elizabeth, &c." 4to. No date.[6]

(15.) Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools: or, A

"have sometimes wondered in the reading what was become of "those glaring colours which amaz'd me in *Bussy D'Amboys* upon "the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I suppos'd a fallen "star, I found I had been cozen'd with a jelly: nothing but a cold "dull mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting. A "dwarfish thought dress'd up in gigantick words, repetition in "abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the "sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten: and to sum up "all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and "true nonsense; or at best a scantling of wit which lay gasping for "life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern "Poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's Manes; "and I have indignation enough to burn a *D'Amboys* annually to "the memory of Jonson."

[6] It appears from Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, that the expence of this Masque, to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, amounted to the sum of 1086*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*

Comical Moral, censuring the Follies of that age; divers times acted. 4to, 1619.

(16.) " The Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperour of " Germany. As it hath been very often acted (with " great applause) at the private house in Black Friers, " by his late Majestie's servants." 4to, 1654.

(17.) Revenge for Honour: A Tragedy. 4to, 1654. 4to, 1659.*

Chapman also joined with Shirley in the composition of two Plays, viz. *The Ball;* and *Chabot, Admiral of France.*

* The three following dramatic pieces have been also attributed to Chapman, on the authority of Henslowe. We have no further knowledge of them than what his accounts supply.

" Jan. 1597-8. The World runs upon Wheels, by G. Chapman.

" June 1598. The Will of a Woman, by George Chapman.

" Sep. 1598. The Fountain of New Fashions, by George Chapman."

Henslowe's evidence is by no means to be implicitly trusted as his ignorance often led him to commit the grossest blunders. The books of the Stationers' Company, under date of June 29, 1660, state that Chapman was the author of two other plays, called " Fatal Love, a French Tragedy," and " The Tragedy of a York- " shire Gentlewoman and her Son." " The Second Maiden's " Tragedy," MSS. has also been assigned to him. C.

TO

My long lov'd and honourable Friend, Sir THOMAS WALSINGHAM, Knight.*

" Should I expose to every common eye
The least allow'd birth of my shaken brain,
And not entitle it particularly
To your acceptance, I were worse than vain.
And though I am most loth to pass your sight
With any such light mark of vanity,
Being mark'd with age for aims of greater weight,
And drown'd in dark death-ushering melanch'ly;
Yet least by others stealth it be imprest
Without my passport, patch'd with other's wit.

* This dedication by Chapman to his patron is now for the first time inserted, the copies of *All Fools* seen and used by Mr. Reed being without it. Whether it was inserted in a few impressions in 1605, and afterwards cancelled, does not appear, though it seems probable that it was so, because in the dedication of his *Byron's Conspiracy* and *Tragedy*, 1608, to the same distinguished individual Chapman apologizes for previous neglect, and apparent ingratitude to his patron, " *in dispensing with his right in his other impressions.*" It was found in a copy in the possession of Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport Street. Although there were clearly not two editions of *All Fools* in 1605, yet there are some curious variations in the impressions of that year; for instance, in sign. G 3. two speeches, by Valerio and Gostanzo, are confounded in one copy and separated in another. Valerio exclaims:—

" Father say not so."

And Gostanzo replies ironically:—

" Nay, she's thy own, here, rise, fool, take her to thee,
" Live with her still: I know thou 'count'st thyself.
" Happy in soul only in winning her:" &c.

This is as it should stand, and as it is now printed, but the whole in one copy, dated 1605, is assigned to Valerio, which confuses the sense of the scene.

Again, in the very last line of the Epilogue, in one copy is a parenthesis left blank, on which Mr. Steevens has truly observed, that it was probably intended to be supplied by the word *fools*, to rhime with " stools" in the preceding line. In the copy of the play belonging to Mr. Rodd, this blank is omitted. C.

Of two enforc'd ills I elect the least *,
And so desire your love will censure it:
Though my old fortune keep me still obscure
The li g ht shall stillbewray my old love sure."

* This complaint was common to many old dramatists, and to this circumstance, as is well known, is to be attributed very much the extreme corruptness of the text of our old plays, which were printed by booksellers from copies taken in short-hand at the theatre, or otherwise unfairly obtained. It will be observed that Marston, in the address "to the Reader," before his *Malcontent*, on p. 9. of this volume, says much the same thing in prose as Chapman in verse. C.

PROLOGUS.

The fortune of a stage (like fortune's self)
Amazeth greatest judgements: and none knows
The hidden causes of those strange effects,
That rise from this hell, or fall from this heaven:
Who can shew cause, why your wits, that in aim
At higher objects, scorn to compose plays;
(Though we are sure they could, would they vouchsafe it)
Should (without means to make) judge better far,
Than those that make? and yet ye see they can;
For without your applause, wretched is he
That undertakes the stage, and he's more blest,
That with your glorious favours can contest.
Who can shew cause, why th' ancient comick vein
* *Of* Eupolis *and* Cratinus *now reviv'd,*
(Subject to personal application)
Should be exploded by some bitter spleens?
Yet merely comical, and harmless jests
(Though ne'er so witty) be esteem'd but toys,
If void of th' other satyrisms' sauce?
Who can shew cause why quick Venerean jests
Should sometimes ravish? sometimes fall far short
Of the just length and pleasure of your ears?
When our pure dames think them much less obscene,
Than those that win your panegyrick spleen?
But our poor dooms (alas) you know are nothing;
To your inspired censure, ever we
Must needs submit, and there's the misery †.
Great are the gifts given to united heads;
To gifts, attire; to fair attire the stage
Helps much; for if our other audience see
You on the stage depart before we end,

* *Eupolis and Cratinus*] Two Athenian Comic Poets, who flourished about 430 years before Christ.

† Mr. Reed allowed it to stand "and there's the *mystery*." C.

Our wit go with you a ll, and we are fools;
So fortune governs in these stage events,
That merit bears least sway in most contents.
Auriculas asini quis non habet?
How we shall then appear, we must refer
To Magick of your dooms, that never err.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GOSTANZO, } *Knights.*
MARC. ANTONIO, }
VALERIO, *Son to Gostanzo.*
FORTUNIO, *elder Son to Marc. Antonio.*
RINALDO, *the younger.*
DARIOTTO, } *Courtiers.*
CLAUDIO, }
CORNELIO, *a start-up Gentleman.*
CURIO, *a Page.*
KYTE, *a Scrivener.*
FRANCIS POCK, *a Surgeon.*

GAZETTA, *Wife to Cornelio.*
BELLONORA, *a Daughter to Gostanzo.*
GRATIANA, *stolen Wife to Valerio.*

ALL FOOLS.[7]

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter RINALDO, FORTUNIO, VALERIO.

Rinaldo. Can one self cause, in subjects so alike
As you two are, produce effect so unlike?
One like the turtle, all in mournful strains,
Wailing his fortunes; th' other like the lark
Mounting the sky in shrill and cheerful notes,
Chanting his joys aspir'd; and both for love:
In one, love raiseth by his violent heat,
Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drown his breast in daily showers;
In th' other, his divided power infuseth
Only a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That gives life to those fruits of wit and virtue,
Which the unkind hand of an uncivil father
Had almost nipt in the delightsome blossom.

Fortunio. O brother, love rewards our services
With a most partial and injurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes:
Valerio loves, and joys the dame he loves:
I love, and never can enjoy the sight
Of her I love; so far from conquering
In my desires assault, that I can come
To lay no battery to the fort I seek;
All passages to it, so strongly kept,

[7] Langbaine says, this play was in its day accounted an excellent comedy. It seems built in part upon the same fabrick with Terence's Heautontimorumenos, as those who will compare the characters of the two fathers Gostanzo and Marco Antonio, with Chremes and Menedemus, and their sons Valerio, Fortunio, and Rinaldo, with Clinia, Antipho, and Syrus, may easily perceive.

By strait guard of her father.
Rinaldo. I dare swear,
If just desert in love measur'd reward,
Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far:
For I am witness (being your bedfellow)
Both to the daily and the nightly service
You do unto the deity of love,
In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches:
He never serves him with such sacrifice,
Yet hath his bow and shafts at his command:
Love's service is much like our [8] humorous lords;
Where minions carry more than servitors:
The bold and careless servant still obtains:
The modest and [9] respective nothing gains.
You never see your love, unless in dreams;
He, Hymen puts in whole possession.
What different stars reign'd when your loves were born;
He forc'd to wear the willow, you the horn!
But, brother, are you not asham'd to make
Yourself a slave to the base lord of love,
Begot of fancy, and of beauty born?
And what is beauty? a mere quintessence,
Whose life is not in being, but in seeming;
And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
But like a couzening picture, which one way
Shews like a crow, another like a swan:*
And upon what ground is this beauty drawn?
Upon a woman, a most brittle creature,
And would to God (for my part) that were all!
Fortunio. But tell me, brother, did you never love?
Rinaldo. You know I did, and was belov'd again,
And that of such a dame, as all men deem'd
Honour'd, and made me happy in her favours:
Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than nature made her; beauty cost her nothing,

[8] *humorous*] See Note 74 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III. p. 115.
[9] *respective,*] See Note 42 to *Ram-Alley*, vol. V.
* See Mr. Tollets' Note on *Twelfth Night*, A. V. S. 1. S.

Her virtues were so rare, they would have made
An Æthiop beautiful: at least, so thought
By such as stood aloof, and did observe her
With credulous eyes: but what they were indeed
I'll spare to blaze, because I lov'd her once,
Only I found her such, as for her sake
I vow eternal wars against their whole sex,
Inconstant shuttle-cocks, loving fools, and jesters;
Men rich in dirt and titles, sooner won
With the most vile, than the most virtuous:
Found true to none: if one amongst whole hundreds
Chance to be chaste, she is so proud withal,
Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life
Is oftentimes approv'd a worthier wife:
Undressed, sluttish, nasty to their husbands,
Spung'd up, adorn'd, and painted to their lovers:
All day in ceaseless uproar with their housholds,
If all the night their husbands have not pleas'd them:
Like hounds, most kind, being beaten and abus'd;
Like wolves, most cruel, being kindliest us'd.

Fortunio. Fie, thou prophan'st the deity of their sex.

Rinaldo. Brother, I read, that Egypt heretofore
Had temples of the richest frame on earth:
Much like this goodly edifice of women,
With alabaster pillars were those temples
Upheld and beautified, and so are women;
Most curiously glaz'd, and so are women;
Cunningly painted too, and so are women;
In outside wondrous heavenly, so are women;
But when a stranger view'd those fanes within,
Instead of gods and goddesses, he should find
A painted fowl, a fury, or a serpent,
And such celestial inner parts have women.

Valerio. Rinaldo, the poor fox that lost his tail,
Persuaded others also to lose theirs:
Thyself, for one perhaps that for desert
Or some defect in thy attempts refus'd thee,
Revil'st the whole sex, beauty, love and all:
I tell thee, love is nature's second son,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines,
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,

All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men, so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain;
All virtues born in men lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth colours;
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse:
O 'tis the paradise, the heaven of earth;
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,
Live both one life, and therein double life;
To see their souls met at an interview
In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
Their language kisses; and t'observe the rest,
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies;
Thou would'st abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
O, who can comprehend how sweet love tastes,
But he that hath been present at his feasts?

Rinaldo. Are you in that vein too, Valerio?
'Twere fitter you should be about your charge,
How plough and cart go forward: I have known
Your joys were all employ'd in husbandry,
Your study was how many loads of hay
A meadow of so many acres yielded;
How many oxen such a close would fat?
And is your rural service now converted
From Pan to Cupid; and from beasts to women?
O, if your father knew this, what a lecture
Of bitter castigation he would read you!

Valerio. My father! why my father? does he think
To rob me of myself? I hope I know
I am a gentleman; though his covetous humour
And education hath transform'd me bailiff,
And made me overseer of his pastures,
I'll be myself, in spight of husbandry.

Enter GRATIANA.

And see bright heaven here comes my husbandry;
[*Embraces her.*
Here shall my cattle graze; here nectar drink;
Here will I hedge and ditch; here hide my treasure,
O poor Fortunio; how wouldst thou triumph,
If thou enjoy'dst this happiness with my sister!

Fortunio. I were in heaven if once 'twere come to that.

Rinaldo. And methinks 'tis my heaven that I am past it;
And should the wretched Machiavilian,
The covetous knight your father, see this sight,
Lusty Valerio——

Valerio. S'foot, sir, if he should,
He shall perceive ere long my skill extends
To something more than sweaty husbandry.

Rinaldo. I'll bear thee witness, thou canst sillk of dice,
Cards, tennis, wenching, dancing, and what not;
And this is something more than husbandry:
Th'art known in ordinaries and tobacco-shops,
Trusted in taverns and in vaulting-houses,
And this is something more than husbandry:
Yet all this while, thy father apprehends thee
For the most tame and thrifty groom in Europe.

Fortunio. Well, he hath ventur'd on a marriage
Would quite undo him did his father know it.

Rinaldo. Know it? alas, sir, where can he bestow
This poor gentlewoman he has made his wife,
But his inquisitive father will hear of it?
Who, like the dragon to th' Hesperean fruit,
Is tohis haunts: slight! hence, the old knight comes.

Enter GOSTANZO.

Gostanzo. Rinaldo.

Rinaldo. Who's that calls? what, sir Gostanzo?
How fares your knighthood, sir?
[*All go out except Rinaldo.*

Gostanzo. Say who was that
Shrunk at my entry here? was't not your brother?

Rinaldo. He shrunk not, sir; his business call'd him hence.

Gostanzo. And was it not my son that went out with him?

Rinaldo. I saw not him; I was in serious speech
About a secret business with my brother.

Gostanzo. Sure 'twas my son; what made he here? I sent him
About affairs to be dispatch'd in haste.

Rinaldo. Well, sir, lest silence breed unjust suspect,
I'll tell a secret I am sworn to keep,
And crave your honoured assistance in it.

Gostanzo. What is't, Rinaldo?

Rinaldo. This, sir; 'twas your son.

Gostanzo. And what young gentlewoman grac'd their company?

Rinaldo. Thereon depends the secret I must utter:
That gentlewoman hath my brother married.

Gostanzo. Married! what is she?

Rinaldo. Faith, sir, a gentlewoman:
But her unnourishing dowry must be told
Out of her beauty.

Gostanzo. Is it true, Rinaldo?
And does your father understand so much?

Rinaldo. That was the motion, sir, I was entreating
Your son to make to him; because I know
He is well spoken, and may much prevail
In satisfying my father, who much loves him
Both for his wisdom and his husbandry.

Gostanzo. Indeed he's one can tell his tale I tell you,
And for his husbandry——

Rinaldo. O, sir, had you heard
What thrifty discipline he gave my brother,
For making choice without my father's knowledge,
And without riches—you would have admir'd him.

Gostanzo. Nay, nay, I know him well; but what was it?

Rinaldo. That in the choice of wives men must respect
The chief wife, riches; that in every course

A man's chief load-star should shine out of riches,
Love nothing heartily in this world but riches;
Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,
All honesty, and religion, for riches:
And many such, which wisdom sure he learn'd
Of his experient father; yet my brother,
So sooths his rash affection, and presumes
So highly on my father's gentle nature,
That he's resolved to bring her home to him,
And like enough he will.

Gostanzo. And like enough
Your silly father too will put it up,
An honest knight, but much too much indulgent
To his presuming children.

Rinaldo. What a difference
Doth interpose itself twixt him and you!
Had your son us'd you thus—

Gostanzo. My son? alas
I hope to bring him up in other fashion,
Follows my husbandry, sets early foot
Into the world; he comes not at the city,
Nor knows the city arts.

Rinaldo. But dice and wenching. [*Aside.*

Gostanzo. Acquaints himself with no delight but getting:
A perfect pattern of sobriety,
Temperance, and husbandry, to all my household;
And what's his company I pray? not wenches.

Rinaldo. Wenches! I durst besworn he never smelt a wench's breath;
Yet, but methinks 'twere fit you sought him out a wife.

Gostanzo. A wife, Rinaldo?
He dares not look a woman in the face.

Rinaldo. S'foot hold him to one; your son such a sheep?

Gostanzo. 'Tis strange in earnest.

Rinaldo. Well, sir, though for my thriftless brother's sake,
I little care how my wrong'd father takes it;
Yet, for my father's quiet, if yourself

Would join hands with your wife and toward son,
I should deserve it some way.
Gostanzo. Good Rinaldo,
I love you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deal in; and 'tis needless,
You say your brother is resolv'd, presuming
Your father will allow it.

Enter MARC. ANTONIO.

Rinaldo. See my father, since you are resolute not to move him, sir,
In any case conceal the secret.
By way of an atonement let me pray you will.
Gostanzo. Upon mine honour.
Rinaldo. Thanks, sir. [*Hides himself.*
Marc. Antonio. God save thee, honourable knight Gostanzo.
Gostanzo Friend Marc. Antonio, welcome; and I think
I have good news to welcome you withal.
Rinaldo. He cannot hold. [*Aside.*
Marc. Antonio. What news I pray you, sir.
Gostanzo. You have a forward, valiant eldest son,
But wherein is his forwardness and valour?
Marc. Antonió. I know not wherein you intend him so.
Gostanzo. Forward before, valiant behind, his duyt,
That he hath dar'd before your due consent
To take a wife.
Marc. Antonio. A wife, sir! what is she?
Gostanzo. One that is rich enough: her hair pure amber;
Her forehead mother of pearl; her fair eyes
Two wealthy diamonds; her lips mines of rubies;
Her teeth are orient pearl; her neck pure ivory.
Marc. Antonio Jest not, good sir, in an affair so serious;
I love my son, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my consent in marriage,
'Tis to be fear'd that his presumption builds not
Of his good choice, that will bear out itself,

And being bad, the news is worse than bad.
Gostanzo. What call you bad? is it bad to be poor
Marc. Antonio. The world accounts it so; but if my son
Have in her birth and virtues held his choice,
Without disparagement, the fault is less.
Gostanzo. Sits the wind there? blows there so calm a gale
From a contemned and deserved anger?
Are you so easy to be disobey'd?
Marc. Antonio. What should I do? if my enamour'd son
Have been so forward, I assure myself
He did it more to satisfy his love,
Than to incense my hate, or to neglect me.
Gostanzo. A passing kind construction; suffer this,
You ope him doors to any villainy,
He'll dare to sell, to pawn, run ever riot,
Despise your love in all, and laugh at you:
And that knight's competency you have gotten
With care and labour; he with lust and idleness
Will bring into the stipend of a beggar;
All to maintain a wanton whirly-gig,
Worth nothing more than she brings on her back,
Yet all your wealth too little for that back:
By heaven I pity your declining state,
For be assur'd your son hath set his foot
In the right path-way to consumption:
Up to the heart in love; and for that love,
Nothing can be too dear his love desires:
And how insatiate and unlimited
Is the ambition and the beggarly pride
Of a dame hoised from a beggar's state,
To a state competent and plentiful,
You cannot be so simple not to know.
Marc. Antonio. I must confess the mischief: but, alas
Where is in me the power of remedy?
Gostanzo. Where? in your just displeasure: cast him off,

Receive him not, let him endure the use
Of their enforced kindness that must trust him
For meat and money, for apparel, house,
And every thing belongs to that estate,
Which he must learn with want of misery,
Since pleasure and a full estate hath blinded
His dissolute desires.

Marc. Antonio. What should I do?
If I should banish him my house and sight,
What desperate resolution might it breed!
To run into the wars, and there to live
In want of competency, and perhaps
Taste th' unrecoverable loss of his chief limbs,
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
May with his spirit, ransom his estate
From any loss his marriage can procure.

Gostanzo. Is't true? no let him run into the war,
And lose what limbs he can: better one branch
Be lopt away, than all the whole tree should perish:
And for his wants, better young want than old.
You have a younger son at Padoa.
I like his learning well, make him your heir,
And let your other walk: let him buy wit
At's own charge, not at's father's: if you lose him,
You lose no more than that was lost before;
If you recover him, you find a son.

Marc. Antonio. I cannot part with him.

Gostanzo. If it be so,
And that your love to him be so extreme,
In needful dangers ever chuse the least:
If he should be in mind to pass the seas,
Your son Rinaldo (who told me all this)
Will tell me that, and so we shall prevent it:
If by no stern course you will venture that,
Let him come home to me with his fair wife:
And if you chance to see him, shake him up,
As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
That he may fear hereafter to offend
In other dissolute courses: at my house,
With my advice, and my son's good example,

Who shall serve as a glass for him to see
His faults, and mend them to his precedent;
I make no doubt but of a dissolute son
And disobedient, to send him home
Both dutiful and thrifty.
Marc. Antonio. O, Gostanzo!
Could you do this, you should preserve yourself
A perfect friend of me, and me a son.
Gostanzo. Remember you your part, and fear not mine:
Rate him, revile him, and renounce him too:
Speak; can you do't, man?
Marc. Antonio. I'll do all I can.
[*Exit Marc. Antonio.*
Gostanzo. Alas, good man, how nature over-weighs him!

RINALDO *comes forth.*

Rinaldo. God save you, sir.
Gostanzo. Rinaldo, all the news
You told me as a secret, I perceive
Is passing common! for your father knows it,
The first thing he related was the marriage.
Rinaldo. And was extremely mov'd?
Gostanzo. Beyond all measure:
But I did all I could to quench his fury;
Told him how easy 'twas for a young man
To run that amorous course; and though his choice
Were nothing rich, yet she was gently born,
Well qualified and beautiful; but he still
Was quite relentless, and would needs renounce him.
Rinaldo. My brother knows it well, and is resolv'd
To trail a pike in field, rather than bide
The more fear'd push of my vex'd father's fury.
Gostanzo. Indeed that's one way! but are no more means
Left to his fine wits, than t'incense his father
With a more violent rage, and to redeem
A great offence with greater?
Rinaldo. So I told him:
But to a desperate mind all breath is lost.

Gostanzo. Go to, let him be wise, and use his friends,
Amongst whom I'll be foremost to his father:
Without this desperate error he intends
Joined to the other; I'll not doubt to make him
Easy return into his father's favour,
So he submit himself, as duty binds him;
For fathers will be known to be themselves,
And often when their angers are not deep,
Will paint an outward rage upon their looks.

Rinaldo. All this I told him, sir; but what says he?
I know my father will not be reclaim'd;
He'll think that if he wink at this offence,
'Twill open doors to any villainy:
I'll dare to sell, to pawn, and run all riot,
To laugh at all his patience; and consume
All he hath purchas'd to an honour'd purpose,
In maintenance of a wanton whirly-gig,
Worth nothing more than she wears on her back.

Gostanzo. The very words I us'd t' incense his father:
[*Aside.*
But, good Rinaldo let him be advis'd:
How would his father grieve, should he be maim'd,
Or quite miscarry in the ruthless war?

Rinaldo. I told him so: but better far (said he)
One branch should utterly be lopt away,
Than the whole tree of all his race should perish:
And for his wants, better young want than old *.

Gostanzo. By heaven! the same words still I us'd t'his father.
Why comes this about? [*Aside.*] well, good Rinaldo,
If he dare not indure his father's looks,
Let him and his fair wife come home to me;
Till I have qualified his father's passion,
He shall be kindly welcome, and be sure
Of all the intercession I can use.

Rinaldo. I thank you, sir; I'll try what I can do,
Although I fear me I shall strive in vain.

* The quarto, 1605, reads "better young want than *eld*," but Rinaldo is repeating Gostanzo's words, and he said "better young want than *old*." C.

Gostanzo. Well, try him, try him. [*Exit Gostanzo.*
Rinaldo. Thanks, sir, so I will.
See, this old politic dissembling knight,
Now he perceives my father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter live
By him and his, with equal use of either,
He will put on a face of hollow friendship.
But this will prove an excellent ground to sow
The seed of mirth amongst us; I'll go seek
Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such news of their affairs as they'll admire. [*Exit.*

Enter GAZETTA, BELLONORA, GRATIANA.

Gazetta. How happy are your fortunes above mine!
Both still being woo'd and courted; still so feeding
On the delights of love, that still you find
An appetite to more; where I am cloy'd,
And being bound to love-sports, care not for them.
Bellonora. That is your fault Gazetta; we have loves,
And wish continued company with them
In honour'd marriage rites, which you enjoy.
But seld * or never can we get a look
Of those we love: Fortunio my dear choice
Dare not be known to love me, nor come near
My father's house; where I as in a prison
Consume my lost days, and the tedious nights,
My father guarding me for one I hate;
And Gratiana here, my brother's love,
Joys him by so much stealth, that vehement fear
Drinks up the sweetness of their stol'n delights;
Where you enjoy a husband, and may freely
Perform all obsequies you desire to love.
Gazetta. Indeed I have a husband, and his love
Is more than I desire, being vainly jealous;
Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects;
Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold:
Extreme love breeds satiety as well
As extreme hatred; and too violent rigour
Tempts chastity as much as too much licence:

* "Seldom," as it stood in the last edition spoils the measure. *Seld* is a very common abreviation and it is used in the 4to. C.

There's no man's eye fix'd on me, but doth pierce
My husband's soul; if any ask my welfare,
He strait doubts treason practis'd to his bed;
Fancies but to himself all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and lays all on me
For certain truths; yet seeks he with his best
To put disguise on all his jealousy,
Fearing perhaps, lest it may teach me that
Which otherwise I should not dream upon;
Yet lives he still abroad at great expence,
Turns merely gallant from his farmer's state,
Uses all games and recreations,
Runs races with the gallants of the court,
Feasts them at home, and entertains them costly,
And then upbraids me with their company.

Enter CORNELIO.

See, see we, we shall be troubled with him now.

Cornelio. Now, ladies, what plots have we now in hand?

They say, when only one dame is alone,
She plots some mischief; but if three together,
They plot three hundred: wife, the air is sharp,
Y'ad best to take the house lest you take cold.

Gazetta. Alas! this time of year yields no such danger.

Cornelio. Go in, I say; a friend of yours attends you.

Gazetta. He is of your bringing, and may stay.

Cornelio. Nay, stand not chopping logick; in, I pray.

Gazetta. Ye see, gentlewomen, what my happiness is,
These humours reign in marriage; humours, humours.

[*Exit, he followeth.*

Gratiana. Now by my sooth I am no fortune-teller,
And would be loth to prove so; yet pronounce
This at adventure, that 'twere indecorum
This heifer should want horns.

Bellonora. Fie on this love;
I rather wish to want than purchase so.

Gratiana. Indeed such love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning; though the fire be cheerful,
Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,

'Twere better lose the fire than find the smoke;
Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
Is jealousy to love; better want both,
Than have both.

Enter VALERIO *and* FORTUNIO.

Valerio. Come, Fortunio, now take hold
On this occasion, as myself on this;
One couple more would make a [10]barly-break.

Fortunio. I fear, Valerio, we shall break too soon,
Your father's jealousy, spy-all, will displease us.

Valerio. Well, wench, the day will come his Argus eyes
Will shut, and thou shalt open: S'foot, I think
Dame Nature's memory begins to fail her;
If I write but my name in mercer's books,
I am as sure to have at six months end
A rascal at my elbow with his mace,
As I am sure my father's not far hence.
My father yet hath owed dame Nature debt
These threescore years and ten, yet calls not on him;
But if she turn her debt-book over once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her serjeant John Death to arrest his body,
Our souls shall rest, wench, then, and the free light
Shall triumph in our faces; where now night,
In imitation of my father's frowns,
Lours at our meeting:

Enter RINALDO.

See where the scholar comes.

Rinaldo. Down on your knees; poor lovers reverence learning.

Fortunio. I pray thee why, Rinaldo?

Rinaldo. Mark what cause
Flows from my depth of knowledge to your loves,
To make you kneel and bless me while you live.

Valerio. I pray thee, good scholar, give us cause.

Rinaldo. Mark then, erect your ears; you know what horror
Would fly on your love from your father's frowns,

[10] *barly-break*] See Note 78 to *the Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 316.

If he should know it. And your sister here
(My brother's sweet-heart) knows as well what rage
Would seize his powers for her, if he should know
My brother woo'd her, or that she lov'd him;
Is not this true? speak all.

Omnes. All this is true.

Rinaldo. It is as true that now you meet by stealth
In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,
Climb over walls. And all this I'll reform.

Valerio. By logick?

Rinaldo. Well, sir, you shall have all means
To live in one house, eat and drink together,
Meet and kiss your fills.

Valerio. All this by learning?

Rinaldo. Aye, and your frowning father know all this.

Valerio. I marry, small learning may prove that.

Rinaldo. Nay, he shall know it, and desire it too,
Welcome my brother to him, and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this strange?

Fortunio. I, too strange to be true.

Rinaldo. 'Tis in this head shall work it: therefore hear;
Brother, this lady you must call your wife,
For I have told her sweet-heart's father here
That she is your wife; and because my father
(Who now believes it) must be quieted
Before you see him, you must live awhile
As husband to her in his father's house.
Valerio, here's a simple mean for you
To lie at rack and manger with [11]your wedlock
And brother, for yourself to meet as freely
With this your long desir'd and barred love.

Fortunio. You make us wonder.

Rinaldo. Peace, be rul'd by me,
And you shall see to what a perfect shape

[11] *your wedlock*] i. e. your wife. See also Note 27 to the *Roaring Girl*, vol. VI. In *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607, Master Correction, an affected school-master, calls his wife his "Nuptial." C.

I'll bring this rude plot, which blind chance (the ape
Of councel and advice) hath brought forth blind.
Valerio, can your heat of love forbear
Before your father, and allow my brother
To use some kindness to your wife before him?
Valerio. Aye before him, I do not greatly care,
Nor any where indeed; my sister here
Shall be my spy; if she will wrong herself,
And give her right to my wife, I am pleas'd.
Fortunio. My dearest life, I know will never fear
Any such will or thought in all my powers;
When I court her then, think I think 'tis thee;
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine arms:
Come, let us practise 'gainst we see your father.
Valerio. Soft, sir, I hope you need not do it yet,
Let me take this time.
Rinaldo. Come, you must not touch her.
Valerio. No, not before my father?
Rinaldo. No, nor now,
Because you are so soon to practise it;
For I must bring them to him presently.
Take her, Fortunio; go hence man and wife;
We will attend you rarely with fix'd faces.
Valerio keep your countenance, and conceive
Your father in your forged sheepishness,
Who thinks thou dar'st not look upon a wench,
Nor knowest at which end to begin to kiss her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter GOSTANZO *and* MARC. ANTONIO.

Gostanzo. It is your own too simple lenity,
And doting indulgence shown to him still,
That thus hath taught your son to be no son;
As you have us'd him, therefore so you have him:
Durst my son thus turn rebel to his duty,
Steal up a match unsuiting his estate
Without all knowledge of or friend or father;

And to make that good with a worse offence,
Adsolve to run beyond sea to the wars?
Durst my son serve me thus? Well, I have stay'd him,
Though much against my disposition,
And this hour I have set for his repair,
With his young mistress and concealed wife;
And in my house here they shall sojourn both
Till your black anger's storm be over-blown.

Marc. Antonio. My anger's storm! Ah, poor Fortunio,
One gentle word from thee would soon [12] resolve
The storm of my rage to a shower of tears.

Gostanzo. In that vein still? well, Marc. Antonio,
Our old acquaintance and long neighbourhood
Ties my affection to you and the good
Of your whole house; in kind regard whereof
I have advis'd you for your credit sake,
And for the tender welfare of your son,
To frown on him a little; if you do not
But at first parley take him to your favour,
I protest utterly to renounce all care
Of you and yours, and all your amities.
They say he's wretched, that out of himself
Cannot draw counsel to his proper weal;
But he's thrice wretched that has neither counsel
Within himself, nor apprehension
Of counsel for his own good from another.

Marc. Antonio. Well, I will arm myself against this weakness
The best I can; I long to see this Hellen
That hath enchanted my young Paris thus,
And's like to set all our poor Troy on fire.

Enter VALERIO *with a Page;* MARC. ANTONIO *retires himself.*

Gostanzo. Here comes my son; withdraw, take up your stand,
You shall hear odds betwixt your son and mine.

Valerio. Tell him I cannot do't: shall I be made
A foolish novice, my purse set abroach

[12] *resolve*] See Note 24 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 188.

By every cheating [13] come-you-seven? to lend
My money, and be laugh'd at? tell him plain
I profess husbandry, and will not play
The prodigal like him 'gainst my profession.
Gostanzo. Here's a son!
Marc. Antonio. An admirable spark!
Page. Well, sir, I'll tell him so. [*Exit Page.*
Valerio. S'foot, let him lead
A better husband's life, and live not idly,
Spending his time, his coin, and self, on wenches.
Gostanzo. Why, what's the matter, son?
Valerio. Cry mercy, sir; why, there come messengers
From this and that brave gallant; and such gallants,
As I protest I saw but through a grate.
Gostanzo. And what's this message?
Valerio. Faith, sir, he's disappointed
Of payments; and disfurnish'd of means present:
If I would do him the kind office therefore
To trust him but some seven-night with the keeping
Of forty crowns for me; he deeply swears,
As he's a gentleman, to discharge his trust,
And that I shall eternally endear him
To my wish'd service, he protests and contests.
Gostanzo. Good words, Valerio; but thou art too wise
To be deceiv'd by breath: I'll turn thee loose
To the most cunning cheater of them all.
Valerio. S'foot, he's not asham'd besides to charge me
With a late promise; I must yield indeed,
I did (to shift him with some contentment)
Make such a frival promise.
Gostanzo. Aye, well done,
Promises are no fetters: with that tongue
Thy promise past, unpromise it again.
Wherefore has man a tongue of power to speak,
But to speak still to his own private purpose?
Beasts utter but one sound; but men have change,
Of speech and reason, even by nature given them,

[13] *Come-you-seven*] A gambler, a dice-player. N.

Now to say one thing, and another now,
As best may serve their profitable ends.

Marc. Antonio. By'r lady, sound instructions to a son! [*Aside.*

Valerio. Nay, sir, he makes his claim by debt of friendship.

Gostanzo. Tush, friendship's but a term, boy; the fond world
Like to a doting mother glosses over
Her children's imperfections with fine terms:
What she calls friendship and true humane kindness
Is only want of true experience;
Honesty is but a defect of wit,
Respect but mere rusticity and clownery.

Marc. Antonio. Better and better. Soft, here comes my son. [*Aside.*

Enter FORTUNIO, RINALDO, *and* GRATIANA.

Rinaldo. Fortunio, keep your countenance: see, sir, here
The poor young married couple, which you pleas'd
To send for to your house.

Gostanzo. Fortunio, welcome,
And in that welcome I employ your wife's,
Whom I am sure you count your second self.
[*He kisses her.*

Fortunio. Sir, your right noble favours do exceed
All power of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supply my father's place.

Gostanzo. Fortunio, I cannot chuse but love you,
Being son to him who long time I have lov'd;
From whose just anger my house shall protect you,
Till I have made a calm way to your meetings.

Fortunio. I little thought, sir, that my father's love
Would take so ill so slight a fault as this.

Gostanzo. Call you it slight! Nay, though his spirit take it
In higher manner than for your lov'd sake,
I would have wish'd him; yet I make a doubt,
Had my son done the like, if my affection
Would not have turn'd to more spleen than your father's:

And yet I qualify him all I can,
And doubt not but that time, and my persuasion,
Will work out your excuse; since youth and love
Were th' unresisted organs to seduce you:
But you must give him leave, for fathers must
Be won by penitence and submission,
And not by force or opposition.

Fortunio. Alas, sir! what advise you me to do?
I know my father to be highly mov'd,
And am not able to endure the breath
Of his express'd displeasure, whose hot flames
I think my absence soonest would have quench'd.

Gostanzo. True, sir, as fire with oil, or else like them
That quench the fire with pulling down the house.
You shall remain here in my house conceal'd,
Till I have won your father to conceive
Kinder opinion of your oversight.
Valerio, entertain Fortunio
And his fair wife, and give them conduct in.

Valerio. Y'are welcome, sir.

Gostanzo. What, sirrah, is that all?
No entertainment to the gentlewoman?

Valerio. Forsooth y'are welcome by my father's leave.

Gostanzo. What no more compliment? Kiss her you sheep's-head.
Why when? go, go, sir, call your sister hither.

[*Exit Valerio.*

Lady, you'll pardon our gross bringing up;
We dwell far off from court you may perceive:
The sight of such a blazing star as you
Dazzles my rude son's wits.

Gratiana. Not so, good sir,
The better husband, the more courtly ever.

Rinaldo. Indeed a courtier makes his lips go far,
As he doth all things else.

Enter VALERIO *and* BELLONORA.

Gostanzo. Daughter receive
This gentlewoman home, and use her kindly.

[*She kisses her.*

Bellonora. My father bids you kindly welcome, lady,
And therefore you must needs come well to me.
Gratiana. Thank you forsooth.
Gostanzo. Go, dame, conduct 'em in.
[*Exeunt Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bellonora, and Gratiana.*
Ah, errant sheep's-head, hast thou liv'd thus long.
And dar'st not look a woman in the face?
Though I desire especially to see
My son a husband, shall I therefore have him
Turn absolute [14] cullion? let's see, kiss thy hand.
Thou kiss thy hand! thou wip'st thy mouth by th' mass,
Fie on thee, clown; they say the world's grown finer,
But I, for my part, never saw young men
Worse fashion'd and brought up than now-a-days.
S'foot, when myself was young, was not I kept
As far from court as you? I think I was:
And yet my father on a time invited
The dutchess to his house; I being then
About some five and twenty years of age,
Was thought the only man to entertain her:
I had my conge; plant myself of one leg,
Draw back the other with a deep-fetch'd honour:
Then with a belle regard advant mine eye
With boldness on her very visnomy.
Your dancers all were counterfeits to me:
And for discourse in my fair mistress' presence,
I did not as you barren gallants do,
Fill my discourses up [15] drinking tobacco;
But on the present furnish'd evermore
With tales and practis'd speeches; as sometime,
What is't o'clock? what stuff's this petticoat?
What cost the making? what the fringe and all?
And what she had under her petticoat?
And such like witty compliments; and for need,
I could have written as good prose and verse,
As the most beggarly poet of 'em all,

[14] *cullion*] See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 68.

[15] *drinking tobacco*] See Note 38 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 398.

Either *Acrostic*,* *Exordion*,
Epithalamions, *Satires*, *Epigrams*,
Sonnets in Dozens, *or your Quatorzanies*.
In any rhyme, *Masculine*, *Feminine*,
Or Sdruciolo,† *or couplets*, blank verse,
Y'are but bench-whistlers now-a-days to them
That were in our times: well, about your husbandry,
Go, for I'faith th'art fit for nothing else.

[*Exit Valerio. Marc. Antonio appears.*

Marc. Antonio. By'r lady you have plaid the courtier rarely.

Gostanzo. But did you ever see so blank a fool,
When he should kiss a wench, as my son is?

Marc. Antonio. Alas, 'tis but a little bashfulness,
You let him keep no company, nor allow him
Money to spend at fence and dancing-schools;
Y'are too severe i'faith.

Gostanzo. And you too supple.
Well, sir, for your sake I have stay'd your son
From flying to the wars: now see you rate him,
To stay him yet from more expenceful courses,
Wherein your lenity will encourage him.

Marc. Antonio. Let me alone, I thank you for this kindness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALERIO *and* RINALDO.

Rinaldo. So, are they gone? Now tell me, brave Valerio,

* The insertion of *or* would improve the measure of this line. O. G.

† This word has not hitherto been understood: it is printed in the old copy *Sdrnciolla*, and so Mr. Reed allowed it to remain. The poet clearly means the rime called Sdrucciolo, or *slippery*, by the Italians, which is thus described by Alberti: *Versi sdruccioli, quelli che dopo l'ultimo accento hanno piu sillabe brevi.* They are used by nearly all the Italian poets for the sake of variety: one example from Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore* will be sufficient—

Namo si vide superato e vinto,
E cosi disse: io ti comincio a credere,
Poiche tu m' hai fuor de l' arcion sospinto,
Ch' ogni altro Saracin tu debba eccedere.

Here the terminations of the second and fourth lines are *rime sdruccioli*. C.

Have I not won the wreath from all your wits,
Brought thee t'enjoy the most desir'd presence
Of thy dear love at home? and with one labour
My brother t'enjoy thy sister, where
It had been her undoing t'have him seen,
And make thy father crave what he abhors:
T'entreat my brother home, t'enjoy his daughter,
Command thee kiss thy wench, chide for not kissing,
And work all this out of a Machiavel;
A miserable politician?
I think the like was never played before.

Valerio. Indeed I must commend thy wit of force,
And yet I know not whose deserves most praise
Of thine or my wit; thine for plotting well;
Mine, that durst undertake and carry it
With such true form.

Rinaldo. Well, th' evening crowns the day,
Persever to the end; my wit hath put
Blind fortune in a string into your hand,
Use it discreetly, keep it from your father,
Or you may bid all your good days good night.

Valerio. Let me alone, boy.

Rinaldo. Well, sir, now to vary
The pleasures of our wits: thou know'st, Valerio,
Here is the new-turn'd gentleman's fair wife,
That keeps thy wife and sister company,
With whom the amorous courtier Dariotto
Is far in love, and of whom her sour husband
Is passing jealous, puts on eagle's eyes
To pry into her carriage. Shall we see
If he be now from home, and visit her?

Enter GAZETTA *sowing*, CORNELIO *following*.

See, see, the prisoner comes.

Valerio. But soft, sir, see
Her jealous* jailor follows at her heels:
Come, we will watch some fitter time to board her,

* The omission of this word spoiled the measure in the former edition. Mr. Gilchrist not having compared this play with the original edition in 1605, suggested the insertion of *closely* after "follows." The true reading is now restored. C.

And in the mean time seek out our mad crew.
My spirit longs to swagger.*
Rinaldo. Go to, youth,
Walk not too boldly; if the serjeants meet you,
You may have swaggering-work your belly full.
Valerio. No better [16] copesmates;
[*Gazetta sits and sings sowing.*
I'll go seek 'em out with this light in my hand;
The slaves grow proud with seeking out of us.
[*Exeunt.*
Cornelio. A pretty work, I pray what flowers are these?
Gazetta. The panzy this.
Cornelio. O that's for lovers' thoughts.
What's that, a columbine?
Gazetta. No, that thankless flower fits not my garden.
Cornelio. Hem! yet it may mine:
This were a pretty present for some friend,
Some gallant courtier, as for Dariotto,
One that adores you in his soul I know.
Gazetta. Me! why me more than yourself, I pray?
Cornelio. O yes, he adores you, and adhorns me:
Y'faith deal plainly, do not his kisses relish
Much better than such peasants as I am?
Gazetta. Whose kisses?
Cornelio. Dariotto's; does he not
The thing you wot on?
Gazetta. What thing, good lord?
Cornelio. Why, lady, lie with you?
Gazetta. Lie with me?
Cornelio. Aye, with you.
Gazetta. You with me indeed.

* In the year 1598, when Chapman published his Shield of Achilles, translated from Homer, the word *swagger* had been very recently brought into use in this country: in his Epistle to the Reader the poet says of it: "it is a *new word* amongst them, and round-headed custome gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia, without etimologie or derivation." C.

[16] *copesmates*] See Note 24 to *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

Cornelio. Nay, I am told that he lies with you too,
And that he is the only whore-master
About the city.
Gazetta. If he be so only,
'Tis a good hearing that there are no more.
Cornelio. Well, mistress, well, I will not be abus'd,
Think not you dance in nets; for though you do not
Make broad profession of your love to him,
Yet do I understand your darkest language,
Your treads ath'toe, your secret jogs and wrings;
Your intercourse of glances; every tittle
Of your close amorous rites I understand;
They speak as loud to me, as if you said,
My dearest Dariotto, I am thine.
Gazetta. Jesus, what moods are these? did ever husband
Follow his wife with jealousy so unjust?
That once I lov'd you, you yourself will swear;
And if I did, where did you lose my love?
Indeed this strange and undeserved usage
Hath power to shake a heart were ne'er so settled:
But I protest all your unkindness never
Had strength to make we wrong you, but in thought.
Cornelio. No, not with Dariotto?
Gazetta. No, by heaven!
Cornelio. No letters past, nor no designs for meeting?
Gazetta. No, by my hope of heaven.
Cornelio. Well, no time past,
Go, go; go in and sow.
Gazetta. Well, be it so. [*Exit Gazetta.*
Cornelio. Suspicion is (they say) the first degree
Of deepest wisdom; and however others
Inveigh against this mood of jealousy,
For my part I suppose it the best curb
To check the ranging appetites that reign
In this weak sex: my neighbours point at me
For this my jealousy; but should I do
As most of them do; let my wife fly out
To feasts and revels, and invite home gallants,
Play Menelaus, give them time and place,

While I sit like a well-taught waiting-woman,
Turning her eyes upon some work or picture,
Read in a book, or take a feigned nap,
While her kind lady takes one to her lap?
No, let me still be pointed at, and thought
A jealous ass, and not a wittally knave.
I have a shew of courtiers haunt my house,
In shew my friends, and for my profit too:
But I perceive 'em, and will mock their aims,
With looking to their mark, I warrant 'em:
I am content to ride abroad with them,
To revel, dice, and fit their other sports;
But by their leaves I'll have a vigilant eye
To the main chance still. See my brave comrades.

Enter DARIOTTO, CLAUDIO, *and* VALERIO: VALERIO *putting up his sword.*

Dariotto. Well, wag, well, wilt thou still deceive thy father,
And, being so simple a poor soul before him,
Turn swaggerer in all companies besides?

Claudio. Hadst thou been 'rested, all would have come forth.

Valerio. Soft, sir, there lies the point; I do not doubt,
But t'have my pennyworths of these rascals one day:
I'll smoke the buzzing hornets from their nests,
Or else I'll make their leather jerkins stay.
The whorson hungry horse-flies; foot, a man
Cannot so soon, for want of almanacks,
Forget his day but three or four bare months,
But strait he sees a sort of corporals,
To lie in ambuscado to surprize him.

Dariotto. Well, thou hadst happy fortune to escape 'em.

Valerio. But they thought theirs was happier to scape me.
I walking in the place, where men's law suits
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter, steps me forth

Their valiant fore-man, with the word, I 'rest you.
I made no more ado, but laid these paws
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth;
And there sat he on his posteriors,
Like a baboon; and turning me about,
I strait espied the whole troop issuing on me.
I stept me back, and drawing my old friend here,
Made to the midst of them, and all unable
T'endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And down the stairs they ran with such a fury,
As meeting with a troop of lawyers there,
Mann'd by their clients: some with ten, some twenty,
Some five, some three; he that had least, had one:
Upon the stairs they bore them down afore them:
But such a rattling then was there amongst them
Of ravish'd declarations, replications,
Rejoinders and petitions; all their books
And writings torn and trod on, and some lost,
That the poor lawyers coming to the bar,
Could say nought to the matter, but instead,
Were fain to rail and talk beside their books
Without all order.

Claudio. Faith, that same vein of railing became*
Now most applausive; your best poet, is
He that rails grossest.

Dariotto. True, and your best fool
Is your broad railing fool.

Valerio. And why not, sir?
For by the gods, to tell the naked truth,
What objects see men in this world, but such
As would yield matter to a railing humour;
When he, that last year carried after one
An empty buckram bag, now fills a coach,
And crowds the senate with such troops of clients,
And servile followers, as would put a mad spleen
Into a pigeon.

* It stands so in the quarto, but ought we not rather to read *has become*? the metre would also be improved by the change. C.

Dariotto. Come, pray leave these cross capers,
Let's make some better use of precious time.
See, here's Cornelio: come, lad, shall we to dice?
Cornelio. Any thing, I.
Claudio. Well said, how does thy wife?
Cornelio. In health, God save her.
Valerio. But where is she, man?
Cornelio. Abroad about her business.
Valerio. Why not at home?
Foot, my masters, take her to the court,
And this rare lad her husband: and dost hear?
Play me no more the miserable farmer,
But be advis'd by friends, sell all i'th' country,
Be a flat courtier, follow some great man,
Or bring thy wife there, and she'll make thee great.
Cornelio. What, to the court? then take me for a gull.
Valerio. Nay, never shun it to be call'd a gull:
For I see all the world is but a gull:
One man gull to another in all kinds:
A merchant to a courtier is a gull:
A client to a lawyer is a gull:
A married man to a batchelor, a gull:
A batchelor to a cuckold is a gull:
All to a poet, or a poet to himself.
Cornelio. Hark, Dariotto, shall we gull this guller?
Dariotto. He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull him.
Cornelio. Let me alone. Of all men's wits alive,
I most admire Valerio's, that hath stolen,
By his mere industry, and that by spurts,
Such qualities, as no wit else can match,
With plodding at perfection every hour;
Which, if his father knew each gift he has,
Were like enough to make him give all from him:
I mean besides his diceing and his wenching,
He has stolen languages, th' Italian, Spanish,
And some spice of the French, besides his dancing,
Singing, playing on choice instruments:
These has he got, almost against the hair.
Claudio. But hast thou stolen all these, Valerio?

Valerio. Toys, toys, a pox; and yet they be such toys,
As every gentleman would not be without.
Cornelio. Vain glory makes ye judge on lite i'faith*.
Dariotto. Afore heaven I was much deceiv'd in him:
But he's the man indeed that hides his gifts,
And sets them not to sale in every presence.
I would have sworn, his soul were far from musick;
And that all his choice musick was to hear
His fat beasts bellow.
Cornelio. Sir, your ignorance
Shall eftsoon be confuted. Pr'ythee, Val,
Take thy Theorbo for my sake a little.
Valerio. By heaven, this month I touch'd not a Theorbo.
Cornelio. Touch'd a Theorbo? mark the very word.
Sirrah, go fetch. [*Exit Page.*
Valerio. If you will have it, I must needs confess,
I am no husband of my qualities.

He untrusses and capers.

Cornelio. See what a caper there was!
Claudio. See again.
Cornelio. The best that ever; and how it becomes him!
Dariotto. O that his father saw these qualities!

Enter a PAGE *with an instrument.*

Cornelio. Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,
To carry all without his father's knowledge.
Dariotto. Why, we might tell him now.
Cornelio. No, but we could not,
Although we think we could: his wit doth charm us.
Come, sweet Val, touch and sing.
Dariotto. Foot, will you hear
The worst voice in Italy?

* So it stands in the 4to. of 1605, but it is not intelligible, and has been passed over as not easily explained. Valerio calls his acquirements *toys*, and it is merely suggested as a remedy for the defect that we should read Cornelio's remark thus:

Vain glory makes ye judge 'em light, i'faith. C.

Enter RINALDO.

Cornelio. O God, sir. [*He sings.*] Courtiers, how like you this?

Dariotto. Believe it excellent.

Cornelio. Is it not natural?

Valerio. If my father heard me,
Foot, he'd renounce me for his natural son.

Dariotto. By heaven, Valerio, and I were thy father,
And lov'd good qualities as I do my life,
I'd disinherit thee: for I never heard
Dog howl with worse grace.

Cornelio. Go to, Signior Courtier,
You deal not courtly now to be so plain,
Nor nobly, to discourage a young gentleman,
In virtuous qualities, that has but stoln 'em.

Claudio. Call you this touching a Theorbo?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt all but Valerio and Rinaldo.*

Valerio. How now, what's here?

Rinaldo. Zoons! a plot laid to gull thee.
Could thy wit think the voice was worth the hearing?
This was the courtier's and the cuckold's project.

Valerio. And is't e'en so? 'tis very well, master Courtier*,
And Don Cornuto; I'll cry quit with both:
And, first, I'll cast a jar betwixt them both,
With firing the poor cuckolds jealousy.
I have a tale will make him mad,
And turn his wife divorced loose amongst us.
But first let's home, and entertain my wife.
O father, pardon, I was born to gull thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter FORTUNIO, BELLONORA, GRATIANA, GOSTANZA, *following closely.*

Fortunio. How happy am I, that by this sweet means

* This passage has hitherto been printed as prose, and the first line appears defective, unless *master* be read *mast*, as it was pronounced and printed in the old copy. C.

I gain access to your most loved sight,
And therewithal to utter my full love,
Which but for vent would burn my entrails up!
Gostanzo. By th' mass they talk too softly.
Bellonora. Little thinks
The austere mind my thrifty father bears,
That I am vow'd to you, and so am bound
From him, who for more riches he would force
On my disliking fancy.
Fortunio. 'Tis no fault
With just deeds to defraud an injury.
Gostanzo. My daughter is persuading him to yield
In dutiful submission to his father.

Enter VALERIO.

Valerio. Do I not dream? do I behold this sight
With waking eyes? or from the ivory gate
Hath Morpheus sent a vision to delude me?
Is't possible that I, a mortal man,
Should shrine within mine arms so bright a goddess,
The fair Gratiana, beauty's little world!
Gostanzo. What have we here?
Valerio. My dearest mine of gold,
All this that thy white arms enfold,
Account it as thine own free-hold.
Gostanzo. Gods! my dear soul, what sudden change is here!
I smell how this gear will fall out i'faith.
Valerio. Fortunio, sister; come, let's to the garden.
[*Exeunt.*
Gostanzo. Sits the wind there i'faith? see what example
Will work upon the dullest appetite.
My son last day so bashful, that he durst not
Look on a wench, now courts her; and by'r lady
Will make his friend Fortunio wear his head
Of the right modern fashion. What, Rinaldo!

Enter RINALDO.

Rinaldo. I fear I interrupt your privacy.
Gostanzo. Welcome, Rinaldo, would 'thad been your hap

To come a little sooner, that you might
Have seen a handsome sight: but let thatpass;
The short is, that your sister Gratiana
Shall stay no longer here.
Rinaldo. No longer, sir?
Repent you then so soon your favour to her,
And to my brother?
Gostanzo. Not so, good Rinaldo;
But to prevent a mischief that I see
Hangs over your abused brother's head:
In brief, my son has learn'd but too much courtship.
It was my chance even now to cast mine eye
Into a place whereto your sister entered:
My metamorphos'd son—I must conceal
What I saw there: but to be plain, I saw
More than I would see: I had thought to make
My house a kind receipt for your kind brother;
But I'd be loth his wife should find more kindness
Than she had cause to like of.
Rinaldo. What's the matter?
Perhaps a little compliment or so.
Gostanzo. Well, sir, such compliment perhaps may cost
Married Fortunio the setting on:
Nor can I keep my knowledge; he that lately
Before my face I could not get to look
Upon your sister, by this light, now kiss'd her,
Embrac'd and courted with as good a grace,
As any courtier could: and I can tell you
(Not to disgrace her) I perceiv'd the dame
Was as far forward as himself, by th' mass.
Rinaldo. You should have school'd him for't.
Gostanzo. No, I'll not see't:
For shame, once found, is lost; I'll have him think
That my opinion of him is the same
That it was ever; it will be a mean
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.
Rinaldo. Let me then school him: foot, I'll rattle him up.

Gostanzo. No, no, Rinaldo, th' only remedy
Is to remove the cause; carry the object
From his late tempted eyes.
Rinaldo. Alas, sir, whither?
You know, my father is incens'd so much,
He'll not receive her.
Gostanzo. Place her with some friend
But for a time, till I reclaim your father:
Mean time your brother shall remain with me.
Rinaldo. [*To himself.*] The care's the less then, he has still his longing
To be with this gull's daughter.
Gostanzo. What resolve you?
I am resolv'd she lodges here no more:
My friend's son shall not be abus'd by mine.
Rinaldo. Troth, sir, I'll tell you what a sudden toy
Comes in my head; what think you if I brought her
Home to my father's house?
Gostanzo. I marry, sir;
Would he receive her?
Rinaldo. Nay, you hear not all:
I mean, with use of some device or other.
Gostanzo. As how, Rinaldo?
Rinaldo. Marry, sir, to say,
She is your son's wife, married past your knowledge.
Gostanzo. I doubt, last day he saw her, and will know her
To be Fortunio's wife.
Rinaldo. Nay, as for that
I will pretend she was even then your son's wife,
But feign'd by me to be Fortunio's,
Only to try how he would take the matter.
Gostanzo. 'Fore heaven 'twere pretty.
Rinaldo. Would it not do well?
Gostanzo. Exceeding well in sadness.
Rinaldo. Nay, good sir,
Tell me unfeignedly, do ye lik't indeed.
Gostanzo. The best that e'er I heard.
Rinaldo. And do you think

He'll swallow down the gudgeon?

Gostanzo. Aye, my life,
It were a gross gob would not down with him:
An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted
With the fine flights and policies of the world
As I myself am.

Rinaldo. I'll go fetch her strait:
And this jest thrive, 'twill make us princely sport;
But you must keep our counsel, second all,
Which to make likely, you must needs sometimes
Give your son leave (as if you knew it not)
To steal and see her at my father's house.

Gostanzo. Aye, but see you then that you keep good guard
Over his forward new-begun affections;
For by the lord, he'll teach your brother else
To sing the cuckoo's note; spirit will break out,
Though never so suppressed and pinioned.

Rinaldo. Especially your son's; what would he be,
If you should not restrain him by good counsel?

Gostanzo. I'll have an eye on him, I warrant thee.
I'll in and warn the gentlewoman to make ready.

Rinaldo. Well, sir, and I'll not be long after you.

[*Exit Gostanzo.*

Heaven, heaven, I see these politicians
(Out of blind fortune's hands) are our most fools.*
'Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditional devices;
But take 'em out of them to present actions,
A man may grope and tickle 'em like a trout,
And take 'em from their close dear holes as fat†
As a physician; and as giddy-headed
As if by miracle heaven had taken from them,
Even that which commonly belongs to fools.
Well, now let's note what black ball of debate

* That is "our *greatest* fools." So in Ben Jonson's Epigram on Don Surly.—

"Surly, use other arts; these only can
Stile thee a *most great fool*, but no great man," O. G.

† "As *fat* as a Physician," is the old reading, not "as *far* as a Physician." It is a hit at the thriving profession. C.

Valerio's wit hath cast betwixt Cornelio
And the inamoured courtier: I believe
His wife and he will part; his jealousy
Hath ever watch'd occasion of divorce,
And now Valerio's villainy will present it.
See, here comes the twin-courtier his companion.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Claudio. Rinaldo, well encountered.

Rinaldo. Why? what news?

Claudio. Most sudden and infortunate, Rinaldo;
Cornelio is incens'd so 'gainst his wife,
That no man can procure her quiet with him.
I have assay'd him, and made Marc. Antonio
With all his gentle rhetorick second me,
Yet all I fear me will be cast away.
See, see, they come; join thy wit, good Rinaldo,
And help to pacify his yellow fury.

Rinaldo. With all my heart, I consecrate my wit
To the wish'd comfort of distressed ladies.

Enter CORNELIO, MARC. ANTONIO, VALERIO, *and* PAGE.

Cornelio. Will any man assure me of her good behaviour?

Valerio. Who can assure a jealous spirit? you may be afraid of the shadow of your ears, and imagine them to be horns; if you will assure yourself, appoint keepers to watch her.

Cornelio. And who shall watch the keepers?

Marc. Antonio. To be sure of that, be you her keeper.

Valerio. Well said, and share the horns yourself: For that's the keeper's fee.

Cornelio. But say I am gone out of town, and must trust others; how shall I know if those I trust be trusty to me?

Rinaldo. Marry, sir, by a singular instinct, given naturally to all you married men, that if your wives play legerdeheel, though you be a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find it in your foreheads.

Cornelio. Sound doctrine I warrant you: I am resolv'd i'faith.

Page. Then give me leave to speak, sir, that hath all this while been silent: I have heard you with extreme patience, now therefore prick up your ears, and vouchsafe me audience.

Claudio. Good boy, a mine honour.

Cornelio. Pray what are you, sir?

Page. I am here, for default of better, of counsel with the fair Gazetta; and though herself had been best able to defend herself, if she had been here, and would have pleased to put forth the buckler, which nature hath given all women, I mean her tongue——

Valerio. Excellent good, boy.

Page. Yet since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your jealous accusations, I will presume to undertake the defence of that absent and honourable lady, whose sworn knight I am; and in her of all that name * (for lady is grown a common name to their whole sex), which sex I have ever loved from my youth, and shall never cease to love till I want wit to admire.

Marc. Antonio. An excellent spoken boy.

Valerio. Give ear, Cornelio, here is a young Mercurio sent to persuade thee.

Cornelio. Well, sir, let him say on.

Page. It is a heavy case, to see how this light sex is troubled and tost from post to pillar, under the unsavory breath of every humourous peasant: Gazetta, you said, is unchaste, disloyal, and I wot not what; alas! is it her fault? is she not a woman? did she not suck it (as others of her sex do) from her mother's breast? and will you condemn that, as her fault, which is her nature? Alas, sir, you must consider, a woman is an unfinish'd creature, delivered hastily to the world, before nature had set to that seal which should have made them perfect.† Faults they have (no doubt), but

* Perhaps we ought to read—"and in her *all of that name*," to make the sense clear, but the 4to. of 1605 has it as above. C.

† The author of *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607, (probably Edward

are we free? Turn your eye into yourself (good Signior Cornelio), and weigh your own imperfections with hers: if she be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you jealous? if she be high set, are not you taken down? if she be a courtizan, are not you a cuckold?

Cornelio. Out, you rogue!

Rinaldo. On with thy speech, boy.

Marc. Antonio. You do not well, Cornelio, to discourage the bashful youth.

Claudio. Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

Page. But if our own imperfections will not teach us to bear with theirs; yet let their virtues persuade us; let us endure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the rose; the brack for the velvet; the paring for the cheese; and so forth: if you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to avoid idleness at home: their nature is still to be doing; keep them adoing at home; let them practise one good quality or other, either sowing, singing, playing, chiding, dancing, or so; and these will put such idle toys out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find them variety of business within doors, yet at least imitate the ancient wise citizens of this city, who used carefully to provide their wives gardens [17] near the town, to plant, to graft in, as occasion served, only to keep 'em from idleness.

Valerio. Everlasting good boy.

Cornelio. I perceive your knavery, sir, and will yet have patience.

Sharpham) was of a different opinion: the passage, all things considered, is a curious one:

"Man was made when nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art."

Nobody will suppose that Burns had seen this play, but the coincidence is remarkable: his well-remembered lines are;

"Her 'prentice han'
"She tried on man
"And then she made the lasses, oh." C.

[17] *gardens near the town*] See the Extract from Stubbs, quoted in Note 36 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, vol. V.

Rinaldo. Forth, my brave Curio.

Page. As to her unquietness (which some have rudely term'd shrewishness), though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calm as the sea of its own nature? Art was never able to equal it: your dicing-tables, nor your bowling-allies, are not comparable to it; yet if a blast of wind do but cross it, not so turbulent and violent an element in the world: so (nature, in lieu of women's scarcity of wit, having endued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) enjoy their wills, no quieter creatures under heaven; but if the breath of their husbands' mouths once cross their wills, nothing more tempestuous. Why, then, sir, should you husbands cross your wives' wills thus, considering the law allows them no wills at all at their deaths? because it intended they should have their wills while they lived.

Valerio. Answer him but that, Cornelio.

Cornelio. All shall not serve her turn, I am thinking of other matters.

Marc. Antonio. Thou hast half won him, Wag; ply him yet a little further.

Page. Now, sir, for these cuckooish songs of yours, of cuckolds, horns, grafting, and such like; what are they, but mere imaginary toys, bred out of your own heads as your own, and so by tradition delivered from man to man, like scarecrows, to terrify fools from this earthly paradise of wedlock, coin'd at first by some spent poets, superannuated batchelors, or some that were scarce men of their hands; who, like the fox having lost his tail, would persuade others to lose theirs for company?* Again, for your cuckold, what is it but a mere fiction? shew me any such creature in nature; if there be, I could never see it, neither could I ever find any sensible difference betwixt a cuckold and a christian creature. To conclude, let poets coin, or fools credit, what they list, for mine own part, I am clear of this opinion, that your cuckold is a mere

* Chapman has already used this allusion to the Fable in Valerio's first speech in the first scene of this play. O.G.

chimera, and that there are no cuckolds in the world but those that have wives: and so I will leave them.

Cornelio. 'Tis excellent good, sir; I do take you, sir, d'ye see? to be, as it were, bastard to the saucy courtier, that would have me father more of your fraternity, d'ye see? and so are instructed (as we hear) to second that villain with your tongue, which he has acted with his tenure-piece, d'ye see?

Page. No such matter, a my credit, sir.

Cornelio. Well, sir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours, d'ye see? when in the mean time I will firk your father, whether you see or no.

[*Exit, drawing his rapier.*

Rinaldo. God's my life, Cornelio. [*Exit.*

Valerio. Have at your father i'faith, boy, if he can find him.

Marc. Antonio. See, he comes here; he has missed him.

Enter DARIOTTO.

Dariotto. How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you?
'Tis a sign y'are not in the grace of wenches,
That they will let you be thus long alone.

Valerio. Well, Dariotto, glory not too much,
That for thy brisk attire and lips perfum'd,
Thou play'st the stallion ever where thou com'st;
And, like the husband of the flock, run'st through
The whole town herd, and no man's bed secure;
No woman's honour unattempted by thee.
Think not to be thus fortunate for ever:
But in thy amorous conquests at the last
Some wound will slice your [18] mazer; Mars himself
Fell into Vulcan's snare, and so may you.

Dariotto. Alas, alas, faith I have but the name:
I love to court and win; and the consent,
Without the act obtain'd, is all I seek.
I love the victory that draws no blood.

Claudio. O, 'tis a high desert in any man
To be a secret letcher; I know some,

[18] *mazer*] See Note 62 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 290.

That (like thyself) are true in nothing else.
Marc. Antonio. And, methinks, it is nothing, if not told;
At least the joy is never full before.
Valerio. Well, Dariotto, th'hadst as good confess,
The sun shines broad upon your practices;
Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.
Dariotto. Why, the more jealous knave and coxcomb he.
What, shall the shaking of his bed a little
Put him in motion? It becomes him not;
Let him be dull'd and stall'd, and then be quiet.
The way to draw my custom to his house
Is to be mad and jealous; 'tis the sauce
That whets my appetite.
Valerio. Or any man's:
Sine periculo friget lusus.
They that are jealous, use it still of purpose
To draw you to their houses.
Dariotto. Aye, by heaven,
I am of that opinion. Who would steal
Out of a common orchard? let me gain
My love with labour, and enjoy't with fear,
Or I am gone.

Enter RINALDO.

Rinaldo. What, Dariotto here?
Foot, dar'st thou come near Cornelio's house?
Dariotto. Why? is the bull run mad? what ails he, trow?
Rinaldo. I know not what he ails! but I would wish you
To keep out of the reach of his sharp horns:
For by this hand he'll gore you.
Dariotto. And why me,
More than thyself, or these two other whelps?
You all have basted him as well as I.
I wonder what's the cause.
Rinaldo. Nay, that he knows,
And swears withal, that wheresoe'er he meets you,
He'll mark you for a marker of men's wives.
Valerio. Pray heaven he be not jealous by some tales

That have been told him lately: did you never
Attempt his wife? hath no love's harbinger,
No looks, no letters, past 'twixt you and her?

Dariotto. For look I cannot answer; I bestow them
At large, and carelessly, much like the sun:
If any be so foolish to apply them
To any private fancy of their own
(As many do), it's not my fault, thou knowest.

Valerio. Well, Dariotto, this set face of thine
(If thou be guilty of offence to him)
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling
What danger haunts thee: for Cornelio
Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best
You shun'd his sight awhile, till we might get
His patience, or his pardon; for past doubt
Thou diest if he but see thee.

Enter CORNELIO.

Rinaldo. Foot, he comes.

Dariotto. Is this the cockatrice that kills with sight?
How doest thou, boy? ha?

Cornelio. Well.

Dariotto. What, lingering still
About this paltry town? hadst thou been rul'd
By my advice, thou hadst by this time been
A gallant courtier, and at least a knight:
I would have got thee dubb'd by this time certain.

Cornelio. And why then did you not yourself that honour?

Dariotto. Tush, 'tis more honour still to make a knight,
Than 'tis to be a knight; to make a cuckold,
Than 'tis to be a cuckold.

Cornelio. Y'are a villain.

Dariotto. God shield man: villain?

Cornelio. Aye, I'll prove thee one.

Dariotto. What, wilt thou prove a villain?
By this light thou deceivest me then.

Cornelio. Well, sir, thus I prove it. [*Draws.**

* And, obviously by what follows, they encounter before the others can interpose. C.

Omnes. Hold, hold, raise the streets.
Claudio. Cornelio.
Rinaldo. Hold, Dariotto, hold.
Valerio. What, art thou hurt?
Dariotto. A scratch, a scratch.
Valerio. Go, sirrah, fetch a surgeon.
Cornelio. You'll set a badge on the jealous fool's head, sir;
Now set a coxcomb on your own.
Valerio. What's the cause of these wars, Dariotto?
Dariotto. 'Foot, I know not.
Cornelio. Well, sir, know and spare not; I will presently
Be divorc'd, and then take her amongst ye.
Rinaldo. Divorc'd? nay, good Cornelio.
Cornelio. By this sword I will; the world shall not dissuade me. [*Exit.*
Valerio. Why, this has been your fault now, Dariotto,
You youths have fashions when you have obtain'd
A lady's favour, straight your hat must wear it,
Like a jack-daw, that, when he lights upon
A dainty morsel, kaas and makes his brags,
And then some kite doth scoop it from him straight;
Where if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better, and have less disturbance:
Forbear it in this case; and when you prove
Victorious over fair Gazetta's fort,
Do not for pity sound your trump for joy,
But keep your valour close, and 'tis your honour.

Enter PAGE *and* POCK.

Pock. God save you, Signior Dariotto.
Dariotto. I know you not, sir; your name, I pray?
Pock. My name is Pock, sir; a practitioner in surgery.
Dariotto. Pock the surgeon? y'are welcome, sir; I know a doctor of your name, master Pock.
Pock. My name has made many doctors, sir.
Rinaldo. Indeed 'tis a worshipful name.
Valerio. Marry is it, and of an ancient descent.

Pock. Faith, sir, I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were so dispos'd.

Rinaldo. Out of France at least.

Pock. And if I stood on my arms as others do——

Dariotto. No, do not, Pock; let others stand on their arms, and thou on thy legs as long as thou canst.

Pock. Though I live by my bare practice, yet I could shew good cards for my gentility.

Valerio. Tush, thou canst not shake off thy gentry, Pock, 'tis bred i'th' bone: but to the main, Pock; what thinkest thou of this gentleman's wound, Pock? canst thou cure it, Pock?

Pock. The incision is not deep nor the orifice exorbitant, the pericranion is not dislocated; I warrant his life for forty crowns, without perishing of any joint.

Dariotto. Faith, Pock, 'tis a joint I would be loath to lose for the best joint of mutton in Italy.

Rinaldo. Would such a scratch as this hazard a man's head?

Pock. Aye by'r lady, sir, I have known some have lost their heads for a less matter I can tell you; therefore, sir, you must keep good diet: if you please to come home to my house till you be perfectly cur'd, I shall have the more care on you.

Valerio. That's your only course to have it well quickly.

Pock. By what time would he have it well, sir?

Dariotto. A very necessary question; canst thou limit the time?

Pock. O, sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthened or shortened at the discretion of the lawyer; he can either keep it green with replications or rejoinders, or sometimes skin it fair a'th' outside for fashion sake, but so he may be sure 'twill break out again by a writ of error, and then has he his suit new to begin; but I will covenant with you, that by such a time I'll make your head as sound as a bell; I will bring it to suppuration, and after I will make it

coagulate and grow to a perfect *Cycatrice*, and all within these ten days, so you keep a good diet.

Dariotto. Well, come, Pock, we'll talk farther on't within, it draws near dinner-time; what's a clock, boy?

Page. By your clock, sir, it should be almost one; for your head rung noon some half hour ago.

Dariotto. Is't true, sir?

Valerio. Away, let him alone; though he came in at the window, he sets the gates of your honour open I can tell you.

Dariotto. Come in, Pock, come apply; and for this deed
I'll give the knave a wound shall never bleed:
So, sir, I think this knock rings loud acquittance
For my ridiculous——

[*Exeunt all but Rinaldo and Valerio.*

Rinaldo. Well, sir, to turn our heads to salve your licence;
Since you have us'd the matter so unwisely,
That now your father has discern'd your humour,
In your too careless usage in his house,
Your wife must come from his house to Antonio's;
And he, to entertain her, must be told
She is not wife to his son, but to you:
Which news will make his simple wit triumph
Over your father; and your father thinking
He still is gull'd, will still account him simple:
Come, sir, prepare your villainous wit to feign
A kind submission to your father's fury,
And we shall see what hearty policy
He will discover, in his feigned anger,
To blind Antonio's eyes, and make him think
He thinks her heartily to be your wife.

Valerio. O I will gull him rarely with my wench,
Low kneeling at my heels before his fury,
And injury shall be salv'd with injury.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

* *Enter* MARC. ANTONIO *and* GOSTANZO.

Marc. Antonio. You see how too much wisdom evermore
Out-shoots the truth: you were so forward still
To tax my ignorance, my green experience
In these grey hairs, for giving such advantage
To my son's spirit, that he durst undertake
A secret match, so far short of his worth:
Your son so seasoned with obedience,
Even from his youth, that all his actions relish
Nothing but duty, and your anger's fear;
What shall I say to you, if it fall out
That this most precious son of yours has play'd
A part as bad as this and as rebellious;
Nay more, has grossly gull'd your wit withal.
What if my son has undergone the blame
That appertain'd to yours? and that this wench
With which my son is charg'd may call you father;
Shall I then say you want experience?
Y'are green, y'are credulous; easy to be blinded.

Gostanzo. Ha, ha, ha,
Good Marc. Antonio, when it comes to that;
Laugh at me, call me fool, proclaim me so,
Let all the world take knowledge I am an ass*.

Marc. Antonio. O the good God of Gods,
How blind is pride! what eagles we are still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own! I tell you, knight,
It is confess'd to be as I have told you;
And Gratiana is by young Rinaldo,
And your white son, brought to me as his wife:
How think you now, sir?

Gostanzo. Even just as before,

* This line is akin to, if not copied from, Dogberry's charge. "And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass." *Much Ado about Nothing*, was printed five years before this play appeared. C.

And have more cause to think honest Credulity
Is a true loadstone to draw on Decrepity:
You have a heart too open, to embrace
All that your ear receives; alas, good man,
All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your house, for your poor son's young wife
My house without huge danger cannot hold.

Marc. Antonio. Is't possible! what danger, sir, I pray?

Gostanzo. I'll tell you, sir, 'twas time to take her thence:
My son that last day you saw could not frame
His looks to entertain her, now by'r lady
Is grown a courtier; for myself unseen,
Saw when he courted her, embrac'd and kiss'd her,
And I can tell you left not much undone,
That was the proper office of your son.

Marc. Antonio. What world is this!

Gostanzo. I told this to Rinaldo,
Advising him to fetch her from my house,
And his young wit not knowing where to lodge her
Unless with you, and saw that could not be
Without some wile; I presently suggested
This quaint devise, to say she was my son's:
And all this plot, good Marc. Antonio,
Flow'd from this fount, only to blind your* eyes.

Marc. Antonio. Out of how sweet a dream have you awak'd me!
By heaven! I durst have laid my part in heaven
All had been true; it was so lively handled,
And drawn with such a seeming face of truth:
Your son had cast a perfect veil of grief
Over his face, for his so rash offence,
To seal his love with act of marriage,
Before his father had subscrib'd his choice:
My son (my circumstance lessening the fact)
Intreating me to break the matter to you,
And, joining my effectual persuasions
With your son's penitent submission,

* "*Our* eyes," 4to. 1605.

Appease your fury; I at first assented,
And now expect their coming to that purpose.
Gostanzo. 'Twas well, seem to believe it still,
Let art end what credulity began;
When they come, suit your words and looks to theirs,
Second my sad son's feigned submission,
And see in all points how my brain will answer
His disguised grief, with a set countenance
Of rage and choler; now observe and learn
To school your son by me.

Enter RINALDO, VALERIO, *and* GRATIANA.

Marc. Antonio. On with your mask;
Here come the other maskers, sir.
Rinaldo. Come on, I say;
Your father with submission will be calm'd;
Come on; down on your knees.
Gostanzo. Villain, durst thou
Presume to gull thy father? dost thou not
Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows
Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
The thread of all my living from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?
Valerio. Father, if that part I have in your blood,
If tears, which so abundantly distil
Out of my inward eyes; and for a need
Can drown these outward (lend me thy handkerchief),
And being indeed as many drops of blood,
Issuing from the creator* of my heart,
Be able to beget so much compassion,
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
Whom I hold dearer——
Gostanzo. Out upon thee, villain.
Marc. Antonio. Nay, good Gostanzo, think you are a father.
Gostanzo. I will not hear a word; out, out upon thee:

* Qy. If we ought not to read—
Issuing from the *crater* of my heart. In the quarto it stands *creator*, a corruption easily introduced. C.

Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge,
Aye, and a beggar too, a trul, a blowze?
Rinaldo. You thought not so last day, when you offer'd her
A twelve month's board for one night's lodging with her.
Gostanzo. Go to, no more of that, peace, good Rinaldo,
It is a fault that only she and you know.
Rinaldo. Well, sir, go on, I pray.
Gostanzo. Have I, fond wretch,
With utmost care and labour brought thee up,
Ever instructing thee, omitting never
The office of a kind and careful father,
To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father?
And hast thou in one act everted all?
Proclaim'd thyself to all the world a fool?
To wed a beggar?
Valerio. Father, say not so.
Gostanzo. Nay, she's thy own; here, rise fool, take her to thee,
Live with her still, I know thou count'st thyself
Happy in soul, only in winning her;
Be happy still, here, take her hand, enjoy her.
Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birthright,
To have but such a mess of broth as this?
Marc. Antonio. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo,
Take truce with passion, licence your sad son,
To speak in his excuse.
Gostanzo. What? what excuse?
Can any orator in this case excuse him?
What can he say? what can be said of any?
Valerio. Alas, sir, hear me, all that I can say
In my excuse, is but to shew love's warrant.
Gostanzo. Notable wag.
Valerio. I know I have committed
A great impiety, not to move you first
Before the dame, I meant to make my wife.

Consider what I am, yet young, and green,
Behold what she is; is there not in her,
Aye, in her very eye, a power to conquer,
Even age itself and wisdom? call to mind,
Sweet father, what yourself being young have been,
Think what you may be; for I do not think
The world so far spent with you, but you may
Look back on such a beauty, and I hope
To see you young again, and to live long
With young affections; wisdom makes a man
Live young for ever: and where is this wisdom
If not in you? alas, I know not what
Rest in your wisdom to subdue affections;
But I protest it wrought with me so strongly,
That I had quite been drowned in seas of tears,
Had I not taken hold in happy time
Of this sweet hand, my heart had been consum'd
T' a heap of ashes with the flames of love,
Had it not sweetly been assuag'd and cool'd
With the moist kisses of these sugar'd lips.

Gostanzo. O puisant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts
Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching leather.

Marc. Antonio. He knows he does it but to blind my eyes.

Gostanzo. O excellent! these men will put up any thing.

Valerio. Had I not had her, I had lost my life;
Which life indeed I would have lost before,
I had displeased you, had I not receiv'd it
From such a kind, a wise, and honour'd father.

Gostanzo. Notable boy.

Valerio. Yet do I here renounce
Love, life and all, rather than one hour longer
Indure to have your love eclipsed from me.

Gratiana. O I can hold no longer, if thy words
Be us'd in earnest, my Valerio,
Thou woundst my heart, but I know 'tis in jest.

Gostanzo. No, I'll be sworn she has her liripoop too.

Gratiana. Didst thou not swear to love me, spight of father
And all the world? That nought should sever us
But death itself?
Valerio. I did; but if my father
Will have his son foresworn, upon his soul
The blood of my black perjury shall lie,
For I will seek his favour though I die.
Gostanzo. No, no, live still my son, thou well shalt know,
I have a father's heart; come join your hands,
Still keep thy vows, and live together still,
Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both.
Valerio. O, speak you this in earnest?
Gostanzo. Aye, by heaven!
Valerio. And never to recall it?
Gostanzo. Not till death.
Rinaldo. Excellent sir, you have done like yourself:
What would you more, Valerio?
Valerio. Worshipful father.
Rinaldo. Come, sir, come you in, and celebrate your joys. [*Exeunt all save the old men.*
Gostanzo. O, Marc. Antonio!
Had I not arm'd you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawn your very soul,
The wench had been my son's wife?
Marc. Antonio. Yes, by heaven!
A knavery thus effected might deceive
A wiser man than I; for I, alas,
Am no good politician: plain, believing;
Simple honesty, is my policy still.
Gostanzo. The visible marks of folly, honesty,
And quick credulity his younger brother.
I tell you, Marc. Antonio, there is much
In that young boy my son.
Marc. Antonio. Not much honesty,
If I may speak without offence to his father.
Gostanzo. O God! you cannot please me better, sir,
H'as honesty enough to serve his turn,

The less honesty ever the more wit;
But go you home, and use your daughter kindly,
Mean time I'll school your son; and do you still
Dissemble what you know, keep off your son:
The wench at home must still be my son's wife,
Remember that, and be you blinded still.

Marc. Antonio. You must remember too to let your son
Use his accustom'd visitations,
Only to blind my eyes.

Gostanzo. He shall not fail:
But still take you heed, have a vigilant eye
On that sly child of mine, for, by this light,
He'll be too bold with your son's forehead else.

Marc. Antonio. Well, sir, let me alone, I'll [19] bear a brain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALERIO *and* RINALDO.

Valerio. Come, they are gone.

Rinaldo. Gone, they were far gone here.

Valerio. Gull'd I my father, or gull'd he himself?
Thou told'st him Gratiana was my wife;
I have confess'd it, he has pardoned it.

Rinaldo. Nothing more true, enow can witness it.
And therefore, when he comes to learn the truth,
(As certainly, for all these sly disguises,
Time will strip truth into* her nakedness),
Thou hast good plea against him to confess
The honour'd action, and to claim his pardon.

Valerio. 'Tis true, for all was done he deeply swore
Out of his heart.

Rinaldo. He has much faith the whiles,
That swore a thing so quite against his heart.

Valerio. Why, this is policy.

Rinaldo. Well, see you repair
To Gratiana daily, and enjoy her

[19] *bear a brain*] See Note 25 to *Ram-Alley*, vol. V.
Dekkar (see Note to vol. III. p. 213,) wrote a play under the title of *Bear a Brain*, under date of June 1599, in Henslowe's MSS. C.

* Qy. "*Unto* her nakedness." O. G.

In her true kind; and now we must expect
The resolute and ridiculous divorce
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.

Valerio. I think it be not so; the ass dotes on her.

Rinaldo. It is too true, and thou shalt answer it,
For setting such debate 'twixt man and wife:
See, we shall see the solemn manner of it.

Enter CORNELIO, DARIOTTO, CLAUDIO, NOTARY, PAGE, GAZETTA, BELLONORA, *and* GRATIANA.

Bellonora. Good Signior Cornelio, let us poor gentlewomen intreat you to forbear.

Cornelio. Talk no more to me, I'll not be made cuckold in my own house; Notary, read me the divorce.

Gazetta. My dear Cornelio, examine the cause better before you condemn me.

Cornelio. Sing to me no more, syren; for I will hear thee no more, I will take no compassion on thee.

Page. Good Signior Cornelio, be not too mankind against your wife, say y'are a cuckold (as the best that is may be so at a time) will you make a trumpet of your own horns?

Cornelio. Go to, sir, y'are a rascal, I'll give you a fee for pleading for her one day; Notary, do you your office.

Valerio. Go to, signior, look better to your wife, and be better advised before you grow to this extremity.

Cornelio. Extremity! go to, I deal but too mercifully with her; if I should use extremity with her, I might hang her, and her copesmate my drudge here; how say you M. Notary, might I not do it by law?

Notary. Not hang 'em; but you may bring them both to a white sheet.

Cornelio. Nay by the mass they have had too much of the sheet already.

Notary. And, besides, you may set capital letters on their foreheads.

Cornelio. What's that to the capital letter that's

written on mine?* I say for all your law, master Notary, that I may hang'em; may I not hang him that robs me of mine honour, as well as he that robs me of my horse?

Notary. No, sir; your horse is a chattel.

Cornelio. So is honour, a man may buy it with his penny, and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse (as I say) much more for robbing me of my honour; for why? if my horse be stolen, it may be my own fault; for why? either the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenced or watched; or so forth: but for your wife that keeps the stable of your honour; let her be lock'd in a brazen tower; let Argus himself keep her, yet can you never be secure of your honour; for why? she can run through all with her serpent noddle; besides, you may hang a lock upon your horse, and so can you not upon your wife.

Rinaldo. But I pray you, sir, what are the presumptions on which you would build this divorce?

Cornelio. Presumption enough, sir; for besides their intercourse, or commerce of glances that past betwixt this cockeril-drone and her at my table the last Sunday night at supper, their winks, their becks, due guard, their treads a'the toe (as by heaven I swear she trod once upon my toe instead of his:) this is chiefly to be noted, the same night she would needs lie alone; and the same night her dog bark'd; did not you hear him, Valerio?

Valerio. And understand him too, I'll be sworn of a book.

Cornelio. Why very good, if these be not manifest presumptions now, let the world be judge; therefore, without more ceremony, master Notary, pluck out your instrument.

Notary. I will, sir, if there be no remedy.

Cornelio. Have you made it strong in law, master Notary? have you put in words enough?

Notary. I hope so, sir, it has taken me a whole skin of parchment, you see.

* The old quarto reads "in minde," but it certainly ought to be *on mine.* C.

Cornelio. Very good; and is egress and regress in?

Notary. I'll warrant you, sir, it is *forma juris.*

Cornelio. Is there no hole to be found in the orthography?

Notary. None in the world, sir.

Cornelio. You have written *sunt* with an *s*, have you not?

Notary. Yes, that I have.

Cornelio. You have done the better for quietness sake; and are none of the authentical dashes over the head left out? if there be, master Notary, an error will lie out*.

Notary. Not for a dash over head, sir, I warrant you, if I should oversee; I have seen that tried in Butiro and Caseo, in Butler and Cason's case, *decimo sexto* of Duke Anonymo.

Rinaldo. Y'ave gotten a learned Notary, signior Cornelio.

Cornelio. He's a shrewd fellow, indeed; I had as leave have his head in a matter of felony, or treason, as any Notary's in Florence; read out, master Notary; hearken you, mistress; gentlemen, mark I beseech you.

Omnes. We will all mark you, sir, I warrant you.

Notary. I think it would be something tedious to read all; and therefore, gentlemen, the sum is this: That you, Signior Cornelio, gentleman, for divers, and sundry weighty and mature considerations you especially moving, specifying all the particulars of your wife's enormities in a schedule hereunto annexed, the transcript whereof is in your own tenure, custody, occupation, and keeping; that for these the aforesaid premises, I say, you renounce, disclaim, and discharge Gazetta from being your leeful, or your lawful wife; and that you eftsoons divide, disjoin, sèparate, remove, and finally eloign, sequester, and divorce her from your bed and your board; that you forbid her all access, repair, egress or regress, to your person or persons, mansion or mansions, dwellings, habitations

* Qy. "an error will lie *on't*." O. G.

remainnances or abodes, or to any shop, cellar, sollar, easements, chamber, dormer, and so forth, now in the tenure, custody, occupation, or keeping of the said Cornelio; notwithstanding all former contracts, covenants, bargains, conditions, agreements, compacts, promises, vows, affiances, assurances, bonds, bills, indentures, poll-deeds, deeds of gift, defeasances, feoffments, endowments, vouchers, double vouchers, privy entries, actions, declarations, explications, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rights, interests, demands, claims, or titles whatsoever, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, past, covenanted, and agreed, from the beginning of the world, till the day of the date hereof, given the 17th of November, 1500; and so forth: here, sir, you must set to your hand.

Cornelio. What else, master Notary, I am resolute i'faith.

Gazetta. Sweet husband forbear.

Cornelio. Avoid, I charge thee in name of this divorce: thou mightest have look'd to it in time, yet this I will do for thee; if thou canst spy out any other man that thou wouldest cuckold, thou shalt have my letter to him; I can do no more: more ink, master Notary, I write my name at large.

Notary. Here is more, sir.

Cornelio. Ah, ass, that thou couldst not know thy happiness till thou hadst lost it; how now? my nose bleed? shall I write in blood? what only three drops? S'foot, this is ominous: I will not set my hand to't now, certain; master Notary, I like not this abodement; I will defer the setting to of my hand till the next court-day; keep the divorce I pray you, and the woman in your house together.

Omnes. Burn the divorce, burn the divorce.

Cornelio. Not so, sir, it shall not serve her turn, master Notary, keep it at your peril; and, gentlemen, you may be gone a God's name; what have you to do to flock about me thus? I am neither howlet, nor cuckoo; gentlewomen, for God's sake, meddle with

your own cases; it is not fit you should haunt these publick assembles.

Omnes. Well, farewel Cornelio.

Valerio. Use the gentlewoman kindly, master Notary,
As mine own wife, I assure you, sir*. [*Exeunt.*

Claudio. Signior Cornelio, I cannot but in kindness tell you, that Valerio†, by counsel of Rinaldo, hath whispered all this jealousy in your ears, not that he knew any just cause in your wife, but only to be revenged on you, for the gull you put upon him, when you drew him with his glory to touch the Theorbo.

Cornelio. May I believe this?

Claudio. As I am a gentleman; and if this accident of your nose had not fallen out, I would have told you this before you set to your hand.

Cornelio. It may well be; yet have I cause enough
To perfect my divorce, but it shall rest
Till I conclude it with a counterbuff
Given to these noble rascals. Claudio, thanks:
What comes of this? watch but my brain a little,
And ye shall see, if like two parts in me
I leave not both these gullers wits imbrier'd,
Now I perceive well where the wild wind sits,
Here's gull for gull, and wits at war with wits. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

RINALDO *solus.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to advance her followers:
To some she gives honour without deserving,
To other some deserving without honour;
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth;

* This line probably forms the answer of the Notary; but it is not given to him in the old copy. C.

† Hitherto misprinted *Bellonora*, who could have nothing to do with it. The error was occasioned by the 4to. of 1605, printing Valerio with a *B*. C.

Some wealth without wit; some nor wit nor wea[illegible]
But good smock-faces; or some qualities,
By nature without judgement, with the which
They live in sensual acceptation,
And make shew only, without touch of substance:
My fortune is to win renown by gulling
Gostanzo, Dariotto, and Cornelio:
All which suppose in all their different kinds,
Their wits entire, and in themselves no piece,
All at one blow; my helmet yet unbruised,
I have unhorsed, laid flat on earth for gulls;
Now in what taking poor Cornelio is,
Betwixt his large divorce and no divorce,
I long to see, and what he will resolve:
I lay my life he cannot chew his meat,
And looks much like an ape had swallow'd pills;
And all this comes of bootless jealousy;
And see where bootless jealousy appears.

Enter CORNELIO.

I'll [20]bourd him straight; how now, Cornelio?
Are you resolv'd on the divorce or no?

Cornelio. What's that to you? look to your own affairs,
The time requires it; are not you engag'd
In some bonds forfeit for Valerio?

Rinaldo. Yes, what of that?

Cornelio. Why, so am I myself,
And both our dangers great; he is arrested

[20] *bourd*] *Bourd* is a Scots word. So in the proverb: "*bourd* neither with me nor with my honour." See Ray's Collection of North Country words. S.

Again, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599: "All the meat that we eat we catch out of the sea, and if there we miss, well washed and salted, we sneak home to bed supperless; and upon the tail of it he brings in a parasite that flouteth and *bourdeth* them thus," &c.

Erasmus' Praise of Folly, 1549. Sign. O 3.

"——— and finally that in bourding and flyrynge they can flatter pleasantly."

Ben Jonson's Catiline, A. 1. S. 4.

"——— arise, and shew
But any least aversion in your look
To him that bourds you next, and your throat opens."

See Mr. Whalley's note on the last passage.

On a recognizance, by a usuring slave.
Rinaldo. Arrested! I am sorry with my heart,
It is a matter may import me much;
May not our bail suffice to free him, think you?
Cornelio. I think it may, but I must not be seen in't,
Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,
And liker far to bring ourselves in trouble,
Than bear him out; I have already made
Means to the officers to sequester him
In private for a time, till some in secret
Might make his father understand his state,
Who would perhaps take present order for him,
Rather than suffer him t' endure the shame
Of his imprisonment: now, would you but go
And break the matter closely to his father
(As you can wisely do't), and bring him to him;
This were the only way to save his credit,
And to keep off a shrewd blow from ourselves.
Rinaldo. I know his father will be mov'd past mea
sure.
Cornelio. Nay, if you stand on such nice ceremonies,
Farewel our substance; extreme diseases
Ask extreme remedies; better he should storm
Some little time, than we be beat for ever
Under the horrid shelter of a prison.
Rinaldo. Where is the place?
Cornelio. 'Tis at the Half-Moon Tavern;
Haste, for the matter will abide no stay.
Rinaldo. Heaven send my speed be equal with my
haste! [*Exit.*
Cornelio. Go, shallow scholar, you that make all gulls,
You that can out-see clear-ey'd jealousy,
Yet make this slight a mill-stone, where your brain
Sticks in the midst amazed: this gull to him,
And to his fellow guller, shall become
More bitter than their baiting of my humour;
Here at this tavern shall Gostanzo find
Fortunio, Dariotto, Claudio,
And amongst them the ringleader his son,
His husband, and his saint Valerio,

That knows not of what fashion dice are made,
Nor ever yet look'd towards a red lettice,*
(Thinks his blind sire) at drinking and at dice,
Withal their wenches, and at full discover
His own gross folly, and his son's distempers,
And both shall know (although I be no scholar),
Yet I have thus much Latin, as to say
Jam sumus ergo pares. [*Exit.*

Enter VALERIO, FORTUNIO, CLAUDIO, PAGE, GRATIANA, GAZETTA, BELLONORA. *A Drawer or two setting a table.*

Valerio. Set me the table here, we will shift rooms,
To see if fortune will shift chances with us;
Sit, ladies, sit; Fortunio, place thy wench;
And, Claudio, place you Dariotto's mistress;
I wonder where that neat spruce slave becomes;
I think he was some barber's son by th' mass,
'Tis such a [21] picked fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print;
Each pin hath his due place, not any point
But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and grace;
A thing whose soul is specially employ'd
In knowing where best gloves, best stockings, waistcoats,
Curiously wrought, are sold; sacks milliner's shops
For all new tires and fashions, and can tell ye
What new devices of all sorts there are:
And that there is not in the whole Ryalto,
But one new-fashion'd waistcoat, or one night-cap,
One pair of gloves, pretty or well perfum'd,
And from a pair of gloves of half-a-crown
To twenty crowns; will to a very [22] scute

* Or "red *lattice.*" See note 24 to *the Miseries of enforc'd Marriage*, vol. V. C.

[21] *picked*] i. e. spruce in dress. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *King John*, A. 1. S. 1.

[22] *scute*] A *scudo* is a coin well known in Italy, and of different value in different states, but in general worth more than five shillings. They are coined in Savoy, Modena, Genoa, Lucca, Florence, Rome, and Venice. The Genoese *scudo* is worth seven shillings; that of Modena but fourteen pence; at Venice, where it is worth

Smell out the price; and for these womanly parts
He is esteem'd a witty gentleman.

Fortunio. See where he comes.

Enter DARIOTTO.

Dariotto. God save you, lovely ladies.

Valerio. Aye, well said, lovely Paris, your wall eye
Must ever first be gloting on men's wives;
You think to come upon us, being half drunk,
And so to part the freshest man amongst us;
But you shall over-take us, I'll be sworn.

Dariotto. Tush man, where are your dice? let's fall to them.

Claudio. We have been at 'em; drawer, call for more.

Valerio. First let's have wine, dice have no perfect edge,
Without the liquid whetstone of the syrup.

Fortunio. True, and to welcome Dariotto's lateness,
He shall (unpledg'd) carouse one [23] crowned cup
To all these ladies health.

Dariotto. I am well pleas'd.

Valerio. Come on, let us vary our sweet time
With sundry exercises: boy! tobacco.
And, drawer, you must get us musick too,
Call's in a cleanly [24] noise, the slaves grow lowsy.

Drawer. You shall have such as we can get you, sir. [*Exit.*

Dariotto. Let's have some dice: I pray thee, they are cleanly.

Valerio. Page, let me see that leaf.

Page. It is not leaf, sir; 'tis pudding [25] cane tobacco.

five shillings and six-pence, that coin is subdivided into halves, quarters, and eighths. N.

If the scene of this play be laid at Venice, it required no great discernment to "smell out" the difference of five and sixpence in "a pair of gloves." Another value must be found for Chapman's *scute*.

[23] *crowned cup*] i. e. a bumper.

[24] *noise*] i. e. a number or concert of musicians.

[25] *cane tobacco*] Cane tobacco is mentioned in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V.

"The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuff'd
"With smoak more chargeable than *cane tobacco*."

Valerio. But I mean your linstock, sir; what leaf is that, I pray.

Page. I pray you see, sir, for I cannot read.

Valerio. S'foot, a rank stinking satire; this had been
Enough to have poisoned every man of us.

Dariotto. And now you speak of that, my boy once lighted
A pipe of cane tobacco with a piece
Of a vile ballad; and I'll swear I had
A singing in my head a whole week after.

Valerio. Well, th'old verse is, *A potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter DRAWER *with wine and a cup* *.

Valerio. Drawer, fill out this gentleman's carouse,
And harden him for our society.

Dariotto. Well, ladies, here is to your honour'd healths.

Fortunio. What, Dariotto, without hat or knee?

Valerio. Well said, Fortunio, O y'are a rare courtier;
Your knee, good signior, I beseech your knee.

Dariotto. Nay, pray you, let's take it by degrees, Valerio; on our feet first, for this will bring's too soon upon our knees.

Valerio. Sir, there are no degrees of order in a tavern,
Here you must, I charg'd ye, run all a head,
Slight, courtier, down;
I hope you are no elephant, you have joints?

Dariotto. Well, sir, here's to the ladies on my knees †.

Valerio. I'll be their pledge.

Enter GOSTANZO *and* RINALDO.

Fortunio. Not yet, Valerio,
This he must drink unpledg'd.

Valerio. He shall not, I will give him this advantage.

Gostanzo. How now? what's here? are these the officers?

* Mr. Reed allowed "*and four cups*" to stand, for what reason it is not easy to imagine, as "*a cup*" only is mentioned in the 4to. of 1605. C.

† See Note to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 402. C.

Rinaldo. Slight, I would all were well.

Enter CORNELIO.

Valerio. Here is his pledge:
Here's to our common friend Cornelio's health.

Claudio. Health to Gazetta! poison to her husband!
[*He kneels.*

Cornelio. Excellent guests: these are my daily guests.

Valerio. Drawer, make even th' impartial scales of justice,
Give it to Claudio, and from him fill round.
Come, Dariotto, set me, let me rest,
Come in when they have [26] done the ladies right.

Gostanzo. Set me! do you know what belongs to setting?

Rinaldo. What a dull slave was I to be thus gull'd!

Cornelio. Why, Rinaldo, what meant you to entrap your friend,
And bring his father to this spectacle?
You are a friend indeed.

Rinaldo. 'Tis very good, sir,
Perhaps my friend, or I, before we part,
May make even with you.

Fortunio. Come, let's set him round.

Valerio. Do so: at all. A plague upon these dice.
Another health; s'foot, I shall have no luck
Till I be drunk: come on, here's to the comfort,
The cavalier my father should take in me,
If he now saw me, and would do me right.

Fortunio. I'll pledge it, and his health, Valerio.

Gostanzo. Here's a good husband.

Rinaldo. I pray you have patience, sir.

Valerio. Now have at all, an't were a thousand pound.

Gostanzo. Hold, sir, I bar the dice.

[26] *done the ladies right*] See Note 23 to *The Widow's Tears*, vol. VI. So also in the fragment sung by the companions of Bacchus in Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

" Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,
" In cup, in can, or glass.
" God Bacchus *do me right*," &c. C.

Valerio. What, sir, are you there?
Fill's a fresh pottle, by this light, sir knight,
You shall do right.

Enter MARC. ANTONIO.

Gostanzo. O thou ungracious villain!
Come, come, we shall have you now thunder forth
Some of your thrifty sentences as gravely:
Forasmuch, Valerius, as every thing has time, and a pudding has two: yet ought not satisfaction to swerve so much from defalcation of well-dispos'd people, as that indemnity should prejudice what security doth insinuate: a trial yet once again.

Marc. Antonio. Here's a good sight, y'are well encountered, sir;
Did not I tell you you'd o'er-shoot yourself
With too much wisdom.

Valerio. Sir, your wisest do so.
Fill the old man some wine.

Gostanzo. Here's a good infant.

Marc. Antonio. Why, sir: alas, I'll wager with your wisdom,
His consorts drew him to it, for of himself
He is both virtuous, bashful, innocent;
Comes not at city*; knows no city art,
But plies your husbandry; dares not view a wench.

Valerio. Father, he comes upon you.

Gostanzo. Here's a son!

Marc. Antonio. Whose wife is Gratiana now, I pray?

Gostanzo. Sing your old song no more, your brain's too short
To reach into these policies.

Marc. Antonio. 'Tis true,
Mine eyes soon blinded: and yourself would say so,
If you knew all: where lodg'd your son last night?
Do you know that with all your policy?

Gostanzo. You'll say he lodg'd with you; and did not I
Foretel you, all this must for colour sake
Be brought about only to blind your eyes?

* Most likely we ought to read "Comes not *o'th'* city." C.

Marc. Antonio. By heaven! I chanc'd this morn, I know not why
To pass by Gratiana's bed-chamber,
And whom saw I fast by her naked side,
But your Valerio?
Gostanzo. Had you not warning given?
Did not I bid you watch my courtier well,
Or he would set a crest o' your son's head?
Marc. Antonio. That was not all, for by them on a stool
My son sat laughing, to see you so gull'd.
Gostanzo. 'Tis too too plain.
Marc. Antonio. Why, sir, do you suspect it
The more for that?
Gostanzo. Suspect it? is there any
So gross a wittal, as, if t'were his wife,
Would sit by her so tamely?
Marc. Antonio. Why not, sir,
To blind my eyes?
Gostazno. Well, sir, I was deceiv'd,
But I shall make it prove a dear deceit
To the deceiver.
Rinaldo. Nay, sir, let's not have
A new infliction set on an old fault:
He did confess his fault upon his knees;
You pardoned it, and swore 'twas from your heart.
Gostanzo. Swore! a great piece of work, the wretch shall know
I have a daughter here to give my land to,
I'll give my daughter all: the prodigal
Shall not have one poor house to hide his head in.
Fortunio. I humbly thank you, sir, and vow all duty
My life can yield you.
Gostanzo. Why are you so thankful?
Fortunio. For giving to your daughter all your lands,
Who is my wife, and so you gave them me.
Gostanzo. Better, and better.
Fortunio. Pray, sir, be not mov'd,
You drew me kindly to your house, and gave me

Access to woo your daughter, whom I lov'd:
And since (by honoured marriage) made my wife.

Gostanzo. Now all my choler fly out in your wits:
Good tricks of youth i'faith, no indecorum,
Knight's son, knight's daughter; Marc. Antonio,
Give me your hand, there is no remedy,
Marriage is ever made by Destiny.

Rinaldo. Silence, my masters, now here all are pleas'd,
Only Cornelio; who lacks but persuasion
To reconcile himself to his fair wife:
Good sir, will you (of all men our best speaker)
Persuade him to receive her into grace?

Gostanzo. That I will gladly, and he shall be rul'd; good Cornelio, I have heard of your wayward jealousy, and I must tell you plain as a friend, y'are an ass: you must pardon me; I knew your father.

Rinaldo. Then you must pardon him, indeed, sir.

Gostanzo. Understand me: put case Dariotto lov'd your wife, whereby you would seem to refuse her; would you desire to have such a wife as no man could love but yourself?

Marc. Antonio. Answer but that, Cornelio.

Gostanzo. Understand me: say Dariotto hath kiss'd your wife, or perform'd other offices of that nature, whereby they did converse together at bed and at board, as friends may seem to do.

Marc. Antonio. Mark but the now, understand me.

Gostanzo. Yet if there come no proofs, but that her actions were cleanly, or indiscreet private, why 'twas a sign of modesty: and will you blow the horn yourself, when you may keep it to yourself? Go to, you are a fool, understand me.

Valerio. Do understand him, Cornelio.

Gostanzo. Nay, Cornelio, I tell you again, I knew your father; he was a wise gentleman, and so was your mother: methinks I see her yet, a lusty stout woman, bore great children, you were the very scoundrel of 'em all; but let that pass: as for your mother, she was wise, a most flippant tongue she had, and could set

out her tail with as good grace as any she in Florence, [27] come cut and long tail; and she was honest enough too: but yet by your leave she would tickle Dob now and then as well as the best on 'em; by Jove 'tis true, Cornelio, I speak it not to flatter you: your father knew it well enough; and would he do as you do, think you? set rascals to undermine her, or look to her water (as they say)? No, when he saw 'twas but her humour (for his own quietness sake) he made a back-door to his house for convenience, got a bell to his fore door, and had an odd fashion in ringing, by which she and her maid knew him, and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all things might be rid cleanly out o' the way before he came, for the credit of his wife: this was wisdom now, for a man's own quiet.

Marc. Antonio. Here was a man, Cornelio.

Gostanzo. What I say, young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.

Cornelio. Why hark you, you two knights; do you think I will forsake Gazetta?

Gostanzo. And will you not?

Cornelio. Why there's your wisdom; why did I make shew of divorce, think you?

Marc. Antonio. Pray you why, sir?

Cornelio. Only to bridle her stout stomach: and how did I draw on the colour for my divorce? I did train the woodcock Dariotto into the net, drew him to my house, gave him opportunity with my wife (as you say my father dealt with his wife's friends) only to train him in, let him alone with my wife in her bed-chamber, and sometimes found him a bed with her, and went my way back again softly, only to draw him into the pit.

Gostanzo. This was well handled indeed, Cornelio.

Marc. Antonio. Aye, marry, sir, now I commend your wisdom.

Cornelio. Why, if I had been so minded as you

[27] *come cut and long tail*] See Note 51 to *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

think, I could have flung his pantable down the stairs, or done him some other disgrace; but I wink'd at it, and drew on the good fool more and more, only to bring him within my compass.

Gostanzo. Why, this was policy in grain.

Cornelio. And now shall the world see I am as wise as my father.

Valerio. Is't come to this? then will I make a speech in praise of this reconcilement, including therein the praise and honour of the most fashionable and authentical HORN: stand close, gentles, and be silent.

[*He gets into a chair.*

Gostanzo. Come on, let's hear his wit in this potable humour.

Valerio. The course of the world (like the life of man) is said to be divided into several ages: as we into infancy, childhood, youth, and so forward to old age; so the world into the golden age, the silver, the brass, the iron, the leaden, the wooden; and now into this present age, which we term the *Horned-age;* not that but former ages have enjoy'd this benefit as well as our times, but that in ours it is more common, and nevertheless precious. It is said, that in the golden age of the world the use of gold was not then known; an argument of the simplicity of that age. Lest therefore succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to us which we lay upon the first age, that we, living in the horned age of the world, should not understand the use, the virtue, the honour, and the very royalty, of the horn; I will in brief sound the praises thereof, that they who are already in possession of it may bear their heads aloft, as being proud of such lofty accoutrements, and they that are but in possibility may be ravish'd with a desire to be in possession; a trophy so honourable and unmatchably powerful, that it is able to raise any man from a beggar to an emperor's fellow, a duke's fellow, a nobleman's fellow, alderman's fellow; so glorious, that it deserves to be worn (by most opinions) in the most conspicuous place about a man; for what worthier crest can you bear than the horn? which if it

might be seen with our mortal eyes, what a wonderful spectacle would there be! and how highly they would ravish the beholders! But their substance is incorporeal, not falling under sense, nor mixt of the gross concretion of elements, but a quintessence beyond them, a spiritual essence invisible and everlasting.

And this hath been the cause that many men have called their being in question, whether there be such a a thing *in rerum natura*, or not? because they are not to be seen, as though nothing were that were not to be seen. Who ever saw the wind? yet what wonderful effects are seen of it! It drives the clouds, yet no man sees it; it rocks the house, bares down trees, castles, steeples, yet who sees it? In like sort does your horn: it swells the forehead, yet none sees it; it rocks the cradle, yet none sees it; so that you plainly perceive sense is no judge of essense. The moon to any man's sense seems to be horned; yet who knows not the moon to be ever perfectly round? So likewise your heads seem ever to be round, when indeed they are oftentimes horned. For their original, it is unsearchable; natural they are not; for there* is beast born with horns more than with teeth; created they were not, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Then will you ask me, how come they into the world? I know not; but I am sure women brought them into this part of the world, howsoever some doctors are of opinion that they came in with the devil; and not unlike, for as the devil brought sin into the world, but the woman brought it to the man; so it may very well be that the devil brought horns into the world, but the woman brought them to the man.

For their power, it is general over the world: no nation so barbarous, no country so proud, but doth equal homage to the horn. Europa, when she was carried through the sea by the Saturnian bull, was said (for fear of falling) to have held by the horn; and

* The sense seems to require that we should read "*where* is beast born with horns," though the change is not warranted by the old edition. C.

what is this but a plain shewing to us, that all Europe, which took name from that Europa, should likewise hold by the horn? So that I say, it is universal over the face of the world, general over the face of Europe, and common over the face of this country. What city, what town, what village, what street, nay, what house can quit itself of this prerogative? I have read that the lion once made a proclamation through all the forest, that all horned beasts should depart forthwith upon pain of death; if this proclamation should be made through our forest, Lord! what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be even from all the parts of it! he that had but a bunch of flesh in his head would away; and some, foolishly fearful, would imagine the shadow of his ears to be horns. Alas, how desart would this forest be left!

To conclude: for their force, it is irrevitable; for, were they not irrevitable, then might either properness of person secure a man, or wisdom prevent 'em; or greatness exempt, or riches redeem them; but present experience hath taught us, that in this case all these stand in no stead: for we see the properest men take part of them,* the best wits cannot avoid them (for then should poets be no cuckolds), nor can money redeem them, for then would rich men fine for their horns, as they do for offices: but this is held for a maxim, that there are more rich cuckolds than poor. Lastly, for continuance of the horn, it is undeterminable till death: neither do they determine with the wives death (howsoever ignorant writers hold opinion they do). For as when a knight dies, his lady still retains the title of lady; when a company is cast, yet the captain still retains the title of captain: so though the wife die, by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the courtesy of the city he shall be a cuckold during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Gostanzo. Notable wag! Come, sir, shake hands with him,
In whose high honour you have made this speech.

* *Them* was until now omitted. C.

Marc. Antonio. And you, sir, come join hands, y'are one amongst them.

Gostanzo. Very well done, now take your several wives,
And spread like wild geese, though you now grow tame;
Live merrily together and agree,
Horns cannot be kept off with jealousy.

EPILOGUE.

Since all our labours are as you can like,
We all submit to you; nor dare presume
To think there's any real worth in them:
Sometimes feasts please the cooks, and not the guests;
Sometimes the guests, and curious cooks contemn them;
Our dishes we intirely dedicate
To our kind guests; but since ye differ so,
Some to like only mirth without taxations,
Some to count such works trifles, and such like,
We can but bring you meat, and set you stools,
*And to our best cheer say, you all are ( ) *welcome.*

* Perhaps by the marks prefixed to the last word of this verse, the author design'd the reader to supply a rhime, which he did not dare to set down. The judgment of a Lord Mayor's *fool* in all matters relative to good eating, was unquestionable even to a proverb. S.

EDITION.

Al Fooles. A Comedy: presented at the Black Fryers; and lately before his Majestie. Written by George Chapman. At London, printed for Thomas Thorpe, 1605. 4to.

EASTWARD HOE.

THERE are three old plays resembling each other in title—*Eastward Hoe, Westward Hoe,* and *Northward Hoe:* the first is that here reprinted, the joint production of Ben Jonson, John Marston, and George Chapman. The second and third were written by Thomas Dekkar, and John Webster. It has been mistakenly thought that *Eastward Hoe,* printed in 1605, was performed earlier than either of the others, published two years afterwards; but its prologue shews that *Westward Hoe* was then on the stage. If this proof had not existed, we might conclude from internal evidence in *Westward Hoe* that it was written before the repeated use of oaths on the stage led to the passing of the statute of 3 James I. against "profane swearing," for it is full of them, while nothing worse than "zounds," or "by heaven," is usually to be found in *Eastward Hoe.* The latter, probably, continued for some years a favourite with the town, as it appears by a postscript to a letter from Robert Daborne to P. Henslowe to have been acted about 1613, as a substitute for a new play which was delayed.

The titles of these comedies were taken, probably, from the exclamations of watermen plying for fares on the Thames. Of this the pieces themselves furnish some evidence, but with regard at least to *Westward Hoe,* it is clearly shewn by the following quotation from George Peele's old historical play of Edward I. printed in 1593, and reprinted in Vol. XI.: the Queen is at Potter's (afterwards called Queen's) Hithe, and the stage direction when she has entered is,

"*Make a noise Westward How.*
Queen. ——— Woman, what noise is this I heare?
Potter's Wife. And like your grace, it is the watermen that call for passengers to go Wesward now."

Mr. Steevens who wrote some notes to this play, appended to the last edition by Mr. Reed, in one of them, (note 4) remarks; "I should not hestitate to

pronounce all such parts of this play as are written in ridicule of Shakespeare, to be Jonson's." This is only a reiteration of the old charge, and it is besides "begging the question" whether the passages be or be not written "in ridicule of Shakespeare:" supposing, however, that they are, there is no sufficient reason for *pronouncing* that they were from the pen of Jonson. Marston was his coadjutor in *Eastward Hoe*, and there is at least as good ground for concluding that Marston was envious of Shakespeare, as that Jonson was influenced by it. Many proofs of Marston's envy of his contemporaries might be drawn from his Satires and Plays; but the subsequent evidence of this spirit towards only one of Shakespeare's Tragedies, will warrant a doubt whether he was not the author of "such parts of this play as are written in ridicule of Shakespeare."

In his *Parasitaster*, printed the year after *Eastward Hoe*, he makes Dondolo parody a celebrated line in Richard III.

"A fool, a fool! my coxcomb for a fool!"

and in his *What you Will*, which passed the press in 1607, he puts the original line into the mouth of Quadratus.

"A horse a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Look thee, I speak play scraps."

But as early as 1598, Marston had levelled at the same passage in his *Scourge of Villainy*.

"A man, a man! a kingdom for a man!"

and it may be added, in conclusion, that in a play by the same author before mentioned, he makes a comic character hold up to ridicule another well-known line in Richard III.

"Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous."

We have already seen that in *The Malcontent*, A. I. Sc. 5. and A. III. Sc. 3. Marston quotes and parodies portions of Hamlet.

There were two distinct editions of *Eastward Hoe* in 1605, with slight variations, and both usually without

the passage which gave offence to King James, referred to in notes 2 and 38. The conjecture, therefore is, that the objectionable leaf or sheet was cancelled, but not until after a certain number of copies had got into circulation, for in some of them it is found inserted.

THE PROLOGUE.

Not out of envy, for there's no effect,
Where there's no cause, nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated;
Nor out of our contention to do better,
Than that which is oppos'd to ours in title;
*For that was good and better cannot be.**
And for the title, if it seem affected,
We might as well have call'd it, God you good even!
Only that eastward, westwards still exceeds;
Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
Nor is our title utterly enforc'd,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Bear with our willing pains; if dull or witty,
We only dedicate it to the city.

* Alluding, probably, to what Mr. Gifford justly calls "the good old comedy" of "Westward Hoe," *opposed in title* to "Eastward Hoe." Westward Hoe" was not printed until 1607, when "Northward Hoe," also appeared; but this reference shews that it was written and acted before "Eastward Hoe," and that the title of the latter was taken from it. Collier: I. 305, III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

MEN.

TOUCHSTONE, *an honest goldsmith in the city.*
QUICKSILVER, *a rake, his 'prentice.*
GOLDING, *his sober 'prentice.*
Sir PETRONEL FLASH, *a poor knight.*
SECURITY, *an old usurer.*
BRAMBLE, *a lawyer.*
SEAGUL, *captain of a ship.*
SCRAPETHRIFT, SPENDALL, } *two of his passengers.*
SLITGUT, *a butcher's 'prentice.*
POLDAVY, *a French taylor.*
HOLDFAST, WOLF, } *two officers belonging to the Compter.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, *the goldsmith's wife.*
GIRTRED, *her daughter, that affects to be a fine lady.*
MILDRED, *her good daughter.*
WINIFRED, *Security's wife.*
SINDEFY, *a cast-mistress of Quicksilver's.**

Mrs. FOND, *Mrs.* GAZER, BETTRICE, HAMLET, POTKIN, PAGE, FOOTMAN, CONSTABLES, PRISONERS, &c.

[1] This enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ is not in the first edition.

* A name intended to be contrasted with the real character of the owner of it: this seems not to have been understood, and until now it has been printed Syndefy. C.

EASTWARD HOE.[2]

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter master TOUCHSTONE *and* QUICKSILVER *at several doors, Quicksilver with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket truss'd up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter* GOLDING; *discovering a goldsmith's shop, and he walking short turns before it.*

Touchstone. AND whither with you now? what loose action are you bound for? come, what comrades are you to meet withal? where's the supper? where's the rendezvous?

[2] *Eastward Hoe.*] This play was the joint production of Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston. What part each author had in the composition cannot be known, but the consequence of writing it had like to have boen very serious to them all. They were accused of reflecting on the Scots, for which they were committed to prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses. They, however, received pardons; and Jonson, on his releasement from prison, gave an entertainment to his friends; amongst whom were Camden and Selden. In the midst of the entertainment, his mother, more an antique Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a portion of it herself, if the sentence for his punishment had been executed. Whatever there might be offensive in this performance at its first appearance, every part of it seems to have been removed in the printing, as nothing now remains which could possibly be liable to objection. In the year 1685, Mr. Tate brought it on the stage at Dorset Gardens, with alterations under the title of *Cuckold's Haven;* or, *An Alderman no Conjuror.* It was again revived at Drury-lane about the year 1752, and a third time at the same Theatre in the year 1777 by Mrs. Lenox, under the title of *Old City Manners.* From this play Mr. Hogarth is supposed to have taken the hint of his series of plates, describing the progress of the industrious and idle apprentices.

Quicksilver. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir—

Touchstone. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French foot-boy, and talk more baudily than a common midwife; and now, indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir; but if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigg'd now? sirrah, I tell thee I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my 'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whither you are running. *Work upon that now.*

Quicksilver. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touchstone. 'Prentices' recreations are seldom with their master's profit. *Work upon that now.* You shall give up your cloak, [3] though you be no alderman. Heyday! ruffians! ha! sword! pumps! here's a racket, indeed! [*Touchstone uncloaks Quicksilver.*

Quicksilver. *Work upon that now.*

Touchstone. Thou shameless varlet, do'st thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures?

Quicksilver. 'Sblood, sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace, and of *quorum;* and though I am a younger brother, and a 'prentice, yet, I hope, I am my father's son; and, by god'slid, 'tis for your worship, and for your commodity, that I keep company. I am entertain'd among gallants; true; they call me cousin Frank; right; I lend them monies; good; they spend it; well: but when they are spent, must not they strive to get more? must not their land fly? and to whom? shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive,

[3] *though you be no alderman*] Among the ancient city regulations concerning apparel is the following: "The lord mayor and those "knights that have borne the office of mayoralty ought to have "their *cloaks* furred with grey amis; and those aldermen that have "not been mayors are to have their *cloaks* furred with calabre. And "likewise such as have been mayors are to have their *cloaks* lined "with changeable taffaty; and the rest are to have them lined with "green taffaty."

if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? how could gentlemen be unthrifts, if their humours were not fed? how should their humours be fed, but by white meat, and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, cousin Frank, some gold for silver: I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, cousin Frank, lend me some silver. Why——

Touchstone. Why? I cannot tell; sevenscore pound art thou in the cash; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no: I hir'd me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good, wholesome, thrifty sentences: as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wiv'd, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes.* You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeez'd out at the buckall: and I grew up; and, I praise providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou—Well, look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you: sevenscore pound is yet in the rear.

Quicksilver. Why, 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it, as any are in London: gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind cousin Frank! good cousin Frank! for they know my father: and, by god'slid, shall not I trust 'em? not trust?

Enter a PAGE, *as enquiring for Touchstone's shop.*

Golding. What do ye lack, sir? what is't you'll buy, sir?

* So in King Henry IV. part 2. "He may sleep in *security*, for he hath the *horn* of abundance." S.

Touchstone. Ay, marry, sir, there's a youth of another piece! there's thy fellow-'prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art; nay, and better mean'd. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Golding. It is his shop, and here my master walks.

[*To the Page.*

Touchstone. With me, boy?

Page. My master, sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touchstone. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy.

[*Exit Page.*

There's another affliction too. As I have two 'prentices; the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry: so have I only two daughters; the eldest, of a proud ambition, and nice wantonness; the other, of a modest humility, and comely soberness. The one must be ladified, forsooth, and be attir'd just to the court-cut, and long tail. So far is she ill-natur'd to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despight, hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has; 'twas her grandmother's gift; let her, and her sir Petronel, flash out that: but as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry; shall never use me as men do foxes, keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, master Quicksilver, think of husks; for thy course is running directly to the prodigal's hog-trough. Husks! sirrah! *Work upon that now.*

[*Exit Touchstone.*

Quicksilver. Marry, pho, goodman Flat-cap: 'sfoot, though I am a 'prentice, I can give arms: my father's a justice o'peace by descent; and, 'sblood——

Golding. Fie, how you swear!

Quicksilver. 'Sfoot man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree. God's my life, sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant; and [4] *let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.* Look not westward to the fall of don Phœbus; but to the east, *Eastward Hoe;*

" *Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,*
" *And bright Eöus makes the welkin clear.*"

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs: let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone, eastward bully! this satin-belly, and canvas-back'd Touchstone—'Slife, man, his father was a maltman, and his mother sold gingerbread in Christchurch.

Golding. What would you ha' me do?

Quicksilver. Why, do nothing: be like a gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labour. (Wipe thy bum with testoons) and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward hoe! wilt thou cry, what is't ye lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? [5] wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms? Be rul'd, turn gallant, Eastward hoe! *ta, ly re, ly re, ro. Who calls Jerinomo? Speak, here I am.** Gods so, how like a sheep thou look'st! A' my conscience, some cow herd begat thee, thou Golding of Golding-hall! Ha, boy?

Golding. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I a cowherd's son! because I turn not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell, like thyself? [*He offers to draw, and Golding trips up his heels, and holds him.*

[4] *let the welkin roar, and Erebus also*] Fragments from Pistol's phraseology. I should not hesitate to pronounce all such parts of this play as are written in ridicule of Shakspeare to be Jonson's. S.

[5] *wilt thou bear tankards*] i. e. wilt thou continue to fetch water from the conduits. This appears to have been part of the duty of an apprentice. See *The Four Prentises of London*, vol. VI.

* Another out of many allusions to the Spanish Tragedy—
" Who calls Hieronimo? speak—here I am." Vide vol. III. p. 130. C.

Quicksilver. Rake-hell, rake-hell!

Golding. Pish; in soft terms, you are a cowardly bragging boy. I'll ha' ye whipt.

Quicksilver. Whipt! that's good, i'faith! Untruss me——

Golding. No; thou wilt undo thyself. Alas! I behold thee with pity, not with anger. Thou common [6] shot-clog, gull of all companies! methinks I see thee already walking in Moorfields without a cloak; with half a hat: without a band; a doublet with three buttons; without a girdle; a hose, with one point and no garter; with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three pence.

Quicksilver. Nay, 'slife, take this, and take all: as I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*

Golding. Go, thou most madly vain! whom nothing can recover, but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious, calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read:

Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base:
From trades, from arts, from valour, honour springs;
These three are founts of gentry, yea of kings.

Enter GIRTRED, MILDRED, BETTRICE, *and* POLDAVY *a taylor. Poldavy with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale, and a* [7] *French fall in his arms. Girtred in a French head attire, and a citizen's gown; Mildred sowing; and* [8] *Bettrice leading a monkey after her.*

Girtred. For the passion of patience, look if sir

[6] *shot-clog*] Incumbrance on a reckoning. *Shot* is the ancient term for the amount of a tavern-bill. S.

[7] *French fall*] See Note to *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI.

[8] *Bettrice leading a monkey after her*] Bettrice is not characterized among the persons of the Drama, nor is the meaning of her present office very intelligible. When a younger sister married before her elder, such insults on the latter were formerly practised; and to lead apes is still the supposed punishment of antiquated virgins in another world. *Mildred*, however, whose marriage was not yet thought of, is the *younger* of these ladies: so that the *maid and the*

Petronel approach. That sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me if he come! Oh, sister Mill, though my father be a low-capt tradesman, yet I must be a lady: and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come? off with this gown for shame's sake, off with this gown! let not my knight take me in the city-cut, in any hand; tear't! pox on't (does he come?) tear't off! *Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake*, &c.

Mildred. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatiency, and disgraceful scorn, do you put off your city tire! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Girtred. I tell you, I cannot endure it; I must be a lady: do you wear your quoiff, with a London licket? your [9] stamel petticoat, with two guards? the buffin gown, with the tuftaffity cape, and the velvet lace? I I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well: To eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty; to line a grogram gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks of 3 li. a smock, are to be born withal: but your mincing niceries, taffity pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life! as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it. Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! *And ever she cry'd, shoot home*—and yet I knew one longer—*And ever she cry'd, shoot home; fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.*

Mildred. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest oft fly with a sick wing.

Girtred. [10] Bow-bell!

Mildred. Where titles presume to thrust before fit

monkey should seem more properly attendants on the idle and affected *Girtred* her *elder* sister. S.

[9] *stamel*] i. e. red. See Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet on *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2.

[10] *Bow-bell*] i. e. the note of a cockney, one born within the sound of Bow-bell.

means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this I would for your sake I spake not truth. *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats, and foxes, and dogs, together, to draw his plough, whiles he followed and sowed salt: but sure I judge them truly mad, that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Girtred. Alas, poor Mill! when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet i'faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee sister Mill still; for though thou art not like to be a lady, as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and may'st peradventure be sav'd as soon as I, (does he come?) *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.*

Mildred. [11] Now (lady's my comfort), what a profane ape's here!

Girtred. Taylor Poldavis, pr'ythee fit it, fit it! [12] is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up round?

Poldavy. Fine and stifly, i'faith; it will keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small! Here

[11] *Now (lady's my comfort),* &c.] In the 4to. the three speeches here assigned to Girtred and Mildred are given to *Girtred* only. But the alteration now made seems to be necessary, as *Girtred* cannot be supposed to censure the licentiousness of her own conversation.

The allusion is to the profaneness of the *ape*, and not of her own conversation. Bettrice had brought in a *monkey* with her. C.

[12] *is this a right Scot*] Sir David Dalrymple, in his Notes on *Bannatyne's Ancient Scottish Poems*, 12mo. 1770. p. 255. observes, "It will scarcely be believed in *this* age, that in *the last* the *City* "*ladies* reformed their hereditary farthingales after the *Scottish* "*fashion.*" That gentleman seems to suppose the whole of the last two speeches to belong to Mildred.

Again in Dekkar's *Westward Hoe*, 1607, sig. A 2.—

"—— Nay, they have the trick on't to be sicke for a new gowne, "or a carcanet, or a diamond or so: and I wist this is better wit "then to learne how to weare a Scotch farthingale." I. R.

was a fault in your body; but I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument; which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Girtred. Most edifying taylor! I protest, you taylors are most sanctified members; and make many crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands? light? light?

Poldavy. O ay, now you are in the lady fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light; ay, and fall so: that's the court-amble.

[*She trips about the stage.*

Girtred. Has the court ne'er a trot?

Poldavy. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Girtred. *And if she will not go to bed—* [*Cantat.*

Bettrice. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir PETRONEL, *Mr.* TOUCHSTONE, *and Mrs.* TOUCHSTONE.

Girtred. Is my knight come? O the lord, my band! Sister, do my cheeks look well? give me a little box o' the ear, that I may seem to blush. Now, now! so, there! there! here he is! O my dearest delight! lord! lord! and how does my knight?

Touchstone. Fie, with more modesty.

Girtred. Modesty! why, I am no citizen now. Modesty! am I not to be married? y'are best to keep me modest now I am to be a lady.

Sir Petronel. Boldness is a good fashion, and court-like.

Girtred. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner knight?

Sir Petronel. Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one count Epernoum, a Welch knight; we had a match at baloon too with my lord Whachum, for four crowns.

Girtred. At baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at baboon in the country.

Sir Petronel. O, sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

Girtred. With arm or leg, or any other member, if

it be a court sport. And when shall's be married my knight?

Sir Petronel. I come now to consummate it; and your father may call a poor knight son-in-law.

Mr. Touchstone. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pounds land her grandmother left her:* 'tis your's: herself (as her mother's gift) is your's. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. *Work upon that now.*

Sir Petronel. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

Touchstone. Sir, sir, what I know not you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mrs. Touchstone. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is a knight, and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. An I thought you would not ha' been knighted, as I am an honest woman. I would ha' dubb'd you myself. I praise God, I have wherewithal. But as for you, daughter——

Girtred. Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow; and by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

Mrs. Touchstone. That you shall, lady-daughter; and have a coach as well as I too.

Girtred. Yes, mother. But, by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touchstone. Come, come, the day grows low: 'tis supper time. Use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my

* Girtred's dower must be understood as £100 per Annum, as on a subsequent page we find that there was a house upon the land as well as £200 of wood ready to be felled, O. G.

willing blessing: for (I cannot feign) my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter: she has refused for you wealthy and honest matches, known [13]good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

Girtred. Body a truth, citizens! citizens!* sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable city; presently! carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell, I beseech thee, down with me, for God's sake.

Touchstone. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:

The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first;
He that has most drank, may soonest be a thirst.

Work upon that now.

[*All but Touchstone, Mildred, and Golding depart.* No, no; yonder stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter: and how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you fancy her choice? what dost thou think?

Mildred. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touchstone. Nay but, nay, but how doest thou like her behaviour and humour? speak freely.

Mildred. I am loath to speak ill; and yet I am sorry of this I cannot speak well.

Touchstone. Well: very good; as I would wish: a modest answer. Golding, come hither: hither, Golding. How doest thou like the knight sir Flash? does he not look big? how lik'st thou the elephant? he says, he has a castle in the country.

Golding. Pray heaven the elephant carry not his castle on his back!

Touchstone. 'Fore heaven, very well: but seriously, how doest repute him?

[13] *good men*] i. e. in the mercantile sense, *rich* men. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Shylock says, "Antonio's a *good* man."

* In both the old copies of 1605, they are spelt *Chittizens*, and marked with Italics. Perhaps Girtred thus pronounced it to shew her contempt, or it might be mere affectation. C.

Golding. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touchstone. Ha, Golding, I commend thee; I approve thee; and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Doest thou see my daughter here? she is not fair, well-favoured, or so; indifferent; which modest measure of beauty, shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly; she is modest; thou art provident; she is careful. She's now mine: give me thy hand, she's now thine. *Work upon that now.*

Golding. Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touchstone. Say'st thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see you fellow? He is a gentleman (though my 'prentice,) and has somewhat to take to; a youth of good hope: well friended, [14]well parted. Are you mine? you are his. *Work you upon that now.*

Mildred. Sir, I am all your's; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life: let your virtue still direct it; for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touchstone. Say'st thou so? Be you two better acquainted; lip her, lip her, knave! so, shut up shop: in. We must make holiday.

[*Exeunt Golding and Mildred.*

This match shall on; for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the mean, or lofty love:
Whether fit wedlock, vow'd 'twixt like and like;
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expence,
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now. [*Exit.*

[14] *well-parted*] Has sense and good parts. S. P.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, *and* MILDRED, *sitting on either side of the stall.*

Touchstone. Quicksilver! master Francis Quicksilver! master Quicksilver!

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quicksilver. Here, sir—ump.

Touchstone. So, sir; nothing but flat master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you! Will you truss my points, sir?

Quicksilver. Ay, forsooth—ump.

Touchstone. How now, sir! the drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Quicksilver. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth.

Touchstone. What! have you the cause natural for it? y'are a very learned drunkard. I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous wesand.

Quicksilver. An't please you, sir, we did but drink (ump) to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touchstone. To the coming off an him?

Quicksilver. Ay, forsooth; we drunk to his coming on (ump) when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off: for that's the chief honour of a soldier, sir, and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump.

Touchstone. A very capital reason! [15] So that you go to bed late, and rise early, to commit drunkenness, you fulfill the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Quicksilver. The knight's men, forsooth, be still a' their knees at it*— ump; and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loth to flinch.

[15] *So that you go to bed late, and rise early,* &c.] A profane allusion to scripture. S. P.

* See Note to the *The Honest Whore,* vol. III. p. 402. C.

Touchstone. I pray, sir, e'en to em again then: y'are one of the separated crew; one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's; with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quicksilver. So, sir, now I will go keep my (ump) credit with them; an't please you, sir.

Touchstone. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomach, I beseech you.

Quicksilver. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit Quicksilver.*

Touchstone. This is for my credit! Servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house, for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason! I thank time, the night is past: I ne'er wak'd to such cost: I think we have stow'd more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark receiv'd: and for wine—why, my house turns giddy with it: and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ah me! even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 'tis our city's fault; which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully. We lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it: O that we would do so in virtue, and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can shew. I'll eaves-drop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

Enter GOLDING *and* MILDRED.*

Golding. But is it possible, that you seeing your sister preferr'd to the bed of a knight should contain your affections in the arms of a 'prentice?

Mildred. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with sattin.

Golding. And do the costly garments, the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more inflame you, than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

* Mildred is not mentioned in the quartos: both she and Golding have been before mentioned in the scene as "sitting on either side of, "the stall," and *enter* here only means that they came forward on the stage. C.

Mildred. I have observ'd that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recover'd: they bear one headlong in desire, from one novelty to another: and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs, to go to our objects; not wings, to fly to them.

Golding. How dear an object you are to my desires, I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it; yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education. What increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not, will be aspir'd to by me. I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours: I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

Touchstone. Work upon that now! By my hopes, he wooes honestly and orderly. He shall be the anchor of my hope. Look ye, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow!

Enter QUICKSILVER *unlac'd, a towel about his neck, in his flat cap, drunk.*

Quicksilver. Eastward hoe! [16] *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia.*

Touchstone. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quicksilver. (Ump) puldo, puldo!* showse, quoth the Caliver.

[16] *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia*] This is a line taken from Marlow's Play of *Tamberlain*, and ridiculed in the character of Pistol, in *The Second Part of King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4.

* In the two quartos, it stands thus:

"Am pum, pull eo pullo!"

Perhaps Quicksilver had just come off the water, and imitated the cries of encouragement to the rowers. C.

Golding. Fie! fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in?

Quicksilver. Pickle! pickle in thy throat. Zounds, pickle! wa, ha, ho! Good-morrow, knight Petronel: morrow, lady Goldsmith. Come off, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Golding. Why, how now, sir, do you know where you are?

Quicksilver. Where I am! why, 'sblood, you jolt-head, where am I?

Golding. Go to, go to; for shame go to bed, and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

Quicksilver. Shame! what shame? I thought thou would'st show thy bringing up: and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money; save my credit. I must dine with the serving-men and their wives: and their wives, sirrah.

Golding. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee three-pence.

Quicksilver. 'Sfoot, lend me some money: [17] *Hast thou not Hyren here?*

Touchstone. Why, how now, sirrah? what vein's this, hah?

Quicksilver. *Who cries on murder? Lady, was it you?** How does our master? pr'ythee cry, Eastward hoe!

Touchstone. Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now, I see; you're drunk.

Quicksilver. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touchstone. And I hear you keep a whore in town.

Quicksilver. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touchstone. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quicksilver. So do I: my father's a gentleman; *Work upon that now.* Eastward hoe!

Touchstone. Sir, Eastward hoe [18] will make you go

[17] *Hast thou not Hyren here?*] So Pistol says, *Have we not Hyren?*

* Another quotation from the Spanish Tragedy. C.

[18] *will make you go Westward hoe*] i. e. will make you go to Tyburn. So in Greene's second part of the Art of Conny Catching, Sig. 2.—

Westward hoe. I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your licence. There, sir; there's your indenture. All your apparel (that I must know) is on your back: and from this time my door is shut to you. From me be free; but for other freedom, and the monies you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

Quicksilver. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent: fly with a duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touchstone. Good sir!

Quicksilver. [19] *When this eternal substance of my soul——*

Touchstone. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quicksilver. *Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh——*

Touchstone. What then, sir?

Quicksilver. *I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name* *——

Touchstone. Good master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quicksilver. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touchstone. Not a penny.

Quicksilver. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance. I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign: *Work upon that now.*

[*Exit, staggering.*

Touchstone. Now, sirrah, you, hear you; you shall serve me no more neither: not an hour longer.

" and yet at last so long the pitcher goeth to the brooke that it cometh broken home: and so long the foists put their villainie in practice that *Westward they goe*, and there solemnly make a rehearsal sermon at *tiborne*."

Again in the third part, sig. C.—" the end of such (though they scape a while) will be sailing *Westward in a carte to Tiborn*." I. R.

So also in a curious passage in Fuller's Church History, Lib. 10. p. 101. O. G.

[19] *When this eternal substance*, &c.] Taken from the Prologue to *The Spanish Tragedy*.

* See these words with a slight variation in vol. III. p. 99. C.

Golding. What mean you, sir?

Touchstone. I mean to give thee thy freedom; and with thy freedom my daughter: and with my daughter, a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make knight Petronel himself envy thee. Y'are both agreed; are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission both of thanks and duty.

Touchstone. Well then, the great power of heaven bless and confirm you! And, Golding, that my love to thee may not shew less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Golding. Let me beseech you, no, sir. The superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly: nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, only your reverend presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touchstone. Son to mine own bosom; take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir-reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravish'd with desire to hansel her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother; and while their preparation is making, ourselves with some two or three other friends will consummate the humble match we have in God's name concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keep long a quiet bed.
'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)
Get with more ease, than gentry keeps his own. [Exeunt.

Enter SECURITY.

Security. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep he is much recover'd, and I think is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is as 'twere the cave, where the young out-law hoards the stolen vails of his occupation: and here, when he

will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks; and (I may say softly) his punks. He dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am security itself; my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter QUICKSILVER, *in his 'prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himself. Security following.*

Quicksilver. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burn'd wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose to get more children of perdition into thy usurous bonds. Thou feed'st my letchery, and I thy covetousness. Thou art pander to me, for my wench: and I to thee, for thy cousenage. *K. me, K. thee,** runs through court and country.

Security. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver. Those K's ope the doors to all this world's felicity. The dullest forehead sees it. Let not Mr. Courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders. I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villainy in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap.

Quicksilver. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be us'd, 'tis but as a 'scape† to the net of villainy. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. "Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds."

Enter SINDEFY, *with* QUICKSILVER'S *doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.*

Sindefy. Here, sir, put off the other half of your 'prenticeship.

Quicksilver. Well said, sweet Sin, bring forth my bravery.

Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd:
I now am free; and now will justify
My trunks and punks. Avant, dull flat-cap, then!

* See note to Gifford's Massinger, vol. IV. p. 34. C.

† The sense of this passage has been entirely lost by printing *'scape, scrap*, which is totally without warrant. C.

[20] Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!*
There lie, thou husk of my envassal'd state.
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistine's bands:
And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,
I'll lie; and snore out my enfranchis'd state.
When Sampson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increased then;
He sold no more, nor cup, nor can;
But did them all despise.
Old Touchstone now write to thy friends,
For one to sell thy base gold ends;
Quicksilver, now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.
But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dress'd to-day?

Security. That I have, Frank. The ostler o' th' Cock dress'd him for a breakfast.

Quicksilver. What did he eat him?

Security. No; but he ate his breakfast for dressing him: and so dress'd him for breakfast.

Quicksilver. *O witty age, where age is young in wit; And all youths words have gray beards full of it!*

Sindefy. But, alas, Frank! how will all this be maintain'd now? your place maintain'd it before.

Quicksilver. Why, and I maintain'd my place. I'll to the court; another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly city. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing, an old song and a true: *Thou art a she-fool, and knowst not what belongs to our male*

[20] *Via*] See Note 11 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V.

† This alludes to a scene in the Tragedy of *Mulleasses the Turke*, 1610, by Mason, where Borgias appears as a ghost, and is addressed by Mulleasses in these words:—

"Illusive ayre, false shape of Borgias,
Could thy vaine shadow worke a feare in him
That like an Atlas under went the earth,
When with a prim and constant eye he saw
Hell's fifty-headed porter: thus I'd prove
Thy apparition idle—— [*Runnes at Borgias.*
Borg. Treason! I live."

wisdom. I shall be a merchant, forsooth! trust my estate in a wooden trough, as he does! What are these ships, but tennis-balls for the wind to play withal? tost from one wave to another: now under-line, now over the house: sometimes brick-wall'd against a rock, so that the guts fly out again: sometimes struck under the wide hazard, and farewell, Mr. Merchant!

Sindefy. Well, Frank, well; the seas you say are uncertain; but he that sails in your court-seas shall find 'em ten times fuller of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can indure: but when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you? What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord; proportion your looks to his looks; smiles to his smiles; fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Quicksilver. Tush! he's no journey-man in his craft that cannot do that.

Sindefy. But he's worse than a 'prentice that does it: not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the roast. And when my honourable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal (the groom of his close-stool) says it shall not be thus; claps the door after him, and who dares enter? A 'prentice, quoth you? 'tis but to learn to live, and does that disgrace a man? he that rises hardly, stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas! falls as easily.

Quicksilver. A pox on you! who taught you this morality?

Security. 'Tis along of this witty age, Mr. Francis. But indeed, Mrs. Sindefy, all trades complain of inconvenience; and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant he complains, and says, traffick is subject to much uncertainty and loss: let 'em keep their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not to expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds,

under protection of a wooden wall, as Mr. Francis says, and all for greedy desire to inrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so: where I, and such other honest men as live by lending of money, are content with moderate profit, thirty or forty i'the hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading as they do——

Quicksilver. Ay, dad, thou mayest well be call'd Security, for thou takest the safest course.

Security. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For merchants in their courses are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth, another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and [21] at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast; and so forth. The farmer he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful; corn will bear no price; and so forth. Th' artificer, he's all for a stirring world: if his trade be too full, or fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we, that trade in nothing but money, are free from all this. We are pleas'd with all weathers: let it rain, or hold up; be calm or windy; let the season be whatsoever; let trade go how it will; we take all in good part; e'en what please the heavens to send us; so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns; and make up days, months, and years.

Quicksilver. And you have good security?

Security. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Quicksilver. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades

[21] *at every shaking of a leaf*, &c.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1.

"My wind, cooling my broth,
"Would blow me to an ague, when I thought,
"What harm a wind too great might do at sea."

to live withal: for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings; and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit: he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

Security. Witty, master Francis!
'Tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours. Do but bring knight Petronel into my parchment-toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o' my credit. You know his wife's lands?

Quicksilver. Even to a foot, sir; I have been often there: a pretty fine seat; good land; all intire, within itself.

Security. Well wooded?

Quicksilver. Two hundred pounds worth of wood, ready to fell: and a fine sweet-house, that stands just in the midst on't; like a prick in the midst of a circle. Would I were your farmer, for an hundred pounds a year.

Security. Excellent, Mr. Francis, how I do long to do thee good! *How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich thee!* ay, even to die, that thou mightest inherit my living; *even hunger and thirst*— for o' my religion, Mr. Francis, and so tell knight Petronel, I do it to do him a pleasure.

Quicksilver. Marry, dad, his horses are now coming up, to bear down his lady: wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'em in?

Security. Faith, Mr. Francis, I would be loth to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quicksilver. *A pox of your hunger and thirst!* Well, dad, let him have money. All he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia: the fame of which voyage is so closely convey'd, that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnish'd him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

Security. Now a frank gale of wind go with him, master Frank! We have too few such knight adven-

turers. Who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase (with any danger) excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seal to-day, he shall have his money to-day.

Quicksilver. To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country. To work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Sin here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter; a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for a while to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buz pretty devices into her lady's ear, feeding her humours so serviceably (as the manner of such as she is, you know).

Security. True, good master Francis.*

Quicksilver. That she shall keep her port open to any thing she commends to her.

Security. O' my religion, a most fashionable project! As good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her: for 'tis three to one of one side.—Sweet Mrs. Sindefy, how are you bound to master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Sindefy. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quicksilver. With all festination: I have broken the ice to it already: and will presently to the knight's house: whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality to man her.

Security. Command me, master Francis; *I do hunger and thirst to do thee service.* Come, sweet Mrs. Synne, take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet frank, master Francis, at your lady's.

Enter WINIFRED *above.*

Winifred. Where is my Cu there? Cu!

Security. I, Winny!

* After these words in both the quartos, *Enter Sindefy* is printed, but her *exit* is not previously noticed. C.

Winifred. Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu?

Security. I, Winny, presently. [*Exeunt.*

Quicksilver. I, Winny, quoth he; that's all he can do, poor man: he may well cut off her name at Winny. O 'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O 'tis a notable jew's-trump! I hope to live to see dog's meat made of the old userer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin. And yet his skin is too thick to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a [22]Peterman to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum, is your puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and sleekest knaves in a country.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH *in boots, with a riding-wand.*

Sir Petronel. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot: here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall: not a feather waving, nor a spur gingling any where: I'll away instantly.

Quicksilver. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight; or else your eastward castle will smoak but miserably.

Sir Petronel. O, Frank! my castle: alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st.

Quicksilver. I know it, knight; and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Sir Petronel. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said, I had a castle and land eastward; and eastward she will without contradiction. Her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full-but; and the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

Quicksilver. And I fear, when her inchanted castle

[22] *Peter-man*] I suppose this means of the Apostle Saint Peter's trade, a fisherman. S.

It was the common appellation of those who formerly used unlawful engines and arts in catching fish in the river Thames. N.

The boats used by fishermen on the Thames are still invariably called *Peterboats*. C.

becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Sir Petronel. O that she would have the grace! for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

Quicksilver. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your directions; and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it; and then cloath but her crouper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list: for these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly.

Sir Petronel. But alas! sweet Frank, thou know'st my ability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Quicksilver. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money, or commodity; and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Sir Petronel. Commodity! alas, what commodity?

Quicksilver. Why, sir? what say you to figs and raisons?

Sir Petronel. A plague of figs and raisons, and all such [23]frail commodities! we shall make nothing of 'em.

Quicksilver. Why then, sir, what say you to forty pounds in roasted beef?

Sir Petronel. Out upon't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisons. I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine: for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid to arrest me; and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

Quicksilver. God's me, knight, put 'em in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you: let 'em take their choice; either the King's Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best; for, by the lord, I like none of 'em.

[23] *frail*] Alluding to the sort of package they are usually put in. S. P.

Sir Petronel. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Quicksilver. Why then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the blood-hound Security will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Sir Petronel. There spake an angel!* To bring her to which conformity, I must fain myself extremely amorous; and, alledging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately, as she would from [24] her foisting-hound.

Quicksilver. You have the sow by the right ear, sir! I warrant there was never child long'd more to ride a cockhorse, or wear his new coat, than she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for every thing when she was a maid: and now she will run mad for 'em. I'll lay my life she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog bound to his wheel more servilely than you should be to her wheel: for as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel, but when the top comes under him; so shall you never climb the top of her contentment, but when she is under you.

Sir Petronel. Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quicksilver. Nay, hark you, sir: What nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewitch'd, sometimes in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give

* This was perhaps designed as a sneer on the Dauphin's Speech in *King John.*

" And even there, methinks, *an angel spake.*" S.

[24] *her foisting-hound*] So, in *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 4. " --the lady " *brach* may stand by the fire and stink."

See a Note on this passage in the last edition of Shakspear 1778. vol. IX. p. 391. S.

her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue, and betwixt the toes! How she will revile and kiss you; spit in your face, and lick it off again! how she will vaunt you are her creature! she made you of nothing! how she could have had thousand-mark jointures! [25] she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him! she could have had poynados in her bed every morning! how she set you up, and how she will pull you down! you'll never be able to stand o' your legs to indure it.

Sir Petronel. Out of my fortune! What a death is my life bound face to face to! the best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing. Marriage is but a form in the school of policy, to which scholars sit fasten'd only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the farther off with me.

Quicksilver. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly, with my punk Sindefy, whom, you know, your lady has promis'd me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Sir Petronel. It falls out excellently fitly: I see, desire of gain makes jealousy venturous.

Enter GIRTRED.

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord, how she views thee! she knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Girtred. How now? who are you, I pray?

Quicksilver. One master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

[25] *she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him:*] In Scotland notorious cohabitation is sufficient to establish a matrimonial engagement without any formal ceremony. Sir George Mackensie says, "It is not necessary, that marriage "should be celebrated by a clergyman. The consent of parties "may be declared before any magistrate, or simply before wit-"nesses: and though no formal consent should appear, marriage "is presumed from the cohabitation, or living together, at bed and "board, of a man and woman who are generally re uted husband "and wife. One's acknowledgment of his marriage to the mid-"wife, whom he called to his wife, and to the minister who bap-"tized his child, was found sufficient presumptive evidence of "marriage, without the aid either of cohabitation or of *habite* and "*repute*." *Principles of the Law of Scotland*, edit. 1764, p. 6.

Girtred. God's my dignity! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water: would I were unmarried again!

Enter SECURITY *and* SINDEFY.

Where's my woman, I pray?

Quicksilver. See, madam; she now comes to attend you.

Security. God save my honourable knight, and his worship's lady!

Girtred. Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Security. No, madam: till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

Girtred. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Security. She is, madam: and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service; to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Girtred. A nun! what nun? a nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

Security. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vow'd maid of that order.

Girtred. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you—and can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Sindefy. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Girtred. Well said; hold up then; hold up your head, I say; come hither a little.

Sindefy. I thank your ladyship.

Girtred. And hark you, good man, you may put on your hat now I do not look on you.—I must have you of my faction now; not of my knight's, maid.

Sindefy. No, forsooth, madam; of yours.

Girtred. And draw all my servants in my bow; and keep my counsel; and tell me tales; and put me riddles; and read on a book sometimes, when I am busy;

and laugh at country gentlewomen; and command any thing in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine: and in any case be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Security. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Girtred. Very well: you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Security. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Girtred. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoon an he sup from me.

Sir Petronel. Pray thee forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Girtred. I, by lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing; come in, I say: as I am a lady, you shall not go.

Quicksilver. I told him, what a bur he had gotten.

Security. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Girtred. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a-bed soon enough after supper.

Sir Petronel. What a medicine is this! Well, Mr. Security, you are new married, as well as I; I hope you are bound as well: we must honour our young wives, you know.

Quicksilver. In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has seal'd.

Security. I hope in the morning yet your knighthood will breakfast with me.

Sir Petronel. As early as you will, sir.

Security. I thank your good worship; I *do hunger and thirst to do you good*, sir.

Girtred. Come, sweet knight, come, I *do hunger and thirst to be a-bed with thee.* [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter SIR PETRONEL, QUICKSILVER, SECURITY, BRAMBLE *and* WINIFRED.

Sir Petronel. Thanks for your feast-like breakfast, good Mr. Security. I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means, by any kind amends, to shew how affectionately I take your kindness; and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Security. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship: I am new married to this fair gentlewoman you know; and, by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you, to make you godfather (though in your absence) to the first child I am bless'd withal: and henceforth call me gossip I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

SirPetronel. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child; wheresoever my fortune in event of my voyage shall bestow me.

Security. How now, my coy [26] wedlock! make you strange of so noble a favour? take it, I charge you, with all affection; and (by way of taking your leave) present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

Quicksilver. How venturous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Sir Petronel. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection! And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready, to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it.

Security. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, Mr. Bramble the lawyer, hath perus'd

[26] *wedlock*] i. e. wife. See Note 27 to *The Roaring Girl*, vol. VI.

them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Sir Petronel. Good Mr. Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then: God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients.

Bramble. And you foreright winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage. [*Exit.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

Sir Petronel. What are they?

Quicksilver. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, captain Seagull, and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Sir Petronel. Let them enter, I pray you. I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter SEAGUL, SCRAPETHRIFT,* *and* SPENDALL.

Seagull. God save my honourable colonel.

Sir Petronel. Welcome, good captain Seagul, and worthy gentlemen! If you will meet my friend Frank here, and me, at the Blue Anchor Tavern by Billinsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

Spendall. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir: but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name; so for your own safety, and ours, let it be continued; our meeting, and speedy purpose of departing, known to as few as it is possible, lest your ship and goods should be attach'd.

Quicksilver. Well advised, captain! our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures. Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed; and with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the 'vantage, and away.†

* The quartos call him Scapethrift. C.

† Nash makes the same use of the similarity of sound between vintage and vantage—

"*Bacchus.* Our vintage was a *vintage*, for it did not work upon

Spendall. We will not fail but be there, sir.

Sir Petronel. Good morrow, good captain, and my worthy associates! health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip. For you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Security. With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a COACHMAN *in haste in's frock, feeding.*

Coachman. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'slight, they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter HAMLET, *a footman, in haste.*

Hamlet. What, coachman! my lady's coach, for shame! her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter POTKIN, *a tankard bearer.*

Potkin. [27] 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? whither run you now? you should brush up my old mistress.

Enter SINDEFY.

Sindefy. What, Potkin? you must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat, and wait upon Mrs. Touchstone into the country. [*Exit.*

Potkin. I will, forsooth, presently. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. FOND, *and Mrs.* GAZER.

Fond. Come, sweet mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my lady Flash take coach.

Gazer. O'my word, here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launch'd last day, Mrs. Fond?

Fond. O God, an we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gazer. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

" the *advantage*: it came in in the vant-guard of the summer, and " winds and storms met it by the way, and made it cry, Alas! and " well-a-day." *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600. C.

[27] *'Sfoot, Hamlet, are yo u mad?*] A sneer on the madness of the Prince of Denmark. S.

Fond. O! she's married to a most * fine castle i'th' country they say.

Gazer. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond. O, no! they say her knight kill'd 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gazer. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter GIRTRED, *Mrs.* TOUCHSTONE, SINDEFY, HAMLET, POTKIN.

Fond. She comes! she comes! she comes!

Gazer and Fond. Pray heaven bless your ladyship!

Girtred. Thank you, good people; my coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! in good truth, I shall swoon else.

Hamlet. Coach! coach! my lady's coach! [*Exit.*

Girtred. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mrs. Touchstone. I, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that. I have seen a little prick, no bigger than a pin's head, swell bigger and bigger, till it has come to an [28]ancome; and e'en so 'tis in these cases.

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Your coach is coming, madam.

Girtred. That's well said; now heaven! methinks, I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire.

Mrs. Touchstone. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way afoot?

Girtred. I, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milk, as I have another servant does.

Mrs. Touchstone. Alas! 'tis e'en pity methinks; for

* Omitted by Mr. Reed. C.

[28] *ancome*] I believe we should read an *uncome*, a provincial word which I have heard used for some kind of tumour on the hand. S.

In Littleton's *Dictionary*, an *ancome* is explained an *ulcer*. S. P.

God's sake, buy him a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em; alas! we must do as we would be done to.

Girtred. Go to, hold your peace, dame, you talk like an old fool, I tell you.

Enter SIR PETRONEL FLASH *and* QUICKSILVER.

Sir Petronel. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honeysuckle, before I can go with thee?

Girtred. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st: but I marvel how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quicksilver. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to 'prentice Golding: your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'em in all haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might furnish their nuptial table.

Girtred. There's a base fellow, my father, now: but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter! he must call me daughter no more now: but, *madam, and please you, madam; and please your worship, madam,* indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base 'prentice?

Mrs. Touchstone. What should one do? is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? how shall we punish him, madam?

Girtred. As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'd so pebble 'em with snow balls as they come from church! —but sirrah, Frank Quicksilver.

Quicksilver. Ay, madam.

Girtred. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye call'ts in the garret?

Quicksilver. I know not what you mean, madam.

Girtred. [29] *His head as white as milk,*
All flaxen was his hair;
But now he is dead,
And lain in his bed,
And never will come again.

[29] *His head as white as milk*] A sneer at one of Ophelia's Dities in *Hamlet.* S.

God be at your labour.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, MILDRED [30] *with rosemary.*

Sir Petronel. Was there ever such a lady?

Quicksilver. See, madam, the bridegroom!

Girtred. God's my precious! God give you joy, [31] mistress What-lack-you. Now, out upon thee, baggage! my sister married in a taffeta hat? marry, hang you! westward, [32] with a wanion t'ye! nay, I have done we ye, minion, then i'faith; never look to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come down to my castle? fie upon thee! I charge thee, in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touchstone. An't please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father; and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mrs. Touchstone. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy 'prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou miss-proud 'prentice, darest thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Golding. It pleas'd my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour. And though I confess myself far unworthy such a worthy wife, being in part her servant as I am your 'prentice; yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman; and by the trade I have learn'd of my master (which, I trust, taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter: my hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, that, in the end, I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double 'prentice.

Touchstone. Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

[30] *with rosemary*] See Note 50 to *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

[31] *mistress What-lack-you*] Because she was the apprentice's wife, whose phrase, when walking before his master's door, was "What lack you, Sir." S. P.

[32] *with a wannion t'ye!*] See Note 10 to *The City Night-Cap*, vol. XI.

Girtred. Sun? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him! he's a gentleman!

Golding. I, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Sir Petronel. Never stand a'your gentry, Mr. Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand on neither shortly.

Touchstone. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Sir Petronel. What mean you sir?

Touchstone. Bold to put off my hat to your worship——

Sir Petronel. Nay pray forbear, sir; and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touchstone. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen: there is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural; now, though your worship be a gentleman natural—*Work upon that now.*

Quicksilver. Well said, old Touch; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith: forth, I beseech thee.

Touchstone. Cry you mercy, sir; your worship's a gentleman I do not know: if you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

Quicksilver. Go to, old Quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touchstone. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship: and therefore, till I speak to your gallantry in deed, I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my poor son and daughter! let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe: ambition consumes itself with the very show. *Work upon that now.*

[*Exeunt Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred.**

Girtred. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake: let him make his 'prentice his son, for God's sake: give away his daughter, for God's sake: and when they come a begging to us for God's sake—Farewel, sweet knight; pray thee make haste after.

* This stage direction is not in any of the old copies. It is however a necessary explanation. C.

Sir Petronel. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Quicksilver. *Now, O now I must depart;*
Parting though it absence move.
This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

What a grief 'tis to depart,
And leave the flower that has my heart!
My sweet lady, and alack for woe,
Why should we part so!

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your pain lie on that side?

Sir Petronel. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quicksilver. Excellent easily: divide yourself into two halfs, just by the girdlestead [33]; send one half with your lady, and keep t'other to yourself. Or else do as all true lovers do, part with your heart, and leave your body behind. I have seen't done a hundred times. 'Tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweet-heart, and he ne'er the worse; as for a mouse to get from a trap, and leave his tail behind him.—See, here come the writings.

Enter SECURITY *with a* SCRIVINER.

Security. Good morrow to my worshipful lady. I present your ladyship with this writing; to which if you please to set your hand with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your journey a'my credit.

Girtred. What writing is it, knight?

Sir Petronel. The sale (sweet-heart) of the poor tenement I told thee of; only to make a little money to send thee down furniture for my castle; to which my hand shall lead thee.

Girtred. Very well: now give me your pen, I pray.

[33] *girdlestead*]. i. e. the part or place on which the girdle is worn. In ancient books we often have the market *stead* for the market *place*, the chimney *stead* for the *place* in the chimney corner; and we still call the frame, on which the bedding is placed, the *bed-stead*. S.

So, in Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 54. "—some short, scarcely "reaching to the *girdle stead* or waste, some to the knee, &c."

Quicksilver. It goes down without chewing, i'faith!
Scrivener. Your worships deliver this as your deed?
Ambo. We do.
Girtred. So now, knight, farewel till I see thee.
Sir Petronel. All farewel to my sweet-heart.
Mrs. Touchstone. [34] God b'ye, son knight.
Sir Petronel. Farewel, good mother.
Girtred. Farewel, Frank, I would fain take thee down, if I could.
Quicksilver. I thank your good ladyship: farewel, mistress Sindefy. [*Exeunt.*
Sir Petronel. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end!
What will they think of me?
Quicksilver. Think what they list; they long'd for a vagary into the country, and now they are fitted; so a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their marriages: this is not the first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.
Sir Petronel. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think. He that weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A man in the course of this world should be like a surgeon's instrument, work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better.
Quicksilver. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when she returns: we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.
Sir Petronel. Well, my kind compeer, [*To Security.*] you have now th' assurance we both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money we agree on may be brought to the Blue-Anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six o'clock, where I and my chief friends bound for this voyage will with feasts attend you.
Security. The money, my honourable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

[34] *God b'ye*] *God be with ye, Farewel.* The 4to has *God boye.* S. P.

Sir Petronel. Thanks, my dear gossip, I must now impart
To your approved love a loving secret;
As one, on whom my life doth more rely,
In friendly trust, than any man alive:
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections, for affection only:
For I protest, if God bless my return,
To make you partner in my action's gain,
As deeply as if you had ventur'd with me
Half my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have enjoyed with such divine contentment
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so *I thirst and hunger*
To taste the dear feast of her company.
And if the *hunger* and the *thirst* you vow
(As my sworn gossip) to my wished good
Be, as I know it is, unfeign'd and firm,
Do me an easy favour in your power.

Security. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do
To my best nerve is wholly at your service:
Who is the woman (first) that is your friend?

Sir Petronel. The woman is your learned counsel's wife;
The lawyer, master Bramble: whom would you
Bring out this even, in honest neighbourhood,
To take his leave with you of me your gossip:
I, in the mean time, will send this my friend
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd
Before his face into our company:
For love hath made her look for such a wile,
To free her from his tyrannous jealousy;
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away to make us sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
And I am sure that no man like yourself
Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy,
To so long stay abroad, as may give time

To her enlargement in such safe disguise.

Security. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood,
[35] For such a point devise? that as the ship
Of famous Draco [36] went about the world,
We'll wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world himself: he hath it in his arms;
And that's enough for him without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious; and his head
Cannot be prais'd nor rais'd too high,
With any fork of highest knavery.
I'll go fetch her straight. [*Exit Security.*

Sir Petronel. So, so! now, Frank, go thou home to his house,
Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither:
Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is prison'd
With his stern usurous jealousy *; which could never
Be over-reach'd thus, but with over-reaching.

Enter SECURITY.

Security. And Mr. Francis, watch you the instant time
To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,
To find horn'd beasts, a camel, and a lawyer.

Quicksilver. How the old villain joys in villainy!

Security. And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready; ship her to your ship
With utmost haste, lest Mr. Bramble stay you.
To o'er-reach that head, that out-reacheth all heads,
'Tis a trick rampant; 'tis a very quiblin.
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers;

[35] *For such* a point devise?] This phrase is observed by Mr. Steevens to be of French extraction *à points divisez*, and means *exactly*. I believe it was formerly used as a cant term for a strumpet, and that it is here to be so understood. In like manner Kastril, in *The Alchymist*, abusing his sister, calls her *punk devise*, meaning probably, *point devise*.

[36] *Draco*] i. e. Sir Francis Drake.

* Both the quartos have it.

"With *eyes* stern usurious jealousy;"

which may be right though the sense is rather forced. C.

Their heads will be so forked; *this sly touch*
Will get apes to invent a number such. [*Exit.*

Quicksilver. Was ever rascal honey'd so with poison!
He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.
Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's.

Sir Petronel. But stay, Frank, let's think how we may disguise her upon this sudden.

Quicksilver. God's me, there's the mischief; but hark you, here's an excellent device; 'fore God, a rare one: I will carry a sailor's gown and cap, and cover her; and a player's beard.

Sir Petronel. And what upon her head?

Quicksilver. I tell you, a sailor's cap; 'slight, God forgive me, what kind of [37] figent memory have you?

Sir Petronel. Nay then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?
A sailor's cap? how shall she put it off
When thou present'st her to our company?

Quicksilver. Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor.

Sir Petronel. Tush, tush; 'tis no fit sauce for such sweet mutton:
I know not what t'advise.

Enter SECURITY, *with his wife's gown.*

Security. Knight, knight, a rare device!

Sir Petronel. Zounds, yet again?

Quicksilver. What stratagem have you now?

Security. The best that ever. You talk'd of disguising—

Sir Petronel. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

Security. Cast care away then; here's the best device

[37] *figent*] I suppose this to be either a provincial or corrupted word. A *figent* wit (from *figo*, Lat.) might be a striking, a piercing wit: but what can a *figent* memory mean? S.

Figentia (in chemistry) are things which serve to fix volatile substances. *Figent*, therefore, as applied to memory, may be synonymous with retentive. N.

For plain Security (for I am no better)
I think that ever liv'd: here's my wife's gown,
Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons:
One is, that master Bramble may take hold
Of some suspicion that it is my wife;
And gird me so, perhaps, with his law wit:
The other (which is policy indeed)
Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,
Having no more but her old gown abroad;
And not show me a quirk, whilst I firk others.
Is not this rare?

Ambo. The best that ever was.

Security. Am not I born to furnish gentlemen?

Sir Petronel. O my dear gossip!

Security. Well, hold, master Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in; and now—I will go fetch him. [*Going.*

Quicksilver. O my dad!—he goes as it were the devil to fetch the lawyer; and devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

Sir Petronel. Why, how now gossip, why stay you there musing?

Security. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith.

Quicksilver. A pox of that head, is there more toys yet?

Sir Petronel. What is it, pray thee, gossip?

Security. Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?

Quicksilver. For that, I hope, dad, you will take our words.

Security. Ay, by the mass, your word! that's a proper staff
For wise Security to lean upon.
But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name
On your crack'd credits; let it take no shame.
Fetch the wench, Frank. [*Exit.*

Quicksilver. I'll wait upon you, sir,
And fetch you over, you were ne'er so fetch'd.

Go to the tavern, knight; your followers
Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. [*Exit.*

Sir Petronel. Would I might lead them to no hotter service.
Till our Virginian gold were in our purses! [*Exit.*

Enter SEAGUL, SPENDALL, *and* SCRAPETHRIFT, *in the tavern, with a* DRAWER.

Seagul. Come, Drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheads, and let's have cheer, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian Colonel; he will be here instantly.

Drawer. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

Spendall. More wine, slave? whether we drink it or no, spill it and draw more.

Scrapethrift. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let them wait on us here, like soldiers in their pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'em till we do.

Drawer. Said like an honourable captain; you shall have all you can command, sir. [*Exit Drawer.*

Seagul. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

Spendall. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Seagul. A whole country of English is there, man; bred of those that were left there in 79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with them, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scrapethrift. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Seagul. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fetter'd in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they

go forth on holidays, and gather them by the sea-shore, to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their children's caps; as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt broches, and groats with holes in them.

Scrapethrift. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Seagul. As ever the sun shin'd on; temperate, and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without serjeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, "only a few [38] industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed "are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But "as for them, there are no greater friends to English-"men and England, when they are out on't in the "world, than they are: and for my own part, I would "a hundred thousand of them were there, for we are "all one countrymen now ye know, and we should "find ten times more comfort of them there, than we "do here." Then for your means to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixt. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavinger; you may be any other officer, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villainy, nor the less wit. Besides, there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either. Serve God enough, eat and drink enough; and *enough is as good as a feast.*

Spendall. God's me! and how far is it thither?

Seagul. Some six weeks sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind; and if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind. Or when I come to Cape Finister, there's a foreright wind

[38] *only a few*, &c.] The above lines marked with commas seem to have been those which gave offence to King James. They are omitted in the former edition of this work; from whence I conjecture, that Mr. Dodsley printed from a different copy than that which I have collated the present edition with: probably they were omitted in consequence of the prosecution. The conclusion of this speech from the word *Besides* is an addition not in my copy.

continually wafts us till we come to Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

Enter SIR PETRONEL *with his followers.*

Sir Petronel. Well met, good captain Seagul, and my noble gentlemen! now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, Drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench presently, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Seagul. Whosoever she be, here's to her health, noble colonel, both with cap and knee.

Sir Petronel. Thanks, kind captain Seagul: she's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us: and so, gentlemen, here's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come, worthy colonel, *we do hunger and thirst for it.*

Sir Petronel. 'Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch, from the foot to the forehead, if he knew it.

Spendall. Why then we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and, captain Scrapethrift, here's to 'em both.

Enter SECURITY *and* BRAMBLE.

Security. See, see, master Bramble! 'fore heaven their voyage can not but prosper, they are o'their knees for success to it.*

Bramble. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Security. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals; see, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Mr. Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Sir Petronel. Worshipful Mr. Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness? come, captain Seagul, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

Seagul. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir:

* See the Note to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore,* vol. III. p. 402. C.

come, master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Security. Bend yours likewise, Mr. Bramble, for it is you shall pledge me.

Seagul. Not so, Mr. Security, he must not pledge his own health.

Security. No, master captain?

Enter QUICKSILVER *with* WINNY *disguis'd.*

Why then here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quicksilver. Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom with much entreaty I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; asham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

Sir Petronel. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Security. How now, Mr. Francis? have you honour'd this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

Quicksilver. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her; for she will not be known to you.

Security. But my learned counsel, Mr. Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quicksilver. No more than you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Security. Well, God pardon her for my part; and I do I'll be sworn; and so, master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's-haven; and so to the health of master Bramble.

Quicksilver. I pledge it, sir: hath it gone round, captains?

Seagul. It has, sweet Frank, and the round closes with thee.

Quicksilver. Well, sir, here's to all eastward, and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's-haven, so fatally remember'd. [*Surgit.*

Sir Petronel. Nay, pray thee, cuz, weep not—Gossip Security.

Security. Ay, my brave gossip.

Sir Petronel. A word I beseech you, sir: our friend,

mistress Bramble here, is so dissolv'd in tears, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting; sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Security. Pity of all true love, mistress Bramble, what weep you to enjoy your love? what's the cause, lady? first, because your husband is so near, and your heart yearns, to have a little abus'd him? alas! alas! the offence is too common to be respected. So great a grace hath seldom chanc'd to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight; that when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish a-fresh in the bed of a lady.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours, and that it will be dangerous going against the tide; for the sky is over-cast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at London-bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Sir Petronel. A porpoise! what's that to the purpose? charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spight of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Seagul. What's that, good Colonel?

Sir Petronel. This, captain Seagul: we'll have our provided supper brought [39] aboard sir Francis Drake's

[39] *aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship,*] After Sir Francis Drake returned from his voyage round the world, Queen Elizabeth went to Deptford; dined on board his ship, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon him. She likewise gave directions for the preservation of this ship, which was laid up in the River Thames at Deptford, where it was contemplated for many years with just admiration. The use to which it was put at this period is plain from the above passage. It was at length broke up, and a chair made out of the planks for John Davis, Esq.; was presented to the University of Oxford. In the works of Abraham Cowley, is an Epigram on this chair.

ship, that hath compass'd the world, where with full cups and banquets we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirit of the waters should haunt the desart ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Seagul. Rarely conceited! one health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober!

[*They compass in Winifred, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.*

Bramble. Sir Petronel, and his honourable captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared: we only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of sir Petronel and all his captains.

Security. You must bend then, master Bramble; so, now I am for you; I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are incompass'd there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth (my learned counsel, master Bramble), my mind runs so of Cuckold's-haven to-night, that my head turns round with admiration.

Bramble. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Security. No, by my troth, master Bramble; ha, ha, ha! a pox of all Cuckold's-havens, I say.

Bramble. I' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Security. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. Adieu, my noble gossip.

Bramble. Good fortune, brave captains; fair skies God send ye.

Omnes. Farewel, my hearts, farewel.

Sir Petronel. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven, gossip.

Security. I have done, I have done, sir. Will you lead, master Bramble? ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Sir Petronel. Captain Seagul, charge a boat.

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat! [*Exeunt.*

Drawer. Y'are in a proper taking indeed to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest; they say that *drunken men never take harm;* this night will try the truth of that proverb. [*Exit.*

Enter SECURITY.

Security. What, Winny? wife, I say? out of doors at this time! where should I seek the Gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight; woe be to thee, Billingsgate. A boat, a boat, a boat! a full hundred marks for a boat! [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter SLITGUT, *with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckold's-haven above.*

Slitgut. All hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap), who sends me to set up ([40] in honour of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage; and up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb with this furious tempest. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns: hark, how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! she bears some unjust burden, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it: heaven bless all honest passengers that are upon her

[40] *in honour of Saint Luke*] Because of his emblem the ox. S. P.

back now; for the bit is out of her mouth I see, and she will run away with 'em.—So, so; I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London-bridge (as it were) even full-but. And now let me discover, from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy.—O me, here's a a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here; pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me; hold out a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. It is a man: take a man's heart to thee, yet a little farther: get up o'thy legs, man; now 'tis shallow enough. So, so, so, alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind, father; it is a man in his night-cap. So, now he's got up again; now he's past the worst. Thanks be to heaven, he comes towards me pretty and strongly.

Enter SECURITY, *without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, &c.*

Security. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee? where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see! O I am scarce able to look about me; where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Slitgut. Look up, father, are you acquainted with this mark?

Security. What! landed at Cuckold's-haven? Hell and damnation! I will run back and drown myself.

[*He falls down.*

Slitgut. Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water has wash'd away his strength.

Security. Landed at Cuckold's-haven! if it had not been to die twenty times alive, I should never have 'scap'd death. I will never arise more; I will grovel here, and eat dirt till I be choak'd; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruel water has denied me.

Slitgut. Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise, man; if you will, I'll come presently, and lead you home.

Security. Home? shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? how low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more. [*Exit creeping.*

Slitgut. What young planet reigns now, that old men are so foolish? what desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such weather as this upon the water? Ah me, see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwreck, or some other!—A woman, i'faith! a woman! though it be almost at St. Katharine's, I discern it to be a woman; for all her body is above the water, and her cloaths swim about her most handsomely.—O they bear her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloaths the better while she lives, for this? alas! how busy the rude Thames is about her! a pox o'that wave; it will drown her, i'faith it will drown her! cry God mercy! she has 'scap'd it; I thank heaven she has 'scap'd it.—O, how she swims like a mermaid! some vigilant body look out, and save her. That's well said; just *where the priest fell in*, there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing o'thy heart, boy! now take her up in thy arms, and to bed with her—She's up, she's up! she's a beautiful woman, I warrant her, the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the DRAWER *in the tavern before, with* WINIFRED.

Drawer. How fare you now, lady?

Winifred. Much better, my good friend, than I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserv'd.

Drawer. Comfort yourself; that power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamy; howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night, with a knight, and other gentlemen, at Billingsgate?

Winifred. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Drawer. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you to a house of my friend's here in St. Katherine's; since I am now happily made a

mean to your rescue from the ruthless tempest; which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I fear'd long ere this I should hear of your shipwreck; and therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way: and this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hir'd by the young gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which, if they be yours, and you please to shift you (taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend,) I will presently go fetch you.*

Winifred. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promis'd, I will boldly receive the kind favour you have offer'd till your return; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me: or where such a one as I am bestow'd, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame, than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Drawer. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be us'd in your discovery.

Winifred. Thank you, good friend; the time may come I shall requite you. [*Exeunt.*

Slitgut. See, see, see! I hold my life there's some other a-taking up at Wapping now! Look what [39] a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good truth it is so.—O me! a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows? heaven grant he be not one day taken down there. O'my life it is ominous: well, he is delivered for the time; I see the people

* Hitherto the reading has been, "I will presently go fetch *'em* "you." This is not warranted by any of the quartos, and is in fact surplusage. C.

[39] *a sort*] A number of people. See Note to *Gammer Gurton's Needie*, vol. II. p. 7.

have all left him, yet will I keep my prospect a while, to see if any more have been shipwreck'd.

Enter QUICKSILVER *bareheaded.*

Quicksilver. Accurs'd that ever I was sav'd or born!
How fatal is my sad arrival here!
As if the stars and providence spake to me,
And said, the drift of all unlawful courses
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves
In frame of their licentious policies),
In the firm order of just destiny,
They are the ready highways to our ruins.
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steps,
In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them! I will walk this bank,
And see if I can meet the other relicks
Of our poor shipwreck'd crew, or hear of them.
The knight, alas! was so far gone with wine,
And the other three, that I refus'd their boat,
And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune
Hath wrought upon the others' desperate lives. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH *and* SEAGUL *bareheaded.*

Sir Petronel. Zounds, captain! I tell thee we are cast up o'the coast of France. 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope. Do'st remember where we were last night?

Seagul. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water, and in the water.

Sir Petronel. Ah me, we are undone for ever! hast any money about thee?

Seagul. Not a penny, by heaven!

Sir Petronel. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Seagul. Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains, nor mine eyes, are not mine own yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Sir Petronel. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know by

the elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate.—See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England when he sees 'em? What shall we do? we must e'en to 'em, and intreat some relief of 'em: life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Seagul. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Sir Petronel. *Monsieur, plaist il d'avoir pity de notre grand infortunes; je suis un pauvre Chevalier d'Angleterre, qui a suffri l'infortune de nauvrage.*

First Gentleman. *Un pauvrec hevalier d'Angleterre?*

Sir Petronel. *Ouy, monsieur, il est trop vray; mais vous scavez bien, nous sommes tous sujet à fortune.*

Second Gentleman. A poor knight of England? a poor knight of Windsor are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? on what coast are you, think you?

First Gentleman. On the coast of dogs, sir. Y'are i'th' Isle o' Dogs, I tell you. I see y'have been wash'd in the Thames here; and I believe ye were drown'd in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewel, farewel; we will not know you for shaming of you.—I ken the man well; he's [40] one of my thirty pound knights.

Second Gentleman. Now this is he that stole his

[40] *one of my thirty pound*] This and other passages ridiculing the persons on whom King James conferred the honour of knighthood, might also be amongst those which gave offence to his Majesty. Arthur Wilson, in his *History of Great Britain*, 1653, p. 5. observes, that "at this time *Knights* swarmed in every corner; "the sword ranged about, and men bowed in obedience to it more "in peace than in war; this airy title blew up many a fair "estate." I. R.

These passages are however inserted in both the quartos of 1605, which do not countenance the supposition that they gave offence. C.

knighthood o' the grand day, for four pounds given to a page, all the money in's purse I wot well. [*Exeunt.*

Seagul. Death, colonel, I knew you were overshot!

Sir Petronel. Sure I think now indeed, captain Seagul, we were something overshot.

Enter QUICKSILVER.

What! my sweet Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoice me? But, what! nobody at thy heels, Frank? ah me, what is become of poor Mrs. Security?

Quicksilver. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Seagul. Let her go, let her go; let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Sir Petronel. Nay, by my troth, let our cloaths rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attach'd by this time. If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never look'd for any other. Woe! woe is me! what shall become of us? the last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attach'd, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quicksilver. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknightly faintness transports thee? let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Seagul. Well said, Frank, i'faith. O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Fore God, would thou had'st been our colonel!

Sir Petronel. I like his spirit rarely: but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

Quicksilver. Go to, knight, I have more means than thou art aware of; I have not liv'd amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with them. And not to let thee sink where thou stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

Seagul. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee.

Quicksilver. [41] I will blanch copper so cunningly,

[41] *I will blanch copper so cunningly,* &c.] I should suppose the

that it shall endure all proofs, but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderosity of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

Sir Petronel. 'Slight, where learn'st thou these terms trow?

Quicksilver. Tush, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant quacksalver is perfect in; but I'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsnick, otherwise called realga (which indeed is plain ratsbane), sublime them three or four times; then take the sublimate of this realga, and put them into a glass, into chymia, and let them have a convenient decoction natural four and twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fix'd: then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well-purg'd copper, *et habebis magisterium.*

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee.

Quicksilver. Nay this I will do besides; I'll take you off twelve pence from every angel, with a kind of aqua fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

Sir Petronel. But then it will want weight.

Quicksilver. You shall restore that thus: take your *sal achime* prepar'd, and your distill'd urine; and let your angels lie in it but four and twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on now, I hold this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll infuse* more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare [42]sconces, now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London; there make shift to shift us; and after take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

following passages relative to changes produced in the external appearance of metals were the work of Jonson, who has displayed much learning on the same subject in his *Alchymist*, where indeed he uses some of the very terms of art which we meet with here. S.

* There is no authority for reading "I'll *untruss* more another time," which Mr. Reed allowed to stand instead of "I'll *infuse* more another time. C.

[42] *sconces*] heads.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DRAWER *with* WINIFRED, *new attir'd.*

Winifred. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me near enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some colour be seen near, enquiring for my husband; who, I must tell you, stole thither the last night, with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so with all vows of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Drawer. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you.

[*Exit Drawer.*

Enter SECURITY.

Security. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers: I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Winifred. O my dear husband! where have you been to-night? all night abroad at a tavern? rob me of my garments? and fare as one run away from me? alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit? of your age, and affection to your wife?

Security. What should I say? how miraculously sorts this? was not I at home, and call'd thee last night?

Winifred. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke, and my answer to you would have witness'd it, if you had had the patience to have staid and answered me; but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Mr. Bramble's; and so I rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbelieved absence brought me abroad, with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Security. Villain and monster that I was, how have I abus'd thee! I was suddenly gone indeed! for my

sudden jealously transferred me: I will say no more but this, dear wife, I suspected thee.

Winifred. Did you suspect me?

Security. Talk not of it, I beseech thee: I am ashamed to imagine it; I will home, I will home, and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness. [*Exeunt.*

*Slitgut.** Now will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthest-seeing sea-mark of the world: no marvel then if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now overblown; which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for [42] profaning holy St. Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest satire, farewel to honest married men! farewel to all sorts and degrees of thee. Farewel thou horn of hunger, that call'st the inns o' court to their manger. Farewel thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth. Farewel thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn. Farewel thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman. Farewel thou horn of destiny, the ensign of the married man. Farewel thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit. [*Exit.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Touchstone. Ha, sirrah! thinks my knight adventurer that we ken† no point of our compass? do we not know north north-east? north-east and by east? east and by north? nor plain eastward? ha! have we never heard of Virginia? nor the Cavallaria? nor the Colonoria? can we discover no discoveries? well, mine errant sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps,‡ or so, in sea-ceremony to

* It is obvious that Slitgut here continues though his name is not mentioned in the old editions. C.

[42] *profaning holy St. Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom*] Horn Fair, at Charlton, is held on St. Luke's Day. N.

† *Can*, edit. 1605, which is the same word. C.

‡ *Monmouth caps* were formerly much worn. They are men-

your bon voyage: but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral, and vice-admiral, and rear admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace, and under sail, as well as a [43] remora, doubt it not; and from this sconce, without either powder or shot. *Work upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew tricks, we'll [44] vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i'the air, (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in a coach: she, and her two waiting women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a top of 'em, I think. Since they have all found the way back again, by Weeping Cross. But I'll not see 'em. And for two of 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o'the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em; or else to graze o'the common: so should my dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprights, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding: he was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come [45] i' my thought!—How now, son, what news at the court of aldermen?

tioned in the old ballad of the *Caps*, printed in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, p. 31.

" The *Monmouth* cap, the saylor's thrumbe,
And that wherein the tradesmen come," &c.

From another stanza it appears they were worn by soldiers.

" The soldiers that *the Monmouth* wear
On castle's tops their ensings rear;
The seaman with his thrumb doth stand
On higher parts then all the land," &c.

[43] *remora,*] See Note 28 to *The City Match*, vol. IX.

[44] *vie*] A term at the Game of Gleek.

[45] *i' my thought!*] At the instant. S. P.

Enter GOLDING.

Golding. Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange; else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touchstone. What? it is not borrowing of money then?

Golding. No, sir, it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest.

Touchstone. Ha!

Golding. And the alderman of the ward, wherein I dwell, to appoint me his deputy.

Touchstone. How!

Golding. In which place, I have had an oath ministered me since I went.

Touchstone. Now, my dear and happy son! let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition which a whole city so conspires to second! ta'en into the livery of his company the first day of his freedom! now (not a week married) chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day! nought but the reward of a thrifty course; the wonder of his time! Well, I will honour Mr. alderman for this act, as becomes me; and shall think the better of the common council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting or but coming after me in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient son; and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Golding. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this, or any other office, should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

Touchstone. Excellently spoken: this modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. Worshipful son, I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and

reckoned among her worthies, to be remembered the same day with the [46] lady Ramsay, and [47] grave Gresham; when [48] the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds play'd i'thy lifetime by the best company of actors, and be called their Get-penny.* This I divine and prophesy.

Golding. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer: I, that know my own strength, fear 'em; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

Touchstone. None more welcome, I am sure.

Golding. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The colonel, and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billingsgate, had like to have been cast away on this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to town like so many masterless men, i' their doublets and hose, without hat or cloak, or any other—

Touchstone. A miracle! the justice of heaven! where are they? let's go presently and lay for 'em.

Golding. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'em at their old anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if

[46] *lady Ramsay,*] This was lady Mary Ramsay, wife of Sir Thomas Ramsay, alderman and lord-mayor of London in 1577. Her benefactions are mentioned in Stow's *Survey.* See Strype's edition 1722, b. I. p. 278.

[47] *grave Gresham;*] Sir Thomas Gresham, builder of the Royal-Exchange.

[48] *the famous fable of Whittington and his puss*] See Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads,* vol. I. p. 292.

* *A get penny* was the term for a theatrical performance which met with success. So in Ben Jonson's *Bartholemew Fair,* A. 5. S. 1.: "but the gun-powder plot there was *a get penny!* I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty-pence audience nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever best, they are so easy and familiar: they put too much learning i' their things now o' days."

yourself were seen in't, under colour of a great press, that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touchstone. Prudent and politick son! disgrace 'em all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon them! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou may'st punish it. Be severe i'thy place, like a new officer of the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train, from the invisible castle?

Golding. No; where is she?

Touchstone. Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother: who now begins to wish her daughter undubb'd, they say; and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister.—Here they come, stand back.

Enter Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, GIRTRED, MILDRED, SINDEFY.

God save your ladyship: save your good ladyship: your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travell'd on strange adventures: surely, in my mind, *your ladyship hath fish'd fair, and caught a frog*, as the saying is.

Mrs. Touchstone. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

Girtred. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet: though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touchstone. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter, and a greater decorum, that I should courtesy to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am [49] a poor cullion, and your father.

Girtred. Lo! my father knows his duty.

Mrs. Touchstone. O child!

Touchstone. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my ob-

[49] *a poor cullion,*] Coglione Ital. a booby. S.
See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 68.

scure cottage; and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, *however presently concealed to mortal eyes.* And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me; and not go abroad, nor put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse, or three wheels; but take part with the Touchstone: if we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damsel here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage: for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Girtred. Marry, [50] fyst o' your kindness.—I thought as much.—Come away, Sinne! we shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing out of courtesy here.

Mildred. O, good sister!

Girtred. Sister, sir-reverence.—Come away, I say; hunger drops out at his nose.

Golding. O madam, *fair words never hurt the tongue.*

Girtred. How say you by that? you come out with your gold ends now!

Mrs. Touchstone. Stay, lady-daughter; good husband.

Touchstone. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle. As she has brew'd, so let her drink, o' God's name: she went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a begging. It is but honey-moon yet with her ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels yet left: she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or any body: when those are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall reurn into the list of her acquaintance.

Girtred. I scorn it, i'faith.—Come, Sin!

[*Exeunt Girtred and Sindefy.*

[50] *fyst o' your kindness.*] Fyst is a corruption of *foyst*, the participle of which has been already applied to a lady's dog in this comedy. S.

Mrs. Touchstone. O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Touchstone. Nay, nay, e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why do'st thou weep now? thou art not the first good cow has had an ill calf, I trust.—What's the news with that fellow?

Enter CONSTABLE.

Golding. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without, will you have 'em brought in?

Touchstone. O, by any means. And, son, here's a chair, appear terrible unto 'em on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Golding. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat.

Touchstone. I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off.

Golding. No, good sir, I will not.

Touchstone. Son, it is your place; by any means.

Golding. Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, QUICKSILVER, CONSTABLE, OFFICERS.

Sir Petronel. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quicksilver. Would it had been my fortune to have been trust up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' came here!

Sir Petronel. Or mine, to have famish'd [51] in the island.

Quicksilver. Must Golding sit upon us?

Constable. You might carry an M under your girdle,* to Mr. deputy's worship.

Golding. What are those, Mr. Constable?

Constable. An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I prest for the Low-Countries, sir.

[51] *in the island.*] i. e. the island of Dogs. S. P.

* The same phrase occurs in Houghton's "*Englishman for my Money,*" 1616. "Harke yee honesty, mee thinkes you might do "well to have an M. under your girdle, considering how Signor "Pizaro and this other monsieur doe hold of mee." C.

Golding. Why don't you carry them to Bridewell, according to your order, that they may be shipp'd away?

Constable. An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him your worship, for our discharge.

Golding. Which is he?

Constable. This, sir.

Golding. And what's the other?

Constable. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Golding. What, a knight and his fellow thus accoutred! where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and cloaks?

Quicksilver. O, they mock us.

Constable. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too before we did see 'em. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say, knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockrels by their spurs, sir.

Golding. What are their names, say they?

Touchstone. Very well this? He should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed. [*Aside.*

Constable. This is sir Petronel Flash.

Touchstone. How!

Constable. And this Francis Quicksilver.

Touchstone. Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems; and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, sir. How did your biscuit hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore: good Mr. Quicksilver! how a degree to the southward has chang'd you!

Golding. Do you know 'em, father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touchstone. Yes, Mr. Deputy: I had a small venture with them in the voyage; a thing call'd a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone; they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'em was

my 'prentice, Mr. Quicksilver here; and when he had two years to serve kept his whore and his hunting nag; would play his hundred pounds at Gresco, or Primero, as familiarly (and all o'my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on em: all; had his changeable trunks of apparel, standing at livery with his mare; his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing tubs; which when I told him of, why he, he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pounds dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, sir Flash: one that married a daughter of mine; ladified her; turn'd two thousand pounds worth of good land of her's into cash within the first week; bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate for his own diet to serve him the whole voyage, the wife of a certain usurer call'd Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business: please Mr. Deputy, *Work upon that now.*

Golding. If my worshipful father have ended!—

Touchstone. I have, it shall please Mr. Deputy.

Golding. Well then, under correction—

Touchstone. [*Aside to him.*] Now, son, come over 'em with some fine gird; as thus, *Knight, you shall be encounter'd,* that is, had to the Counter; or, Quicksilver, *I will put you in a crucible;* or so.

Golding. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them: but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside; I will hear you anon, sir.

Touchstone. I like this well yet: there's some grace i'the knight left, he cries.

Golding. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou had'st

turn'd Quacksalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses. It is great pity; thou art a proper young man; of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one: God hath done his part to thee; but thou hast made too much and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire, only to be looked upon by some light housewives, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at several times, hast turn'd thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers; thundering out uncivil comparisons; requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and [52] *outrecuidance* with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'em, Master Constable.

Constable. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Golding. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em.

Touchstone. Sir, I do charge this gallant, Mr. Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight, as being accessary in the receipt of my goods.

Quicksilver. O, good sir! *

Touchstone. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! with what forehead or face do'st thou offer to *chop logick* with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worship-

[52] *outrecuidance*] i. e. overweening, overpresumption. So, in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 2. "It is strange *outrecuidance!* "your humour too much redoundeth."

Brome's *Mad Couple well match'd*, A. 1. S. 1. "I speak not this "in the behalfe of any dignity in me; but that you should over- "ween that I had ability to wrastle any more with your overgrate- "full unkle in your behalfe. Therein was your *outrecuidance*."

* One quarto of 1605, reads "O good Sir" and the other, "O God Sir." C.

ful man's fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Do'st not observe this? which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver! He was a free boon companion, when he had money, says one; hang him, fool, says another, he could not keep it when he had it. A pox o'th' cullion his master, says a third, he has brought him to this. When their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventur'd for 'em with the best; and, by the clue of thy knavery, brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quicksilver. Worshipful master!

Touchstone. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learn'd to whine at the play yonder. Mr. Deputy, pray you commit 'em both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em.

Quicksilver. O me, what an unfortunate thing am I?

Sir Petronel. [53] Will you not take security, sir?

Touchstone. Yes, marry will I, sir Flash, if I can find him; and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this: he is your engineer, I hear. Mr. Deputy, you'll dispose of these? In the mean time, I'll to my lord-mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands; and seal up both house and goods to the king's use, or my satisfaction.

Golding. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quicksilver and Sir Petronel. Oh God!

Touchstone. Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your sloth: of sloth cometh pleasure; of pleasure cometh riot; of riot comes whoring; of whoring comes spend-

[53] *Will you not take Security, sir?*] Sir Petronel means, will you not take *bail*? but Touchstone wilfully misunderstands him of Mr. Security the usurer. S. P.

ing; of spending comes want; of want comes theft; of theft comes hanging: and there is my Quicksilver fix'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter GIRTRED *and* SINDEFY.

Girtred. Ah, Sin! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Sin?

Sindefy. Not I truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Girtred. Why, good faith, Sin, I could dine with a lamentable story now; *O hone hone, O no nera,* &c. Can'st thou tell ne'er a one, Sin?

Sindefy. None but mine own, madam; which is lamentable enough: first, to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful, and of good account, by a 'prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentleman; and here brought up to London, and promised marriage; and now likely to be forsaken; for he is in a possibility to be hang'd.

Girtred. Nay, weep not, good Sin. My Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Sin. I was more than promised marriage, Sin; I had it, Sin; and was made a lady; and by a knight, Sin; which is now as good as no knight, Sin. And I was born in London; which is more than brought up, Sin; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin; and, instead of land i'the country, all my knight's living lies i'the Counter, Sin; there's his castle now.

Sindefy. Which he cannot be forc'd out of, madam.

Girtred. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two; *Hunger, they say, breaks stone walls.* But he is e'en well enough serv'd, Sin, that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away from me, as I had been his punk, God bless us!

Would the knight of the Sun, or Palmerine of England, have used their ladies so, Sin? or sir Lancelot! or sir Tristram?

Sindefy. I do-not know, madam.

Girtred. Then thou knowest nothing, Sin. Thou art a fool, Sin. The knighthood now-a-days are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horseback; ours go afoot. They were attended by their 'squires: ours by their ladies. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travel'd wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still [54] prest to engage their honour; ours ready to pawn their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Sindefy. I, madam; they were [55] knights of the

[54] *prest*] ready. See note 104 to *The Four P's*, vol. I.

[55] *knights of the Round-table at Winchester*] in the Sessions-hall at Winchester, a large circular table containing the portraits of Arthur's knights is fastened up against the wall. S.

A very learned Antiquarian, and polite scholar, speaks of this round table in the following manner: "At the end hangs what is "commonly called *King Arthur's Round Table*, which is 18 feet in "diameter. It would be needless to multiply authorities for a "proof that this table is of modern date. However, it is of higher "antiquity than it is commonly supposed to be: for Paulus "Jovius, who wrote above two hundred years ago, relates, that it "was shewn to the Emperor Charles V. and that at that time "many marks of its antiquity had been destroyed, the names "of the knights having been then just written afresh, and the whole "table, with its ornaments, newly repaired. Turnaments being "often held at Winchester before the Court and Parliament, this "table might probably have been used on those occasions for en-"tertaining the combatants; which, on that account, was properly "inscribed with the names of Arthur's twenty-four Knights; "either in commemoration of that prince, who was the reputed "founder and patron of tilts and turnaments; or because he was sup-"posed to have established these martial sports at Winchester. In "later times these exercises were called *Mensa Rotunda*. The "names of the knights inscribed on the table are much the same as "those we find in an old Romance concerning King Arthur, viz. "Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Pelleas, Sir Gawain, "Sir Garethe, &c." *Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester*, p. 9,

Round-table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square-table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Girtred. True, Sin; let them vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Sindefy. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn [56] by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

Girtred. Let it stink in her hand then; I'll not be beholden to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gown; and my red velvet petticoat, that I was married in; and my wedding silk stockings; and all thy best apparel, poor Sin. Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, [57] I'll lay my ladyship in lavender, if I knew where.

Sindefy. Alas, madam, your ladyship!

Girtred. Ay, why? you do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's me life, you are [58] a peat indeed! do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Sindefy. No, madam; but I make question, who will lend any thing upon it.

Girtred. Who? marry, enow, I warrant you; if

[56] *by bread and salt*] See Notes to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 83. and to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III. p. 306.

[57] *I'll lay my ladyship in lavender*] To lay any thing *in lavender* was a cant phrase for *pawning*. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 3. "—who can serve in the nature of a gentleman usher, "and hath little legs of purpose, and a black sattin suit of his own, "to go before her in; which suit (for the more sweetening) now "*lies in lavender*, &c."

Massinger's *New way to pay old Debts*, A. 5. S. 1.

"—Put me in good security,
"And suddenly, by mortgage, or by statute,
"Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
"Dragg'd in your *lavender* robes to the gaol, &c."

In Braithwait's *Strappado for the Devil*, 8vo. 1615. p. 154. is an Epigram, "Upon a Poet's Palfrey *lying in lavender* for the discharge "of his Provender."

[58] *a peat* indeed!] i. e. a fondled, and consequently a spoilt thing. S.

you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' given a thousand pounds (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle born o'the city have the same longing I trust. And, for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth: my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing; and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pounds in hand, Sin, that would apparel us, and ten pounds a year, that would keep me and you, Sin, (with our needles!) and we should never need to be beholden to our scurvy parents. Good lord, that there are no fairies now-a-days, Sin.

Sindefy. Why, madam?

Girtred. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Sin? I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o'the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Sin? or there may be a pot of gold hid o'the backside, if we had tools to dig for't. Why may not we two rise early i'the morning, Sin, afore any body is up, and find a jewel i'the streets worth a hundred pounds? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach, as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? ha!

Sindefy. They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Girtred. Or may not some old usurer be drunk over night, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Sin, let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my song o'the Golden-shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

Fond fables tell of old
How Jove in Danae's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap;
Oh had it been my hap!

Howe'er the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.

Enter Mrs. TOUCHSTONE.

Girtred. O, here's my mother! good luck, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep!

Mrs. Touchstone. God bless you: I would I were in my grave.

Girtred. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? dry your eyes and comfort me. Alas! it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mrs. Touchstone. Simply? 'tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. *Thou should'st have look'd before thou had'st leap'd.* Thou wert afire to be a lady; and now your ladyship and you may both *blow at the coal*, for aught I know. *Self do, self have: the hasty person never wants woe*, they say.

Girtred. Nay then, mother, you should ha' look'd to it: a body would think you were the older. [59] I did but my kind, I? he was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself, and a cittiner in this, i'faith. You shew what husband you come on, I wis? you smell o' the Touchstone. He that will do more for his daughter, that has married a scurvy gold-end man, and his 'prentice, than he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight, and his customer; by this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.—

Sindefy. O, good madam, do not take up your mother so.

Mrs. Touchstone. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone. Let her ladyship grieve me still with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case, I? without her velvet gowns;

[59] *I* did *but* my kind, *I*] I only followed the impulse of my nature. S.

without ribbands; without jewels; without French-wires; or [60] cheat-bread, or quails; or a little dog; or a gentleman-usher: or any thing indeed that's fit for a lady—

Sindefy. Except her tongue.

Mrs. Touchstone. And I not able to relieve her neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart, I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Girtred. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me. I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I? *The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.*

Mrs. Touchstone. I know that. But—

Girtred. What, sweet mother, what?

Mrs. Touchstone. It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the claw.

Girtred. That's true mother; ah me!

Mrs. Touchstone. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not; child, madam. Why do you weep thus? be of good cheer. I shall die, if you cry, and mar your complexion thus.

Girtred. Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mrs. Touchstone. Go to thy sister, child; she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight; and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach, and thy horses; and set thee up again.

Girtred. But will she get him to set my knight up, too?

Mrs. Touchstone. That she will, or any thing else thou'lt ask her.

[60] *cheat-bread*] i. e. the finest sort of white bread, manchet. S.

The following from Rowley and Middleton's *Faire Quarrel*, 1617, is in point—

Chaugh. —— I was wondering a good while; the loafe lookes very like bread y'faith, but why is it called the *cheate loaf?*

Second. This house was some time a baker's, sir, that served the court, where the bread is called *cheate.*

Trimtram. I, I, 'twas a baker that cheated the court with the bread.

See also Dekkar's *Match me in London*, 1631, p. 55.

Girtred. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

Mrs. Touchstone. Try her, good chuck; I warrant thee.

Girtred. Do'st thou think she'll do't?

Sindefy. I, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mrs. Touchstone. That's a good maiden: she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i'the ale-house.

Girtred. Go, Sin, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, *and* WOLF.

Touchstone. I will receive no letters, Mr. Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Golding. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touchstone. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penn'd subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tricks packing, do you see: return with your packet, sir.

Wolf. Believe it, sir, you need fear no packing here. These are but letters of submission, all.

Touchstone. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like blind justice. *Work upon that now.* When the sessions come they shall hear from me.

Golding. From whom come your letters, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf An't please you, sir, one from sir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and another from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship; one from Mr. Francis, sir, another from the knight.

Touchstone. I do wonder, Mr. Wolf, why you should [61] travel thus in a business so contrary to the kind or nature o' your place! that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners! whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly *

[61] *travel*] The old word for *work, labour.*

* *i. e.* according to kind or nature.

in you, to be ranging about for more, and not let these 'scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you wolves when you ha' suck'd the blood once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i'the kingdom under my keys; and almost of all religions i'the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, [62] Millenary, [63] Family o'Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Golding. And which of all these (thinks Mr. Wolf) was the best religion?

Wolf. Troth, Mr. Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Golding. I believe you, Mr. Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i'these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will be i'the knight's-ward, do what we can, sir; and Mr. Quicksilver would be i'the hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison. Only Security sings a note too high sometimes; because he lies i'the twopenny-ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have.

[62] *Millenary*] The Millinaries were a sect who held that Jesus Christ would come and reign upon earth for a thousand years; during which time the faithful were to enjoy all manner of temporal blessings, and that at the expiration of this term the day of judgment would take place.

[63] *Family o'Love*] The founder of this sect was one David George of Delph. He died August 2, 1556, and his tenets are supposed to have been first received in England about 1580. His followers were called *Familists*, or of the *Family of Love*, from the affection they bore to all people however wicked, and their obedience to all magistrates however tyrannical. See an account of their doctrines in Ross's *View of all Religions*, 6th edition, p. 256.

Touchstone. Which on 'em is't is so devout, the knight, or t'other?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially: I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts! he can tell you almost all the flories of the Book of Martyrs; and speak you all [64] the Sickman's Salve, without book.

Touchstone. Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Master Wolf.

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant; a fellow could neither write, nor read: he was call'd the Bandog o'the Counter; and he has brought him already to pare his nails, and say his prayers; and 'tis hop'd he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touchstone. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farther ear, I were taken. Adieu, good Mr. Wolf. Son, I do feel mine own weakness; do not importune me: pity is a rheum that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Mr. Wolf, *fish is cast away, that is cast in dry pools:* tell hypocrisy it will not do. I have touch'd and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so: when the sessions come, they shall hear from me. In the mean time, to all suits, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle; [65] lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i'my hand, against all temptations. [*Exit.*

Golding. You see, master Wolf, how inexorable he is: there is no hope to recover him. Pray you com-

[64] *the Sickman's Salve*] This Book I have never seen. It is, however, often mentioned or alluded to; as in Ben Johnson's *Epicœus*, A. 4. S. 4. "—one of them (I know not which) was cured with "*the Sickman's Salve*, and the other with *Green's Groatsworth of* "*Wit.*"

Philaster, A. 4. S. 1. "Is't possible this fellow should repent? "methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a "mortified member; as if he had a *sick man's salve* in his mouth."

It seems to have been a Book of the devotional cast.

[65] *lay mine ear to the ground*] Alluding to the adder, which does so, it is said, with one ear, and stops the other with her tail. S. P.

mend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis: present 'em with this small token of my love; tell 'em I wish I could do 'em any worthier office; but in this it is desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'em. And, sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'em want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolf. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HOLDFAST *and* BRAMBLE.*

Holdfast. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bramble. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Holdfast. Y'are welcome, sir. Stay there, I'll call him to you—Mr. Security!

Enter SECURITY.

Security. Who calls?

Holdfast. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Security. What is he? is it one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Holdfast [*To Bramble.*] You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment.

Security. What say you to me, sir? my learned counsel Mr. Bramble! cry you mercy, sir; when saw you my wife?

Bramble. She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit you; and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Security. My case, Mr. Bramble, is stone walls, and iron grates; you see it: this is the weakest part on't. And for getting me forth, no means but hanging myself, and so be carried forth; from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands.

Bramble. Why, but what is't you are in for, sir?

* The old copies make Security enter here, but his entrance does not take place until afterwards. C.

Security. For my sins, for my sins, sir; whereof marriage is the greatest. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory! to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect. My wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her Jubilee, and the feast of her [66]new-moon. Do you understand me, sir?

Enter QUICKSILVER.

Quicksilver. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm; and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, father Security, that you'll be still so profane! will nothing humble you? [*Exeunt.*

Enter two PRISONERS, *with a* FRIEND.

Friend. What's he?

1 *Prisoner.* O he is a rare young man! do you not know him?

Friend. Not I; I never saw him, that I can remember.

2 *Prisoner.* Why, it is he that was the gallant 'prentice of London, Mr. Touchstone's man.

Friend. Who, Quicksilver?

1 *Prisoner.* I, this is he.

Friend. Is this he? they say he has been a gallant indeed.

2 *Prisoner.* O, the royalest fellow that ever was bred up i'the city. He would play you his thousand pound a night at dice, keep knights and lords company, go with them to baudy-houses, had his six men in livery, kept a stable of hunting horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. Here's a knight with him here in prison.

Friend. And how miserably he is chang'd!

1 *Prisoner.* O, that's voluntary in him; he gave away all his rich cloaths as soon as ever he came in here among the prisoners, and will eat [67]o'the basket, for humility.

[66] *new-moon*] Alluding to the horned appearance of the *new-moon.*

[67] *o' the basket,*] In which scraps used to be collected for the prisoners. sSee the scene in the prison, in *Green's Tu quoque,* vol. VII.

Friend. Why will he do so?

2 *Prisoner.* Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself; he does but linger on till the sessions.

1 *Prisoner.* O; he has penn'd the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance,* or his *Last Farewell,** that ever you heard: he is a pretty poet; and for prose—You would wonder how many prisoners he has help'd out, with penning petitions for 'em, and will not take a penny. Look, this is the knight, in the rug-gown.—Stand by.

Enter Sir PETRONEL FLASH, BRAMBLE, QUICKSILVER.

Bramble. Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted, or whipt for a baud, or so; why I'll lay an execution on him o'two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

Sir Petronel. But can we not be bail'd, Mr. Bramble?

Bramble. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself, in spite of him, with a Habeas Corpus: but if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o'the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see), you may be bail'd; for, as I understand the case, it is only done *in terrorem;* and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pounds costs.

Enter Mr. WOLF.

Quicksilver. How now, Mr. Wolf? what news? what return?

Wolf. Faith, bad all; yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it; only

* Perhaps there is, in title only, some allusion here to two tracts attributed to the celebrated Robert Greene, the one called, "A groats-worth of Wit bought with a million of *Repentance,*" and the other his "*Farewell to Folly.*" C.

Mr. Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good.

Quicksilver. I thank him. Good Mr. Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices: pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour me; let God work his will. Mr. Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners; and desire 'em to pray for us.

Wolf. It shall be done, Mr. Francis.

First Prisoner. An excellent temper!

Second Prisoner. Now God send him good luck!

[*Exeunt.*

Sir Petronel. But what said my father-in-law, Mr. Wolf?

Enter HOLDFAST.

Holdfast. Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, sir Petronel. Who is't?

Holdfast. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen.

Enter GOLDING.

Wolf. Where is he?—Master Deputy! your worship is welcome.

Golding. Peace!

Wolf. Away, sirrah!

Golding. Good faith, Mr. Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is no means to make my father relent so likely, as to bring him to be a spectator of their misery; I have ventur'd on a device, which is to make myself your prisoner, intreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) wray him by this token, that he will presently, and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Golding. Yes; and let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Wolf. See here a benefit, truly done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, WIFE, DAUGHTERS, SINDEFY, WINIFRED.

Touchstone. I will sail by you, and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mildred. Dear father!

Mrs. Touchstone. Husband!

Girtred. Father!

Winifred and *Sindefy.* Mr. Touchstone!

Touchstone. Away, syrens! I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to your lamentations.

Mrs. Touchstone. Gentle husband, hear me!

Girtred. Father, it is I, father; my lady Flash! my sister and I are friends.

Mildred. Good father!

Winifred. Be not harden'd, good Mr. Touchstone.

Sindefy. I pray you, sir, be merciful.

Touchstone. I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stopt mine ears with shoemaker's wax; and drank Lethe and [66] Mandragora, to forget you: all you speak to me, I commit to the air.

Enter WOLF.

Mildred. How now, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf. Where's Mr. Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mildred. What's the matter, sir? pray all be well.

Wolf. Master Deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

Mildred. Ah me! do you hear, father?

[66] *Mandragora*] "*Mandragora* of two sorts, black and white, "bearing apples low upon the ground, having no such roote as is "fondly ymagined, but of vertue to cast one into so heavie a sleepe "that being launced or burned he shall not fele the griefe." Note on *Wylson's* Translation of Demosthenes, 4to, 1570, p. 84. See also C. Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xxv. c. 13.; *Dr. Percy's* Note on Antony and Cleopatra, A. 1. S. 5.; and *Mr. Steevens's* to Othello, A. 3. S. 3.

Touchstone. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'em in my nose, I scent 'em.

Wolf. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mrs. Touchstone. Why, it is Mr. Wolf himself.—Husband!

Mildred. Father!

Touchstone. I am deaf still, I say: I will neither yield to the song of the syren, nor the voice of the hyena; the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o'the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touchstone. Ha! what token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touchstone. My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf. I, by my faith, sir. He is in prison; and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touchstone. My cloak there! (pray you be patient) I am plagu'd for my austerity; my cloak!—At whose suit, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIEND. PRISONERS.

Friend. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope for life?

First Prisoner. Troth, it should seem so; and it is great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Friend. They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of felony, yet.

Second Prisoner. Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow: he'll prove great matter against him.

Friend. I'd as [67] live as any thing I could see his *Farewel.*

First Prisoner. O, 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you, [68] he's not curious to any body.

[67] *live*] i. e. lief. S. P.

[68] *he's not* curious *to any body*] i. e. scrupulous. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 4. S. 5,

"For *curious* I cannot be with you."

See Note on this passage. S.

Second Prisoner. O no: he would that all the world should take knowledge of his *Repentance;* and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

First Prisoner. Pray thee try what thou canst do.

Second Prisoner. I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. [*Exit.*

First Prisoner. You never saw a more courteous creature than he is; and the knight too; the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'em. You shall hear a thing admirably penn'd.

Friend. Is the knight any scholar too?

First Prisoner. No; but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses, and White Friars,* and against bauds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter WOLF *and* TOUCHSTONE.

WOLF. Please you stay here, sir; I'll call his worship down to you.

Enter QUICKSILVER *and Sir* PETRONEL FLASH, GOLDING, &c.

First Prisoner. See, he has brought him and the knight too. Salute him I pray.—Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your *Repentance.*

Quicksilver. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Mr. Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

Touchstone. Who is this? My man Francis, and my son-in-law!

Quicksilver. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master, that I have so offended.

Friend. Good, sir.

Quicksilver. I writ it when my spirits were oppress'd.

Again, in *Euphues and his England,* 1582, p. 7. " — at the choyce " I made no great *curiositie,* but snatchinge the golde, let goe the " writings, &c."

* The " Fortunes of Nigel" have made the condition and character of *White Friars* sufficiently notorious. C.

Sir Petronel. I, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Quicksilver. It is in imitation of Mannington's ; he that was hang'd at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.†

Friend. So, sir.

Quicksilver. To the tune of, [69] *I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

Sir Petronel. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick. *In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,*
Quicksilver I did dwell of late :
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still, work upon that ;
But, alas, I wrought I know not what !
He was a Touchstone, black but true ;
And told me still what would ensue.
Yet, woe is me, I would not learn ;
I saw, alas ! but could not discern.

Friend. Excellent, excellent well !

Golding. O, let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick. *I cast my coat and cap away ;*
I went in silk and sattins gay ;
False metal of good manners, I
Did daily coin unlawfully.
I scorn'd my master, being drunk ;
I kept my gelding and my punk !
And with a knight, sir Flash by name,
(Who now is sorry for the same).

* This ballad is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1781. I. R.

† The ballad here alluded to, is entered in the books of the Stationers company in the following manner ; " 7 November, 1576, " licensed unto him [*i. e.* Richard Jones] a ballad, intituled, A " Woeful Ballad, made by *Mr. George Mannynton*, an houre before he suffered at *Cambridge castell.*"

[69] *I wail in woe,* &c.] This tune is mentioned in *The Match at Midnight*, vol. VII.

Also in *Good Newes and Bad Newes* by S. R. 1622 : 4to. Sign. B.

" And she doth on her virginals complaine
I waile in woe, my knight doth *plunge in paine.*"

Sir Petronel. I thank you, Francis!
I thought by sea to run away;
But Thames and tempest did me stay. *

Touchstone. This cannot be feigned sure. Heaven pardon my severity! *The ragged colt may prove a good horse.*

Golding. How he listens, and is transported! he has forgot me.

Quick. *Still Eastward-hoe was all my word;*
But Westward I had no regard:
Nor ever thought what would come after:
As did, alas, his youngest daughter.
At last the black ox trod o'my foot,
And I saw then what 'long'd unto't:
Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill!

Touchstone. And I will do it, Francis!

Wolf. Stay him, Mr. Deputy, now is the time: we shall lose the song else.

Friend. I protest, it is the best that ever I heard.

Quicksilver. How like you it, gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

Quicksilver. This stanza now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Friend. Pray you go on, sir.

Quick. *O Mannington, thy stories show,*
Thou cutt'st a horse-head off at a blow;
But I confess I have not the force,
For to cut off th' head of a horse;
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of sin:
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's high way, and bogs of lust;
Whereby I may take virtue's purse,
And live with her, for better, for worse.

Friend. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited.

* Sir Petronel seems to have heard it so often as to be able to continue the ditty. C.

Quicksilver. Alas, sir!

Touchstone. Son Golding and Mr. Wolf, I thank you; the deceit is welcome, especialy from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shewn a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen! I am ravished with his *Repentance*, and could stand here a whole prentice-ship to hear him.

Friend. [70] Forth, good sir.

Quicksilver. This is the last, and the *Farewel*,

Farewel, Cheapside! farewel, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that never shall fade.
Farewel, dear fellow-prentices all!
And be you warned by my fall;
Shun usurers, bauds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
'Scape Tyburn, Compters, and the Spittle.

Touchstone. And 'scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis!

Quicksilver. Master!

Sir Petronel. Father!

Touchstone. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right: arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver! thou hast eat into my breast, Quicksilver, with the drops of thy sorrow; and kill'd the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

Quicksilver. O, sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful face.

Sir Petronel. Forgive me, father!

Touchstone. Speak no more; all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thank this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis——Mr. Wolf, I am their bail. [*A shout in the prison.*

Security. Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

Touchstone. Who's that?

Wolf. Security, sir.

[70] *Forth*] i. e. proceed. S. P.

Security. Pray, you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune too.

SONG.

O Master Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?
Because I was an usurer,
And baud, as all you know,
For which again, I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touchstone. Bring him forth, Mr. Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy, and the mirth of this encounter in the compter.—See, we are encountered with more suitors.

Enter Mrs. TOUCHSTONE, GIRTRED, MILDRED, SINDEFY, WINIFRED, &c.

Save your breath, save your breath: all things have succeeded to your wishes, and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Girtred. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

Sir Petronel. Dear lady wife, forgive me.

Girtred. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' been proud and lascivious, father; and a fool, father; and being rais'd to the state of a wanton coy thing, call'd a lady, father, have scorn'd you father, and my sister; and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the city as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell; I have said your beard was a base one, father, and that you look'd like Twier-pipe the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mrs. Touchstone. Now God forgi' you, child, madam.

Touchstone. No more repetitions. What else is wanting to make our harmony full?

Golding. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mrs. Sindefy with marriage.

Quicksilver. With all my heart.

Golding. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touchstone. Excellently devised! a good motion! What says Mr. Security?

Security. I say any thing, sir; what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Winifred. Cuckold, husband? why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touchstone. Why, Mr. Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corrosive. If you be a cuckold, it is an argument you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain, others will take it for you: besides, you being an usurer (and likely to go to hell), the devils will never torment you: they'll take you for one of their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an [71] *Innocent;* if you know and endure it, a true *Martyr.*

Security. I am resolved, sir.—Come hither, Winny.

Touchstone. Well then, all are pleased, or shall be

[71] *Innocent*] A term formerly used in common, and still retained in some parts of the kingdom for an idiot. Thus in *Hall's Chronicle,* Henry IV. fo. 6.

——— "depravynge and railyng on Kyng Rycharde, as an *innocent,* a dastard, a meicocke," &c.

Ben Jonson's *Epicæne.*

——— "she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me *innocent,* and lets me go."

Ibid. A. 3. Sc. 4.

——— "do you think you had married some *innocent* out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth and look upon you?"

The *Two Noble Kinsmen,* by Fletcher and Shakespeare. A. 4. Sc. 1.

——— "but this very day
I ask'd her questions and she answer'd me,
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An *innocent!* and I was very angry." I. R.

And in the *Atheist's Tragedy.* K 2.

"D'Arnville, with all thy wisdom thou'rt a fool,
Not like those fools that we term *innocents.*" O. G.

anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry methinks: have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

Quicksilver. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these; as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.*

Touchstone. Thou hast thy wish. Now, London, look about,
And in this moral see thy glass run out.
Behold the careful father, thrifty son,
The solemn deeds which each of us have done;
The usurer punish'd, and, from fall so steep,
The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the lost sheep.
[*Exeunt.*

* Referring to his jail dress, which, from what Mrs. Security says before of her husband, appears then (as now in many prisons) to have been yellow. C.

EPILOGUS.*

STAY, sir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together, to view our coming out at the Compter. See if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stuck with people, and the windows fill'd with ladies, as on [72] the solemn day of the pageant!

O may you find in this our pageant here
The same contentment which you came to seek;
And as that shew but draws you once a year,
May this attract you hither once a week!

* Mr. Reed added "spoken by Quicksilver"—this may be so; but as the quartos do not mention the fact, it is better to append this conjecture in a note.

[72] *the solemn day of the pageant*] i. e. on the day of the Lord Mayor's election, when pageants used to be exhibited.

EDITION.

"Eastward Hoe[73]. As it was play'd in the Black "Friers. By the Children of her Majesties Revels. "Made by Geo. Chapman, Ben Jonson, Joh. Marston. "At London. Printed for William Aspley, 1605, "4to."

[73] Since Note 38, p. 233, was written, I have seen two copies of this Play, in neither of which are to be found the lines marked with commas. The Editions in every other respect appear to be the same. I therefore conclude, that after the publication a sheet was cancelled in order to leave out the passage which offended King James the First.

THE

REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

CYRIL TOURNEUR is known only as an Author, none of the Dramatick Biographers giving any account of him. Winstanly quotes the following distich from a contemporary Poet, by which it appears that he was not held in much estimation for his writings:

> His fame unto that pitch was only rais'd,
> As not to be despis'd, nor over-prais'd.

He was the Author of

(1.) The Revenger's Tragedy. Acted by the King's Servants. 4to, 1607; 4to, 1608.*

(2.) The Atheist's Tragedy: or, Honest Man's Revenge. 4to, 1612.†

A Traji-Comedy, called THE NOBLEMAN, never printed, and which Oldys says was destroyed by ignorance.‡

"A Funerall Poeme upon the Death of the most "worthie and true Souldier Sir Francis Vere, Knight, "Captaine of Portsmouth, Lord Governour of his Ma-"jestie's cautionarie Towne of Briell in Holland, &c." 4to, 1609.

* The *Revenger's Tragedy*, was entered on the Stationers' Books, with *A trick to catch the Old One*, on the 7th October, 1607.

† An edition dated 1611, with the following title, was in the collection of Mr. Rhodes before its dispersion: "The Atheist's Tra-"gedie, or the Honest Man's Revenge. As in divers places it "hath been acted. Written by Cyril Tourneur. At London. "Printed for John Stepneth and Richard Redmer, and are to be "sold at their shop, at the West end of Paules, 1611." There are some good passages in this play, but upon the whole it is considerably inferior to *The Revenger's Tragedy*. The plot is unnatural, and the manner in which the catastrophe is brought about ludicrous. C.

‡ It is very probable that Tourneur was concerned in other dramatic productions, which are either anonymous or have been lost: he is mentioned in the following terms by Robert Daborne in a letter to P. Henslowe, dated 5th June, 1613. "I have not only "laboured my own play, which shall be ready before they (the "Company) come over, but given Cyrill Tourneur an act of the "*Arraignment of London* to write, y^t we may have that likewise "ready for them." C.

"A Griefe on the Death of Prince Henrie. Ex-
"pressed in a broken Elegie, according to the nature
"of such a sorrow." 4to, 1613.*

* After the title comes a prose dedication, "To my noble "maister George Carie," and four lines "to the Reader." At the end of the *Griefe* are verses "on the representation of the "Prince at his funeralle," and "on the succession" each in eight lines. The tract consists of 20 pages. O. G.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

DUKE.
DUTCHESS.
VENDICE, *disguised as Piato,* } *Brothers to Castiza.*
HIPPOLITO, *also called Carlo,* }
LUSSURIOSO, *the Duke's Son.*
SPURIO, *a bastard.*
AMBITIOSO, *the Dutchess's eldest Son.*
SUPERVACUO, *second Son to the Dutchess.*
A third Son to the Dutchess.
ANTONIO.
PIERO.
DONDOLO.
JUDGES.

CASTIZA.
GRATIANA, *mother of Castiza.*

The Scene Italy.

THE

REVENGER'S TRAGEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter VENDICE. *The* DUKE, DUTCHESS, LUSSURIOSO, *the Duke's son,* SPURIO *the bastard, with a train, pass over the stage with torch-light.*

*Vendice.** DUKE! royal letcher! go, grey-hair'd adultery!
And thou his son, as impious steep'd as he:
And thou his bastard, true begot in evil:
And thou his dutchess, that will do with devil:
Four exc'llent characters.—O that marrowless age
Should stuff the hollow bones with damn'd desires!
And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry duke,
[1] A parch'd and juiceless luxur. O God! one
That has scarce blood enough to live upon;
And he to riot it, like a son and heir!
O, the thought of that
Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.
Thou sallow picture of my poison'd love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out

* With a skull in his hand. That he has the skull of his mistress is evident from the whole of the scene. He makes use of it afterwards in Act III. C.

[1] *A parch'd and juiceless luxur.*] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence*. Hence this wanton old Duke is called a *luxur*. See Mr. Collins's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, edit. 1778, vol. IX. p. 166. S.

These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings,—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man, (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father fifty years told,
To have consum'd, and yet his suit been cold.
But oh, accursed palace!
Thee, when thou wert apparel'd in thy flesh,
The old duke poison'd,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsy lust; for old men lustful
Do shew like young men angry; eager, violent,
Out-bid, like their limited performances.
O 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
"Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous."
Vengeance thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
Thou shew'st thyself tenant to tragedy;
Oh keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determin'd. Hum—who e'er knew
Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due,
Sh' as kept touch hitherto:—be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks!
To have their costly three-pil'd flesh worn off
As bare as this—for banquets, ease, and laughter,
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay;
But wise men little are more great than they.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hippolito. Still sighing o'er death's vizard?

Vendice. Brother, welcome!
What comfort bring'st thou? how go things at court?

Hippolito. In silk and silver, brother: never braver.

Vendice. Puh!
Thou play'st upon my meaning. Pr'ythee say,
Has that bald madman, opportunity,

Yet thought upon's? speak, are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.
Hippolito. It may prove happiness.
Vendice. What is't may prove?
Give me to taste.
Hippolito. Give me your hearing then.
You know my place at court?
Vendice. Ay, the duke's chamber:
But 'tis a marvel thou'rt not turn'd out yet!
Hippolito. Faith, I have been shov'd at; but 'twas still my hap
To hold by th' dutchess' skirt: you guess at that:
Whom such a coat keeps up, can ne'er fall flat.
But to the purpose:
Last evening, predecessor unto this,
The duke's son warily enquir'd for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began
By policy to open and unhusk me,
About the time and common rumour:
But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts
Up in their built houses; yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger.
But the whole aim and scope of his intent
Ended in this; conjuring me in private
To seek some strange digested fellow forth,
Of ill-contented nature, either disgrac'd
In former times, or by new grooms displac'd,
Since his step-mother's nuptials; such a blood,
A man that were for evil only good;
To give you the true word, some base-coin'd pander.
Vendice. I reach you; for I know his heat is such,
Were there as many concubines as ladies,
He would not be contain'd; he must fly out.
I wonder how ill-featur'd, vile-proportion'd,
That one should be, if she were made for woman,
Whom, at the insurrection of his lust,
He would refuse for once. Heart, I think none:
Next to a skull, tho' more unsound than one,
Each face he meets he strongly doats upon.

Hippolito. Brother, y'ave truly spoke him.
He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.
Vendice. And therefore I'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then, a man o'th' time;
For to be honest is not to be i'th' world.
Brother, I'll be that strange-composed fellow.
Hippolito. And I'll prefer you, brother.
Vendice. Go to, then:
The small'st advantage fattens wronged men:
It may point out occasion; if I meet her,
I'll hold her by the fore-top fast enough;
Or,[2] like the French Mole, heave up hair and all.
I have a habit that will fit it quaintly.
Here comes our mother.
Hippolito. And sister.
Vendice. We must coin:
Women are apt, you know, to take false money;
But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures,
Only excuse excepted, that they'll swallow,
Because their sex is easy in belief.

Enter GRATIANA *and* CASTIZA.

Gratiana. What news from court, son Carlo!
Hippolito. Faith, mother,
'Tis whisper'd there the dutchess' youngest son
Has play'd a rape on lord Antonio's wife.
Gratiana. On that religious lady!
Castiza. Royal blood! monster, he deserves to die;
If Italy had no more hopes but he.
Vendice. Sister, y'ave sentenc'd most direct and true,
The law's a woman, and would she were you.
Mother, I must take leave of you.
Gratiana. Leave! for what?
Vendice. I intend speedy travel.
Hippolito. That he does, madam.
Gratiana. Speedy indeed!

[2] *like the French Mole,*] This is not a name of the *Lues Venerea,* but a comparison only of it to a *mole,* on account of the effects it sometimes produces in occasioning the loss of hair. S. P.

Vendice. For since my worthy father's funeral,
My life's unnaturally to me, e'en compell'd;
As if I liv'd now, when I should be dead.
Gratiana. Indeed, he was a worthy gentleman,
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.
Vendice. The duke did much deject him.
Gratiana. Much?
Vendice. Too much:
And tho' disgrace oft smother'd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I think he died
Of discontent, the noble man's consumption.
Gratiana. Most sure he did.
Vendice. Did he? lack!—you know all:
You were his midnight secretary.
Gratiana. No,
He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.
Vendice. 'Yfaith, then, father, thou wast wise indeed;
"Wives are but made to go to bed and feed."
Come, mother, sister: you'll [3] bring me onward, brother.
Hippolito. I will.
Vendice. I'll quickly turn into another. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the old DUKE, LUSSURIOSO *his son, the* DUTCHESS: *the* BASTARD, *the* DUTCHESS' *two sons* AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO, *the third her youngest brought out with Officers for the rape. Two* JUDGES.

Duke. Dutchess, it is your youngest son, we're sorry,
His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
And stain'd our honours;
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state;
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot us in our tombs:
For that which would seem treason in our lives
Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim,
With loud words and broad pens, our closest shame?
Judge. Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years,

[3] *bring me onward,*] A phrase in common use, signifying to accompany one.

Full of confirmed gravity;—for what is it to have
A flattering false insculption* on a tomb,
And in men's hearts reproach? the bowel'd corps
May be sear'd in, but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their sear-cloths break.
Duke. They do; we're sorry for't, it is our fate
To live in fear, and die to live in hate.
I leave him to your sentence, doom him, lords,
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.
Dutchess. My gracious lord, I pray be merciful:
Although his trespass far exceed his years,
Think him to be your own, as I am yours;
Call him not son-in-law: the law, I fear,
Will fall too soon upon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pity.
Lussurioso. Good, my lord,
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
Upon the judge's palate; for offences,
Gilt o'er with mercy, show like fairest women,
Good only for their beauties, which wash'd off,
No sin is uglier.
Ambitioso. I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild, let not relentless law
Look with an iron forehead on our brother.
Spurio. He yields small comfort yet: hope he shall die;
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turn'd into a corse!
Dutchess. No pity yet? must I rise fruitless then?
A wonder in a woman! are my knees
Of such low metal—that without respect—
First Judge. Let the offender stand forth:
'Tis the duke's pleasure, that impartial doom
Shall take fast hold of his unclean attempt.
A rape! why 'tis the very core of lust,
Double adultery.
Junior. So, sir.
Second Judge. And which was worse,

* Hitherto misprinted *inscription*: *insculption* is the word in the old quartos. C.

Committed on the lord Antonio's wife,
That general honest lady. Confess, my lord,
What mov'd you to't?
Junior. Why flesh and blood, my lord;
What should move men unto a woman else!
Lussurioso. O do not jest thy doom! trust not an ax
Or sword too far: the law is a wise serpent,
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
Tho' marriage only has made thee my brother,
I love thee so far, play not with thy death.
Junior. I thank you, troth; good admonitions, faith,
If I'd the grace now to make use of them.
First Judge. That lady's name has spread such a fair wing
Over all Italy, that if our tongues
Were sparing toward the fact, judgment itself
Would be condemn'd, and suffer in men's thoughts.
Junior. Well then, 'tis done; and it would please me well,
Were it to do again: sure she's a goddess,
For I'd no power to see her, and to live.
It falls out true in this, for I must die;
Her beauty was ordain'd to be my scaffold.
And yet, methinks, I might be easier 'sess'd,
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest.
First Judge. This be the sentence—
Dutchess. Oh keep't upon your tongue; let it not slip;
Death too soon steals out of a lawyer's lip.
Be not so cruel-wise!
First Judge. Your grace must pardon us;
'Tis but the justice of the law.
Dutchess. The law
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.
Spurio. Now, now he dies! rid 'em away.
Dutchess. O, what it is to have an old cool duke,
To be as slack in tongue as in performance!
First Judge. Confirm'd, this be the doom irrevocable.
Dutchess. Oh!
First Judge. To-morrow early—
Dutchess. Pray be a-bed, my lord.

First Judge. Your gracè much wrongs yourself.
Ambitioso. No, 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, does do us too much wrong.
First Judge. Let that offender—
Dutchess. Live, and be in health.
First Judge. Be on a scaffold—
Duke. Hold, hold, my lord.
Spurio. Pox on't,
What makes my dad speak now?
Duke. We will defer the judgment till next sitting:
In the mean time, let him be kept close prisoner.
Guard, bear him hence.
Ambitioso. Brother, this makes for thee;
Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free.
Junior. Brother, I will expect it from you both;
And in that hope I rest.
Supervacuo. Farewel, be merry. [*Exit with a guard.*
Spurio. Delay'd! deferr'd! nay then, if judgment have cold blood,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.
Duke. About it, then, my lords, with your best powers:
More serious business calls upon our hours.
[*Exeunt, manet Dutchess.*
Dutchess. Was it ever known step-dutchess was so mild
And calm as I? some now would plot his death
With easy doctors, those loose-living men,
And make his wither'd grace fall to his grave,
And keep church better.
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch
Her double loathed lord at meat or sleep.
Indeed, 'tis true, an old man's twice achild;
Mine cannot speak; one of his single words
Would quite have freed my youngest dearest son
From death or durance; and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whose prickles should bow under him; but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock-faith shall be forgot:
I'll kill him in his forehead; hate, there feed;

That wound is deepest, tho' it never bleed.
And here comes he, whom my heart points unto,
His bastard son, but my love's true begot;
Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,
Swell'd up with jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kind.
That jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,
Mocking his master's chilness and vain fear.
H'as spy'd me now.

Enter SPURIO.*

Spurio. Madam, your grace so private?
My duty on your hand.

Dutchess. Upon my hand, sir! troth, I think you'd fear
To kiss my hand too, if my lip stood there.

Spurio. Witness I would not, madam.

Dutchess. 'Tis a wonder,
For ceremony has made many fools!†
It is as easy way [4]unto a dutchess,
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves—What have you thought of me?

Spurio. Madam, I ever think of you in duty,
Regard, and—

Dutchess. Puh! upon my love I mean.

Spurio. I would 'twere love; but 'tis a fouler name
Than lust: you are my father's wife—your grace may guess now
What I could call it.

Dutchess. Why, th'art his son but falsely;
'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

* The entrances and *exits* and of the various characters are very defectively noticed in the old copies, and Mr. Reed accurately supplied most of them. C.

† Tourneur has urged this doctrine at greater length in the second Act of his *Atheists' Tragedy*, 1612. O. G.

[4] —— *unto a dutchess,*
As to a hatted *dame,*] She means from the highest to the lowest of her sex. At this time women of the inferior order wore *hats*. See Hollar's *Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus*, 1640.

Spurio. 'Ifaith, 'tis true: I'm an uncertain man,
Of more uncertain woman. May be his groom o'th' stable begot me; you know I know not; he could ride a horse well, a shrewd suspicion, marry!—he was wond'rous tall: he had his length, i'faith; for peeping over half-shut holy-day windows, men would desire him light, when he was a-foot.
He made a goodly show under a pent-house;
And, when he rid, his hat would check the signs,
And clatter barbers basons.

Dutchess. [5] Nay, set you a horseback once,
You'll ne'er light off.

Spurio. Indeed, I am a beggar.

Dutchess. That's more the sign thou'rt great.—But to our love:
Let it stand firm both in thy thought and mind,
That the duke was thy father, as no doubt
He bid fair for't, thy injury is the more;
For had he cut thee a right diamond,
Thou had'st been next set in the dukedom's ring,
When his worn self, like age's easy slave,
Had dropt out of the [6] collet into th' grave.
What wrong can equal this? canst thou be tame,
And think upon't?

Spurio. No; mad, and think upon't.

Dutchess. Who would not be reveng'd of such a father,
E'en in the worst way? I would thank that sin
That could most injure him, and be in league with it.
Oh, what a grief 'tis, that a man should live
But once i'th' world, and then to live a bastard!
The curse o'the womb, the thief of nature,
Begot against the seventh commandment,

[5] *Nay, set you a horseback once,*] "Set a beggar on horseback, "and he'll ride a gallop. *Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in al-"tum.* Claudian. *Il n'est orgueil qui de pauvre enrichi.* Gall. There "is no pride to the enriched beggar's. *Il villan nobilitado non co-"nosce il parentado.* Ital. The villain ennobled will not own his "kindred or parentage." Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 77.

[6] *collet*] That part of a ring in which the stone is set. Johnson's *Dictionary.*

Half damn'd in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.
Spurio. Oh, I'd a hot-back'd devil to my father.
Dutchess. Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?
Who but an eunuch would not sin? his bed,
By one false minute, disinherited.
Spurio. I, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in!
I'll be reveng'd for all: now, hate, begin;
I'll call foul incest but a venial sin.
Dutchess. Cold still! in vain then must a dutchess woo?
Spurio. Madam, I blush to say what I will do.
Dutchess. Thence flew sweet comfort. Earnest, and farewel.
Spurio. Oh, one incestuous kiss picks open hell.
Dutchess. Faith now, old duke, my vengeance shall reach high,
I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry. [*Exit.*
Spurio. Duke, thou didst do me wrong; and, by thy act,
Adultery is my nature.
Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner; some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose,
Were merrily dispos'd to fall again.
In such a whisp'ring and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bauds kept centinel at stair-head,
Was I stol'n softly: oh—damnation met,
The sin of feasts, drunken adultery,
I feel it swell me; my revenge is just!
I was begot in impudent wine and lust.
Step-mother, I consent to thy desires;
I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee,
And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion,
Death, and disgrace, may be their epitaphs.

As for my brother, the duke's only son,
Whose birth is more beholding to report
Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown
(Women must not be trusted with their own),
I'll loose my days upon him, hate all I,
Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy:
For, indeed, a bastard by nature should make cuckolds,
Because he is the son of a cuckold-maker. [*Exit.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO. VENDICE *in disguise, to attend* L. LUSSURIOSO, *the Duke's son.*

Vendice. What, brother, am I far enough from myself?

Hippolito. As if another man had been sent whole
Into the world, and none wist how he came.

Vendice. It will confirm me bold; the child o'th' court;
Let blushes dwell i'th' country. Impudence!
Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses,
To whom the costly perfum'd people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
Mine eyes to steady sapphires. Turn my visage;
And, if I must needs glow, let me blush inward,
That this immodest season may not spy
That scholar in my cheeks, fool bashfulness;
That maid in the old time, whose flush of grace
Would never suffer her to get good cloaths.
Our maids are wiser, and are less asham'd;
Save Grace the baud, I seldom hear grace nam'd!

Hippolito. Nay, brother, you reach out o'th' verge now——
'Sfoot, the duke's son! settle your looks.

Vendice. Pray, let me not be doubted.

Hippolito. My lord——

Enter LUSSURIOSO.

Lussurioso. Hippolito!—be absent, leave us.

Hippolito. My lord, after long search, wary enquiries,
And politick siftings, I made choice of yon fellow,
Whom I guess rare for many deep employments:
This our age swims within him; and if Time
Had so much hair, I should take him for Time,

He is so near kin to this present minute.

Lussurioso. 'Tis enough;
We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks;
Gold, tho' it be dumb, does utter the best thanks.
[*Gives him money.*

Hippolito. Your plenteous honour—An excellent fellow, my lord.

Lussurioso. So, give us leave—[*Exit* Hippolito.] welcome, be not far off; we must be better acquainted: pish, be bold with us—thy hand.

Vendice. With all my heart, i'faith: how dost, sweet musk-cat?
When shall we lie together?

Lussurioso. Wondrous knave!
Gather him into boldness! s'foot, the slave's
Already as familiar as an ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure.—Friend, I can
Forget myself in private; but elsewhere,
I pray do you remember me.

Vendice. Oh! very well, sir—I construe myself saucy.

Lussurioso. What hast been?
Of what profession?

Vendice. A bone-setter.

Lussurioso. A bone-setter!

Vendice. A baud, my lord,
One that sets bones together.

Lussurioso. Notable bluntness!
Fit, fit for me; e'en train'd up to my hand:
Thou hast been scrivener to much knavery then?

Vendice. Fool to abundance, sir: I have been witness
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins;
And not so little.
I have seen patrimonies wash'd a-pieces,
Fruit-fields turn'd into bastards,
And in a world of acres
Not so much dust due to the hair 'twas left to
[7] As would well gravel a petition.

[7] *As would well* gravel *a petition*] i. e. *sand* it, to prevent it from blotting while the ink was wet. S.

Lussurioso. Fine villain! troth I like him wondrously:
He's e'en shap'd for my purpose.—Then thou know'st
I'th' world strange lust?
Vendice. O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation! which begets so many drunkards:
Some fathers dread not (gone to bed in wine) to slide from the mother,
[8] And cling the daughter-in-law;
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces:
Brothers with brothers wives. O hour of incest!
Any kin now, [9] next to the rim o'th' sister,
Is man's meat in these days; and in the morning,
When they are up and drest, and their mask on,
Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye
That sees thro' flesh and all? Well, if any thing be damn'd,
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve
Will never 'scape;
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betray'd to sin.
Lussurioso. In troth, it is true: but let this talk glide.
It is our blood to err, tho' hell gape [10] wide.
Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.
Now, sir, wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtle,
And deeply fathom'd into all estates,
I would embrace thee for a near employment;
And thou should'st swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggars crouch to thee.
Vendice. My lord.
Secret! I ne'er had that disease o'th' mother,

[8] *and* cling *the daughter-in-law*] i. e. gripe, compress, embrace her. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 5.

[9] *next to the* rim *of the sister*] That is, no degree of relationship is sufficient to restrain the appetite of lust, scarce that of sister; they even approach to the *rim* or *verge* of what is the most prohibited.

[10] *wide*] The quarto reads, *lowde*.

I praise my father: why are men made close,
But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
Tell but some woman a secret over night,
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i'th' morning.
But, my lord—

Lussurioso. So, thou'rt confirm'd in me,
And thus I enter thee. [*Gives him money.*

Vendice. This Indian devil
Will quickly enter any man, but a usurer;
He prevents that, by entering the devil first.

Lussurioso. Attend me. I am past my depth in lust,
And I must swim or drown. All my desires
Are level'd at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have convey'd by messenger
Many wax'd lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels, that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man; all which and more
She, foolish chaste, sent back; the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.

Vendice. Possible!
'Tis a rare Phœnix, whoe'er she be.
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth, my lord, I'd be reveng'd and marry her.

Lussurioso. Pish! the dowry of her blood, and of her fortunes,
Are both too mean—good enough to be bad withal.
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage [11] as good; yet rather keep a friend.
Give me my bed by stealth—there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night?

Vendice. A very fine religion!

Lussurioso. Therefore, thus
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart;
Because I see thee well experienc'd
In this luxurious day wherein we breathe:
Go thou, and with a smooth inchanting tongue
Bewitch her ears, and cozen her of all grace:
Enter upon the portion of her soul,
Her honour, which she calls her chastity,

[11] *as good*] The quarto reads, *is good*. S.

And bring it into expence; for honesty
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
Which, ne'er so little broke, does never keep.
Vendice. You have gi'n't the tang, i'faith, my lord:
Make known the lady to me, and my brain
Shall swell with strange invention: I will move it,
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
Without a word to save me—but I'll work—
Lussurioso. We thank thee, and will raise thee—
Receive her name; it is the only daughter to madam
Gratiana, the late widow.
Vendice. Oh, my sister, my sister!— [*Aside.*
Lussurioso. Why dost walk aside?
Vendice. My lord, I was thinking how I might begin:
As thus, Oh lady—or twenty hundred devices;
Her very bodkin will put a man in.
Lussurioso. Ay, or the wagging of her hair.
Vendice. No, that shall put you in, my lord.
Lussurioso. Shall't? why, content—Do'st know the daughter, then?
Vendice. O excellent well, by sight.
Lussurioso. That was her brother
That did prefer thee to us.
Vendice. My lord, I think so;
I knew I had seen him somewhere—
Lussurioso. And therefore, pr'ythee, let thy heart to him
Be as a virgin, close.
Vendice. Oh, my good lord.
Lussurioso. We may laugh at that simple age within him.
Vendice. Ha, ha, ha!
Lussurioso. Himself being made the subtle instrument,
To wind up a good fellow.
Vendice. That's I, my lord.
Lussurioso. That's thou,
To entice and work his sister.
Vendice. A pure novice!

Lussurioso. 'Twas finely manag'd.
Vendice. Gallantly carried!
A pretty perfum'd villain!
Lussurioso. I've bethought me,
If she prove chaste still, and immoveable,
Venture upon the mother; and with gifts,
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.
Vendice. Oh, fie, fie, that's the wrong end, my lord. 'Tis mere impossible, that a mother, by any gifts, should become a baud to her own daughter!
Lussurioso. Nay, then, I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtle mystery of a woman.—Why 'tis held now no dainty dish: the name
Is so in league with age, that now-a-days
It does eclipse three quarters of a mother,
Vendice. Does it so, my lord?
Let me alone, then, to eclipse the fourth.
Lussurioso. Why, well said—come, I'll furnish thee; but first
Swear to be true in all.
Vendice. True!
Lussurioso. Nay, but swear.
Vendice. Swear!—I hope your honour little doubts my faith.
Lussurioso. Yet, for my humour's sake, 'cause I love swearing.
Vendice. 'Cause you love swearing, 'slud, I will.
Lussurioso. Why enough!
Ere long look to be made of better stuff.
Vendice. That will do well indeed, my lord.
Lussurioso. Attend me. [*Exit.*
Vendice. Oh!
Now let me burst. I've eaten noble poison;
We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains!
Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on't, think'st thou?
I'faith thou shalt: swear me to foul my sister!
Sword, I durst make a promise of him to thee;
Thou shalt disheir him; it shall be thine honour.
And yet, now angry froth is down in me,
It would not prove the meanest policy,

In this disguise, to try the faith of both.
Another might have had the self-same office;
Some slave, that would have wrought effectually,
Ay, and perhaps o'erwrought 'em; therefore I,
Being thought travel'd, will apply myself
Unto the self-same form, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
So touch 'em;—tho' I durst almost for good
Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood.* [*Exit.*

Enter the discontented LORD ANTONIO, *whose wife the Dutchess's youngest son ravish'd; he discovering the body of her dead to certain lords, and Hippolito.*

Antonio. Draw nearer, lords, and be sad witnesses
Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,
Being falsely undermin'd. Violent rape
Has play'd a glorious act: behold, my lords,
A sight that strikes man out of me.

Piero. That virtuous lady!

Antonio. Precedent for wives!

Hippolito. The blush of many women, whose chaste presence
Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks, and make
Pale wanton sinners have good colours—

Antonio. Dead!
Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.

Piero. O grief of many!

Antonio. I mark'd not this before:
A prayer-book, the pillow to her cheek:
This was her rich confection; and another
Plac'd in her right hand, with a leaf tuck'd up,
Pointing to these words:
Melius virtute mori, quam per dedecus vivere:
True, and effectual it is indeed.

Hippolito. My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows,
Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,
As to ourselves, we may relieve your wrongs:

* "Upon their good," is the mis-reading of one old copy. C.

We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue;
Curæ leves loquuntur, majores stupent.
Antonio. You deal with truth, my lord,
Lend me but your attentions, and I'll cut
Long grief into short words. Last revelling night,
When torch-light made an artificial noon
About the court, some courtiers in the mask,
Putting on better faces than their own,
Being full of fraud and flattery; amongst whom
The dutchess' youngest son (that moth to honour)
Fill'd up a room, and with long lust to eat
Into my wearing, amongst all the ladies
Singled out that dear form, who ever liv'd
As cold in lust as she is now in death,
(Which that step-dutchess monster knew too well;)
And therefore, in the height of all the revels,
When music was heard loudest, courtiers busiest,
And ladies great with laughter—O vicious minute!
Unfit but for relation to be spoke of:
Then, with a face more impudent than his vizard,
[11] He harry'd her amidst a throng of panders,
That live upon damnation of both kinds,
And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust.
(O death to think on't!) she, her honour forc'd,
Deem'd it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poison, than to live with shame.
Hippolito. A wondrous lady! of rare fire compact;
Sh'as made her name an empress by that act.
Piero. My lord, what judgment follows the offender?
Antonio. Faith none, my lord; it cools, and is deferr'd.
Piero. Delay the doom for rape!
Antonio. O, you must note who 'tis should die,
The dutchess' son; she'll look to be a saver!
"Judgment, in this age, is near kin to favour."

[11] *He harry'd her*] To *harry*, Mr. Steevens observes, is to *use roughly*. See Note to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 3. See also Fuller's Church History, lib. 10. p. 19. O. G.

Hippolito. Nay, then, step forth thou bribeless officer: [*Draws.*
I'll bind you all in steel, to bind you surely;
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade;
Strengthen my vow, that if, at the next sitting,
Judgment speak all in gold, and spare the blood
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats
To let his soul out, which long since was found
Guilty in heaven—

All. We swear it, and will act it.

Antonio. Kind gentlemen, I thank you in mine ire.

Hippolito. 'Twere pity
The ruins of so fair a monument
Should not be dipt in the defacer's blood.

Piero. Her funeral shall be wealthy; for her name
Merits a tomb of pearl. My lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your lady from your eyes;
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with revenge.

Antonio. That is my comfort, gentlemen, and I joy
In this one happiness above the rest,
Which will be call'd a miracle at last,
That, being an old man, I'd a wife so chaste. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter CASTIZA, *the sister.*

Castiza. How hardly shall that maiden be bese
Whose only fortunes are her constant thoughts!
That has no other child's part but her honour,
That keeps her low and empty in estate;
Maids and their honours are like poor beginners;
Were not sin rich, there would be fewer sinners;
Why had not virtue a revenue? Well,
I know the cause, 'twould have impoverish'd hell.

Enter DONDOLO.

How now, Dondolo?

Dondolo. Madona, there is one, as they say, a thing of flesh and blood, a man I take him by his beard, that would very desirously mouth to mouth with you.

Castiza. What's that?

Dondolo. Show his teeth in your company.

Castiza. I understand thee not.

Dondolo. Why speak with you, Madona.

Castiza. Why, say so, madman, and cut off a great deal of dirty way; had it not been spoke in ordinary words, that one would speak with me?

Dondolo. Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two shillings. I would strive a little to show myself in my place; a gentleman-usher scorns to use the phrase and fancy of a serving-man.

Castiza. Yours be your own, sir; go, direct him hither;
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately travell'd, whom my soul affects.
Here he comes.

Enter VENDICE *her brother, disguised.*

Vendice. Lady, the best of wishes to your sex.
Fair skins and new gowns.

Castiza. Oh they shall thank you, sir.
Whence this?

Vendice. Mighty—Oh, from a dear and worthy friend;

Castiza. From whom?

Vendice. The duke's son!

Castiza. Receive that.

[*A box o' the ear to her brother.*

I swore I would put anger in my hand,
And pass the virgin limits of myself, *
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't;
Tell him, my honour shall have a rich name,

* Mr. Gilchrist suggested that instead of *myself* we ought to read *my sex*, which is a plausible conjecture, but not supported by the quartos. C.

When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewel; commend me to him in my hate. [*Exit.*
Vendice. It is the sweetest box,
That e'er my nose came nigh;
The finest drawn-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still henceforward take the wall of this.
Oh, I'm above my tongue: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honourable shown;
Many are call'd by their honour, that have none;
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, tho' I know,
A syren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mass, fitly here she comes! thanks, my disguise—
Madam, good afternoon.

Enter GRATIANA.

Gratiana. Y'are welcome, sir.
Vendice. The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.
Gratiana. I think myself much honour'd, that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.
Vendice. So may you, lady:
One that is like to be our sudden duke;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him,
E'en with any thing almost!
Gratiana. Ay, save their honour.
Vendice. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in't: ne'er be seen in't, mark you,
I'd wink, and let it go—
Gratiana. Marry but I would not.
Vendice. Marry but I would, I hope; I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;

That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning,
(For his white father does but mould away)
Has long desir'd your daughter.
Gratiana. Desir'd?
Vendice. Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter:
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; madam, I know you're poor,
And (lack the day!) there are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despis'd.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity.
Gratiana. O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother to such a most unnatural task.
Vendice. No, but a thousand angels can;
Men have no power, angels must work you to't:
The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive—still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others daughters
Spring with the dew o'the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd—by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast;
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho' it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.
Gratiana. O heavens! this o'ercomes me!
Vendice. Not I hope already? [*Aside.*
Gratiana. It is too strong for me; men know that know us, [*Aside.*
We are so weak their words can overthrow us;

He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate,*
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.
Vendice. I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge,
I fear me she's unmother'd, yet I'll venture.
" That woman is all male, whom none can enter."
[*Aside.*
What think you now, lady? speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said,
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:
Did it not, madam? but I'll swear it does
In many places: tut, this age fears no man,
" 'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common."
Gratiana. I, that's the comfort on't.
Vendice. The comfort on't!
I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
To forget heaven—and—
Gratiana. Ay, these are they—
Vendice. Oh!
Gratiana. That enchant our sex:
These are the means that govern our affections,—that woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you:
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do.
Vendice. O suffering heaven! with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself. [*Aside.*
Gratiana. Look you, sir.
Vendice. Hollo.
Gratiana. Let this thank your pains.
Vendice. O, you're a kind madam.
Gratiana. I'll see how I can move.
Vendice. Your words will sting.
Gratiana. If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.
Vendice. Spoke truer than you meant it.
Gratiana. Daughter Castiza.

*See Note 17 to this Play.

Enter CASTIZA.

Castiza. Madam.

Vendice. O, she's yonder;
Meet her: troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.

Castiza. Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd man
In presence of you?

Gratiana. Why?

Castiza. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.

Gratiana. Dishonourable act!—good honourable fool,
That would'st be honest, cause thou would'st be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And 't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? poor people; ignorant people;
The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters' actions? Oh, if thou knew'st
What t'were to lose it, thou would never keep it!
But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst others [12] clip the sun, they clasp the shades.
Virginity is paradise lock'd up.
You cannot come by yourselves without fee;
And 'twas decreed, that man should keep the key!
Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!

Castiza. I cry you mercy! lady, I mistook you,
Pray did you see my mother, which way went you?
Pray God I have not lost her.

Vendice. Prettily put by! [*Aside.*

Gratiana. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him?
Do you not know me now?

Castiza. Why, are you she?
The world's so chang'd, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.

Vendice. Most right, i'faith. [*Aside.*

[12] *clip the sun*] i. e. embrace it. So again in this play:
Here in this lodge they meet for damned *clips.*
i. e. cursed embraces. S.

Gratiana. I owe your cheek my hand
For that presumption now, but I'll forget it;
Come, you shall leave those childish haviours,
And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you;
What will you be a girl?
If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.
Castiza. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now
It does not show so well out of your mouth;
Better in his.
Vendice. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less. [*Aside.*
I wonder, lady, your own mother's words
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?
'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is
So foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself? No,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
A maid that has small portion now intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends;
How blest are you! you have happiness alone;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with jewels; and petitionary people
Start at your presence.
Gratiana. Oh, if I were young, I should be ravish'd.
Castiza. Ay, to lose your honour!
Vendice. 'Slid, how can you lose your honour,
To deal with my lord's grace?
He'll add more honour to it by his title;
Your mother will tell you how.
Gratiana. That I will.
Vendice. O think upon the pleasure of the palace!
Secured ease and state! the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now
Quicken when they're eaten!
Banquets abroad by torch-light! musick! sports!
Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune

To keep on their own hats, but [13] let horns wear 'em!
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—
Castiza. I, to the devil.
Vendice. I, to the devil! to th' duke by my faith.
Gratiana. Ay, to the duke: daughter, you'd scorn to think o' the devil, and your were there once.
Vendice. True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself
[14] Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts?—oh!
It was the greatest blessing ever happen'd to women,
When farmers sons agreed, and met again,
To wash their hands, and come up gentlemen!
The commonwealth has flourish'd ever since:
Lands that were [15] mete by the rod, that labour's spar'd,
Taylors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard;
Fair trees, those comely fore-tops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chastity, she lies acold.
Nay, shall I come nearer to you? mark but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer profession? that's accounted best, that's best follow'd; least in trade, least in fashion; and that's not honesty, believe it; and do but note the love and dejected price of it:

[13] *but let* horns *wear 'em!*] Alluding to the custom of hanging *hats* in ancient halls upon *stags horns.* S.

[14] *Walk with a hundred acres on their backs*] So, in Lodge's *Wit's Miserie,* p. 24. " —what think you to a tender faire young, nay a " weakling of womankind *to weare whole Lordships and Manor-houses* " *on her backe without sweating?*"

See also Note 18 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage,* vol. V.

[15] mete *by the rod*] i. e. *measured.* Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* calls the Taylor's measuring yard his *mete* yard. S.

Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it:
But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?*

Gratiana. Troth, he says true.

Castiza. False! I defy you both:
I have endur'd you with an ear of fire;
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Gratiana. Where?

Castiza. Do you not see her? she's too [16]inward then:
Slave, perish in thy office! you heavens, please
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
Which first begins with me; yet I've outgone you.
[*Exit.*

Vendice. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities!

Gratiana. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone. [*Exit.*

Vendice. Indeed I'll tell him so.
O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward;
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world?—why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon't?—oh,
Wer't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation.
Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen, without fire in't.
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man. [*Exit.*

Enter LUSSURIOSO *with* HIPPOLITO.

Lussurioso. I much applaud thy judgment, thou art well read in a fellow,
And 'tis the deepest art to study man.

* i. e. *honesty.* O. G.

[16] *inward*] i. e. intimate. See Note 308 to *The Spanish Tragedy.* vol. III.

I know this, which I never learnt in schools,
The world's divided into knaves and fools.
Hippolito. Knave in your face; my lord behind your back. [*Aside.*
Lussurioso. And I much thank thee, that thou hast preferr'd,
A fellow of discourse—well mingled,
And whose brain time hath season'd.
Hippolito. True, my lord,
We shall find season once, I hope—O villain!
To make such an unnatural slave of me!—but—
[*Aside.*
Lussurioso. Mass, here he comes.
Hippolito. And now shall I have free leave to depart.
[*Aside.*
Lussurioso. Your absence, leave us.
Hippolito. Are not my thoughts true? [*Aside.*
I must remove; but, brother, you may stay.
Heart, we are both made bauds a new-found way!
[*Exit.*

Enter VENDICE.

Lussurioso. Now we're an even number, a third man's dangerous,
Especially her brother;—say, be free,
Have I a pleasure toward—
Vendice. Oh, my lord!
Lussurioso. Ravish me in thine answer; art thou rare?
Hast thou beguil'd her of salvation,
And rubb'd hell o'er with honey? is she a woman?
Vendice. In all but in desire.
Lussurioso. Then she's in nothing—[17] I bate in courage now.
Vendice. The words I brought
Might well have made indifferent honest, naught.
A right good woman, in these days, is chang'd
Into white money with less labour far:
Many a maid has turn'd to Mahomet

[17] I bate *in courage now*] I *decline*, or *lessen* in courage. So Falstaff says, Do I not *bate*? Do I not dwindle? &c.

With easier working; I durst undertake
Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life,
With half those words to flat a Puritan's wife.
But she is close and good;—yet 'tis a doubt by this time.
Oh the mother, the mother!
Lussurioso. I never thought their sex had been a wonder,
Until this minute. What fruit from the mother?
Vendice. Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,
Or shame the woman that receiv'd me first.
I will be true, thou liv'st not to proclaim,
Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame. [*Aside.*
My lord.
Lussurioso. Who's that?
Vendice. Here's none but I, my lord.
Lussurioso. What would thy haste utter?
Vendice. Comfort.
Lussurioso. Welcome.
Vendice. The maid being dull, having no mind to travel
Into unknown lands, what did me I straight,
But set spurs to the mother; golden spurs
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice.
Lussurioso. Is't possible that in this
The mother shou'd be damn'd before the daughter?
Vendice. Oh, that's good manners, my lord; the mother for her age must go foremost, you know.
Lussurioso. Thou'st spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort?
Vendice. In a fine place, my lord,—the unnatural mother
Did with her tongue so hard beset her honour,
That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder;
Yet still the maid, like an unlighted taper,
Was cold and chaste, save that her mother's breath
Did blow fire on her cheeks: the girl departed,
But the good ancient madam, half mad, threw me
These promising words, which I took deeply not of;
My lord shall be most welcome.

Lussurioso. Faith, I thank her.

Vendice. When his pleasure conducts him this way.

Lussurioso. That shall be soon, i'faith.

Vendice. I will sway mine own——

Lussurioso. She does the wiser, I commend her for't.

Vendice. Women with women can work best alone.

Lussurioso. By this light, and so they can; give 'em their due, men are not comparable to 'em.

Vendice. No, that's true, for you shall have one woman knit more in an hour, than any man can ravel again in seven and twenty years.

Lussurioso. Now my desires are happy, I'll make 'em freemen now.
Thou art a precious fellow, faith I love thee;
Be wise and make it thy revenue; beg, beg;
hat office could'st thou be ambitious for?

Vendice. Office, my lord! marry if I might have my wish, I would have one that was never begg'd yet.

Lussurioso. Nay, then thou canst have none.

Vendice. Yes, my lord, I could pick out another office yet, nay and keep a horse and drab upon't.

Lussurioso. Pr'ythee, good bluntness, tell me.

Vendice. Why, I would desire but this, my lord, to have all the fees behind the arras; and all the farthingales that fall plump about twelve o'clock at night upon the rushes.

Lussurioso. Thou'rt a mad, [18]apprehensive knave; dost think to make any great purchase of that?

Vendice. Oh 'tis an unknown thing, my lord; I wonder t'has been miss'd so long.

Lussurioso. Well, this night I'll visit her, and 'tis till then
A year in my desires—farewel, attend,
Trust me with thy preferment.

Vendice. My lov'd lord!
Oh shall I kill him o'th' wrong side now? no!
Sword, thou wast never a back-biter yet;
I'll pierce him to his face, he shall die looking upon me;

[18] *apprehensive*] i. e. quick to understand. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Second Part of King Henry* IV. A. 4. S. 3.

Thy veins are swell'd with lust, this shall unfill 'em.
Great men were gods, if beggars could not kill 'em.
Forgive me, heaven, to call my mother wicked!
[19] Oh lessen not my days upon the earth,
I cannot honour her. By this, I fear me,
Her tongue has turn'd my sister into use.
I was a villain not to be foresworn
To this our lecherous hope, the duke's son;
For lawyers, merchants, some divines, and all,
Count beneficial perjury a sin small.
It shall go hard yet, but I'll guard her honour,
And keep the ports sure.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Hippolito. Brother, how goes the world? I would know news of you.
But I have news to tell you.

Vendice. What, in the name of knavery?

Hippolito. Knavery, faith;
This vicious old duke's worthily abused,
The pen of his bastard writes him cuckold!

Vendice. His bastard?

Hippolito. Pray believe it; he and the dutchess
By night meet in their linen; they have been seen
By stair-foot panders.

Vendice. Oh sin foul and deep!
Great faults are wink'd at when the duke's asleep.
See, see, here comes the Spurio.

Hippolito. Monstrous luxur!

Vendice. Unbrac'd! two of his valiant bauds with him!
O there's a wicked whisper; hell is in his ear.
Stay, let's observe his passage—

Enter SPURIO *and Servants.*

Spurio. Oh, but are you sure on't?

Servant. My lord, most sure on't; for 'twas spoke by one,
That is most inward with the duke's son's lust,
That he intends within this hour to steal
Unto Hippolito's sister, whose chaste life
The mother has corrupted for his use.

[19] *Oh lessen not,* &c.] Alluding to the promise in the fifth Commandment.

Spurio. Sweet word! sweet occasion! faith then, brother,
I'll disinherit you in as short time,
As I was when I was begot in haste.
I'll damn you at your pleasure: precious deed!
After your lust, oh, 'twill be fine to bleed.
Come, let our passing out be soft and wary. [*Exeunt.*

Vendice. Mark, there, there, that step; now to the dutchess;
This their second meeting writes the duke cuckold,
With new additions, his horns newly reviv'd.
Night! thou that look'st like funeral heralds fees,
Torn down betimes i'th' morning, thou hang'st fitly
To grace those sins that have no grace at all.
Now 'tis full sea abed over the world,
There's juggling of all sides; some that were maids
E'en at sun-set, are now perhaps [20] i'th' toll-book.
This woman in immodest thin apparel
Lets in her friend by water; here a dame,
Cunning, nails leather hinges to a door,
To avoid proclamation,
Now cuckolds are coining, apace, apace, apace, apace!
And careful sisters spin that thread i'th' night,
That does maintain them and their bauds i'th' day.

Hippolito. You flow well, brother.

Vendice. Push, I'm shallow yet;
Too sparing and too modest; shall I tell thee?
If every trick were told that's dealt by night,
There are few here that would not blush outright.

Hippolito. I am of that belief too. Who's this comes?

*Vendice.** The duke's son up so late!—brother, fall back,

[20] *i'th' toll-book*] Alluding to the custom of entering horses sold at fairs in a book called the *toll-book*. See Note to *All's well that ends well*, edit. 1776, of Shakspeare, vol. IV. p. 141. S.

* Mr. Reed assigned these two lines to *Hippolito*, a decided error, both by the sense and according to the old copy, which gives them to *Vendice*. He makes his brother stand back while he addresses *Lussurioso*. "My good lord;" and *Lussurioso* naturally observes—"Piato! why the man I wish'd for," &c.

And you shall learn some mischief—My good lord!

Enter LUSSURIOSO.

Lussurioso. Piato! why the man I wished for. Come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To taste of that young lady.

Vendice. Heart and hell!

Hippolito. Damn'd villain!

Vendice. I have no way now to cross it, but to kill him.

Lussurioso. Come only thou and I.

Vendice. My lord! my lord!

Lussurioso. Why dost thou start us?

Vendice. I'd almost forgot—the bastard!

Lussurioso. What of him?

Vendice. This night, this hour—this minute, now—

Lussurioso. What? what?

Vendice. Shadows the dutchess—

Lussurioso. Horrible word!

Vendice. And, like strong poison, eats
Into the duke your father's forehead.

Lussurioso. Oh!

Vendice. He makes horn royal.

Lussurioso. Most ignoble slave!

Vendice. This is the fruit of two beds.

Lussurioso. I am mad.

Vendice. That passage he trod warily.

Lussurioso, He did!

Vendice. And hush'd his villains every step he took.

Lussurioso. His villains? I'll confound them.

Vindice. Take 'em finely, finely, now.

Lussurioso. The dutchess' chamber-door shall not control me. [*Exeunt.*

Hippolito. Good, happy, swift: there's gunpowder i'th' court,
Wild-fire at midnight. In this heedless fury
He may show violence to cross himself.
I'll follow the event. [*Exit.*

Re-enter LUSSURIOSO *and* VENDICE.

Lussurioso. Where is that villain?

Vendice. Softly, my lord, and you may take 'em twisted.

Lussurioso. I care not how.

Vendice. Oh! 'twill be glorious
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heap'd. Be soft, my lord.

Lussurioso. Away! my spleen is not so lazy: thus, and thus
I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword
Shut 'em again for ever.—Villain! strumpet!

Duke. You upper guard, defend us.

Dutchess. Treason! treason!

Duke. Oh, take me not in sleep! I have great sins; I must have days,
Nay months, dear son, with penitential heaves
To lift em' out, and not to die unclear.
O, thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.

Lussurioso. I am amaz'd to death.

Duke. Nay, villain, traitor,
Worse than the foulest epithet; now I'll gripe thee
E'en with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the lawyer's guard.

Enter NOBLES *and* SONS.

First Noble. How comes the quiet of your grace disturb'd?

Duke. This boy, that should be myself after me,
Would be myself before me; and in heat
Of that ambition bloodily rush'd in,
Intending to depose me in my bed.

Second Noble. Duty and natural loyalty forfend!

Dutchess. He call'd his father villain, and me strumpet,
A word that I abhor to [19] file my lips with.

Ambitioso. That was not so well done, brother.

Lussurioso. I am abus'd——I know there's no excuse can do me good.

Vendice. 'Tis now good policy to be from sight;
His vicious purpose to our sister's honour,
Is cross'd beyond our thought.

Hippolito. You little dreamt his father slept here,

[19] *file*] i. e. See Note 46 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, vol. V.

Vendice. Oh, 'twas far beyond me:
But since it fell so—without frightful words,
Would he had kill'd him, 'twould have eas'd our swords.
Duke. Be comforted our dutchess, he shall die.
[*Dissemble a* [20]*fright.*
Lussurioso. Where's this slave-pander now? out of mine eye,
Guilty of this abuse.
Enter SPURIO, *with his villains.*
Spurio. Y'are villains! fablers!
You have knaves chins and harlots tongues; you lye;
And I will damn you with one meal a day.
First Servant. O, good my lord!
Spurio. 'Sblood, you shall never sup.
Second Servant. O, I beseech you, sir!
Spurio. To let my sword catch cold so long, and miss him!
First Servant. Troth, my lord, 'twas his intent to meet there.
Spurio. 'Heart, he's yonder!
Ha, what news here? is the day out o'th' socket,
That it is noon at midnight? the court up!
How comes the guard so saucy with his elbows?
Lussurioso. The bastard here?
Nay, then the truth of my intent shall out;
My lord and father, hear me.
Duke. Bear him hence.
Lussurioso. I can with loyalty excuse.
Duke. Excuse? to prison with the villain!
Death shall not long lag after him.
Spurioso. Good, i'faith, then 'tis not much amiss.
Lussurioso. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues;
I pray persuade for me.
Ambitioso. It is our duties; make yourself sure of us.
Supervacuo. We'll sweat in pleading.
Lussurioso. And I may live to thank you. [*Exit.*
Ambitioso. No, thy death shall thank me better.
Spurio. He's gone; I'll after him,

[20] *fright*] The quarto reads *flight.*

And know his trespass; seem to bear a part
In all his ills, but with a puritan heart. [*Exit.*

Ambitioso. Now, brother, let our hate and love be woven
So subtlely together, that in speaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death:
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.

Supervacuo. Set on, I'll not be far behind you, brother.

Duke. Is't possible a son should be disobedient as far as the sword? it is the highest, he can go no farther.

Ambitioso. My gracious lord, take pity—

Duke. Pity, boys!

Ambitioso. Nay, we'd be loth to move your grace too much;
We know the trespass is unpardonable,
Black, wicked, and unnatural.

Supervacuo. In a son, oh monstrous!

Ambitioso. Yet, my lord,
A duke's soft hand strokes the rough head of law,
And makes it lie smooth.

Duke. But my hand shall ne'er do't.

Ambitioso. That as you please, my lord.

Supervacuo. We must needs confess,
Some fathers would have entered into hate
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes
He would ha' seen the execution sound,
Without corrupted favour.

Ambitioso. But my lord,
Your grace may live the wonder of all times,
In pard'ning that offence which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon.

Duke. How's this?

Ambitioso. Forgive him, good my lord, he's your own son;
And I must needs say 'twas the viler done.

Supervacuo. He's the next heir: yet this true reason gathers,

None can possess that dispossess their fathers.
Be merciful!—
Duke. Here's no stepmother's wit;
I'll try them both upon their love and hate.
Ambitioso. Be merciful—altho'—
Duke. You have prevailed;
My wrath, like flaming wax, hath spent itself;
I know 'twas but some [21] peevish moon in him;
Go, let him be releas'd.
Supervacuo. 'Sfoot, how now, brother?
Ambitioso. Your grace doth please to speak beside your spleen;
I would it were so happy.
Duke. Why go, release him.
Supervacuo. O my good lord! I know the fault's too weighty,
And full of general loathing: too inhuman,
Rather by all men's voices worthy death.
Duke. 'Tis true too; here then, receive this signet,
Doom shall pass;
Direct it to the judges; he shall die
Ere many days. Make haste.
Ambitioso. All speed that may be.
We could have wish'd his burden not so sore:
We knew your grace did but delay before. [*Exeunt.*
Duke. Here's [22] envy with a poor thin cover oer't
Like scarlet hid in lawn easily spied through.
This their ambition by the mother's side
Is dangerous, and for safety must be purg'd.
I will prevent their envies; sure it was
But some mistaken fury in our son,
Which these aspiring boys would climb upon.
He shall be releas'd suddenly.

Enter NOBLES.

First Noble. Good morning to your grace.
Duke. Welcome, my lords.

[21] *peevish moon*] Some sudden fit of frenzy. Cotgrave translates, *Avoir un quartier de la* lune *en la teste*, to be half frantick, or have a spice of lunacy. In the former Edition *moon* was altered to *mood*.
[22] *envy*] See Note 17 to *Edward the Second*, vol. II.

Second Noble. Our knees shall take
Away the office of our feet for ever,
Unless your grace bestow a father's eye
Upon the clouded fortunes of your son,
And in compassionate virtue grant him that
Which makes e'en mean men happy, liberty.

Duke. How seriously their loves and honours wooe
For that which I am about to pray them do!
Arise,* my lords, your knees sign his release;
We freely pardon him.

First Noble. We owe your grace much thanks, and he much duty. [*Exeunt.*

Duke. It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
I may forgive a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery;
And in my old days am a youth in lust.
Many a beauty have I turn'd to poison
In the denial, covetous of all.
Age hot is like a monster to be seen;
My hairs are white, and yet my sins are green.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

Supervacuo. Brother, let my opinion sway you once;
I speak it for the best, to have him die;
Surest and soonest, if the signet come
Unto the judges hand, why then his doom
Will be deferr'd till sittings and court-days,
Juries, and farther.—Faiths are bought and sold;
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

Ambitioso. In troth 'tis true too.

Supervacuo. Then let's set by the judges,
And fall to the officers; 'tis but mistaking
The duke our father's meaning; and where he nam'd

* The Quarto reads "Which arise," &c. C.

Ere many days, 'tis but forgetting that,
And have him die i'th' morning.
Ambitioso. Excellent!
Their am I heir—Duke in a minute.
Supervacuo. [*Aside.*] Nay,
And he were once puff'd out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder.
Ambitioso. Blest occasion!
He being pack'd we'll have some trick and wile,
To wind our younger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the rape. The lady's dead,
And peoples thoughts will soon be buried.
Supervacuo. We may with safety do't, and live and feed,
The dutchess' sons are too proud to bleed.
Ambitioso. We are i'faith, to say true—come let's not linger:
I'll to the officers; go you before,
And set an edge upon the executioner.
Supervacuo. Let me alone to grind him. [*Exit.*
Ambitioso. Farewel;
I am next now, I rise just in that place
Where thou'rt out off; upon thy neck, kind brother;
The falling of one head lifts up another. [*Exit.*
Enter, with the Nobles, LUSSURIOSO *from prison.*
Lussurioso. My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this, O this delivery—
First Noble. But our duties, my lord, unto the hopes that grow in you.
Lussurioso. If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you.
O liberty! thou sweet and heavenly dame:
But hell for prison is too mild a name. [*Exeunt.*
Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO, *with* OFFICERS.
Ambitioso. Officers, here's the duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the duke's son; we are sorry
That we are so unnaturally employ'd
In such an unkind office, fitter far

For enemies than brothers.
Supervacuo. But, you know,
The duke's command must be obey'd.
First Officer. It must and shall, my lord—this morning then
So suddenly?
Ambitioso. Ay, alas, poor, good soul!
He must breakfast betimes; the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.
Second Officer. Already?
Supervacuo. Already, i'faith.—O sir, destruction hies,
And that is least impudent, soonest dies.
First Officer. Troth, you say true. My lord, we take our leaves:
Our office shall be sound, we'll not delay
The third part of a minute.
Ambitioso. Therein you show
Yourselves good men, and upright officers.
Pray let him die as private as he may;
Do him that favour; for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far kind?
First Officer. It shall be done, my lord.
Ambitioso. Why, we do thank you; if we live to be,
You shall have a better office.
Second Officer. Your good lordship—
Supervacuo. Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.
First Officer. We'll weep, and do your commendations. [*Exeunt.*
Ambitioso. Fine fools in office!
Supervacuo. Things fall out so fit!
Ambitioso. So happily! come brother, ere next clock,
His head will be made serve a bigger[23] block. [*Exeunt.*
Enter in prison JUNIOR BROTHER, *and* KEEPER.
Junior. Keeper!
Keeper. My lord.

[23] *block*] i. e. hat.

Junior. No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?
Keeper. My lord, a messenger came newly in,
And brought this from 'em.
Junior. Nothing but paper-comforts?
I look'd for my delivery before this,
Had they been worth their oaths.—Pr'ythee be from us. [*Exit Keeper.*
Now what say you, forsooth? speak out I pray.
Letter.] *Brother, be of good cheer;*
'Slud, it begins like a whore with good cheer.
Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.
Not five-and-thirty years, like a bankrupt—I think so.
We have thought upon a device to get thee out by a trick.
By a trick! pox o' your trick, an' it be so long a playing.
And so rest comforted, be merry, and expect it suddenly!
Be merry! hang merry, draw and quarter merry; I'll be mad. Is't not strange, that a man should lie-in a whole month for a woman? well, we shall see how sudden our brothers will be in their promise. I must expect still a trick: I shall not be long a prisoner. How now, what news?

Enter KEEPER.

Keeper. Bad news, my lord, I am discharg'd of you.
Junior. Slave! call'st thou that bad news? I thank you, brothers.
Keeper. My lord, 'twill prove so:—Here come the officers,
Into whose hands I must commit you.
Junior. Ha, officers! what? why?

Enter OFFICERS.

First Officer. You must pardon us, my lord;
Our office must be sound: here is our warrant,
The signet from the duke; you must strait suffer.
Junior. Suffer! I'll suffer you to be gone; I'll suffer you
To come no more; what would you have me suffer?

Second Officer. My lord, those words were better
chang'd to prayers.
The time's but brief with you: prepare to die.
Junior. Sure 'tis not so!
Third Officer. It is too true, my lord.
Junior. I tell you 'tis not; for the duke, my father,
Deferr'd me till next sitting; and I look
E'en every minute, three-score times an hour,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.
First Officer. A trick, my lord! if you expect such
comfort,
Your hope's as fruitless as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the unhappy messengers,
That brought this powerful token for your death.
Junior. My brothers! no, no.
Second Officer. 'Tis most true, my lord.
Junior. My brothers to bring a warrant for my
death!
How strange this shows!
Third Officer. There's no delaying time.
Junior. Desire 'em hither: call 'em up—my brothers!
They shall deny it to your faces.
First Officer. My lord,
They're far enough by this, at least at court;
And this most strict command they left behind 'em,
When grief swam in their eyes, they show'd like bro-
thers,
Brimful of heavy sorrow; but the duke
Must have his pleasure.
Junior. His pleasure!
First Officer. These were the last words, which my
memory bears,
Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.
Junior. Pox dry their tears! what should I do with
tears?
I hate 'em worse than any citizen's son
Can hate salt-water.—Here came a letter now,
New bleeding from their pens scarce [24] stinted yet:

[24] *stinted*] Stopped. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr. Steevens's Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 3.

Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it:
Look, you officious whoresons, words of comfort,
Not long a prisoner.

First Officer. It says true in that, sir; for you must suffer presently.

Junior. [25] A villainous Duns upon the letter, knavish exposition!
Look you then here, sir: *we'll get thee out by a trick*, says he.

Second Officer. That may hold too, sir; for you know a trick is commonly four cards, which was meant by us four officers.

Junior. Worse and worse dealing.

First Officer. The hour beckons us;
The headsman waits, lift up your eyes to heaven.

Junior. I thank you, faith; good pretty wholesome counsel!
I should look up to heaven, as you said,
Whilst he behind me cozens me of my head.
Ay, that's the trick.

Third Officer. You delay too long, my lord.

Junior. Stay, good authority's bastards; since I must,
Thro' brothers perjury, die, O let me venom
Their souls with curses.

Third Officer. Come, 'tis no time to curse.

Junior. Must I bleed then, without respect of sign? well—
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves,
I die for that which every woman loves. [*Exeunt.*

[25] *A villainous Duns on the letter,*] Alluding I think to *Duns Scotus*, who commented upon *the Master of the Sentences.* S. P.

Duns Scotus was an English Franciscan Friar, who, differing from Thomas Aquinas, occasioned a famous scholastic division, known by the titles of Thomists and Scotists. He died at Paris in 1308. Erasmus, who had a very low opinion of this writer, in his *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. N 3, says, "Lykewise not longe agone I was "present at the sermon of an other famous doctour being almost "80 yeres old, and thereto so doctour lyke, as if *Duns* were new "arisen in him, who entending to disclose the mistery of the name "of Jesu, with great subtiltie shewed, how evin in the *verie letters* "*was muche pithe included, and might be gathered thereof.*"

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO.

Vendice. O sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!
Hippolito. Why, what's the matter, brother?
Vendice. O 'tis able to make a man spring up and knock his forehead
Against yon' silver cieling.
Hippolito. Pr'ythee tell me;
Which may not I partake with you? you vow'd once
To give me share to every tragick thought.
Vendice. By th' mass, I think I did too;
Then I'll divide it to thee.—The old duke,
Thinking my outward shape and inward heart
Are cut out of one piece (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands o'th' outside), hires me by price
To greet him with a lady,
In some fit place, veil'd from the eyes o'th' court,
Some darken'd blushless angle* that is guilty
Of his fore-father's lust, and great folks riots;
To which I easily (to maintain my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meet her here in this unsunned lodge,
Wherein 'tis night at noon: and here the rather,
Because unto the torturing of his soul,
The bastard and the dutchess have appointed
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle;
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.
Hippolito. 'Twill, i'faith! most dreadfully digested!
I see not how you could have miss'd me, brother.
Vendice. True; but the violence of my joy forgot it.
Hippolito. Ay, but where's that lady now?
Vendice. Oh! at that word
I'm lost again; you cannot find me yet,
I'm in a throng of happy apprehensions.
He's suited for a lady; I have took care
For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye;
You shall be witness, brother:

* It stood in the last edition, "Some darken'd blushless *angel*,' &c. which renders the passage utter nonsense. C.

Be ready; stand with your hat off. [*Exit.*

Hippolito. Troth, I wonder what lady it should be!
Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
To have a lady stoop to a duke, that stoops unto his men.
'Tis common to be common through the world:
And there's more private common shadowing vices,
Than those who are known, both by their names and prices.
'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare
To the duke's concubine—and here she comes.

Enter VENDICE *with the skull of his love dress'd up in tires.*

Vendice. Madam, his grace will not be absent long.
Secret! ne'er doubt us, madam; 'twill be worth
Three velvet gowns to your ladyship—known!
Few ladies respect that disgrace: a poor thin shell:
'Tis the best grace you have to do it well.
I'll save your hand that labour, I'll unmask you!

Hippolito. Why, brother, brother!

Vendice. Art thou beguil'd now? tut, a lady can,
As thus all hid, beguile a wiser man.
Have I not fitted the old surfeiter
With a quaint piece of beauty? Age and bare bone
Are e'er ally'd in action. Here's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God:
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All's one with us; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet?

Hippolito. Brother, you've spoke that right:
Is this the form that living shone so bright?

Vendice. The very same.
And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
For doating on her beauty, tho' her death

Shall be reveng'd after no common action.
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon' fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips;
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?
Surely we are all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not: we mistake those;
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in cloaths.

Hippolito. Faith, and in cloaths too we, give us our due.

Vendice. Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous out-side, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pounds a night? prepares
Musick, perfumes, and sweet meats? All are hush'd.
Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antick amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself.—See, ladies, with false forms
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.
Now to my tragick business. Look you, brother,
I have not fashion'd this only for shew
And useless property; no, it shall bear a part
E'en in its own revenge. This very skull,
Whose mistress the duke poison'd with this drug,
The mortal curse of the earth shall be reveng'd
In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death.
As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel:
What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.

Hippolito. Brother, I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintness of thy malice, above thought.
Vendice. So, 'tis laid on: now come and welcome, duke,
I have her for thee. I protest it, brother,
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sin,
As some old gentlewoman in a perriwig.
Hide thy face now for shame; thou had'st need have a mask now:
'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets,
This would become graves better than the streets.
Hippolito. You have my voice in that—hark, the duke's come.
Vendice. Peace, let's observe what company he brings,
And how he does absent 'em; for you know
He'll wish all private.—Brother, fall you back a little,
With the bony lady.
Hippolito. That I will.
Vendice. So, so—now nine years vengeance crowd into a minute!

Enter DUKE *and* GENTLEMEN.

Duke. You shall have leave to leave us, with this charge,
Upon your lives, if we be miss'd by th' dutchess,
Or any of the nobles, to give out,
We're privately rid forth.
Vendice. Oh happiness!
Duke. With some few honourable gentlemen, you may say;
You may name those that are away from court.
Gentlemen. Your will and pleasure shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
Vendice. Privately rid forth!
He strives to make sure work on't—your good grace!
Duke. Piato, well done, hast brought her? what lady is't?
Vendice. Faith, my lord, a country lady, a little

bashful at first, as most of them are; but after the first kiss, my lord, the worst is past with them. Your grace knows now what you have to do; she'as somewhat a grave look with her—but—

Duke. I love that best; conduct her.

Vendice. Have at all.

Duke. In gravest looks the greatest faults seem less. Give me that sin that's rob'd in holiness.

Vendice. Back with the torch: brother, raise the perfumes.

Duke. How sweet can a duke breathe! Age has no fault,
Pleasure would meet in a perfumed mist.
Lady, sweetly encounter'd, I came from court, I must be bold with you.—Oh, what's this? oh!

Vendice. Royal villain! white devil!

Duke. Oh!

Vendice. Brother—place the torch here, that his affrighted eye-balls
May start into those hollows. Duke, do'st know
Yon' dreadful vizard? View it well; 'tis the skull
Of Gloriana, whom thou poisoned'st last.

Duke. Oh! 't'as poisoned me.

Vendice. Did'st not know that till now?

Duke. What are you two?

Vendice. Villains all three—the very ragged bone
Has been sufficiently reveng'd.

Duke. Oh, Hippolito call treason!

Hippolito. Yes, my lord; treason! treason! treason!
[*Stamping on him.*

Duke. Then I'm betray'd.

Vendice. Alas, poor lecher, in the hands of knaves,
A slavish duke is baser than his slaves.

Duke. My teeth are eaten out.

Vendice. Had'st any left?

Hippolito. I think but few.

Vendice. Then those that did eat are eaten.

Duke. O my tongue!

Vendice. Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiss closer,
Not like a flobbering Dutchman. You have eyes still:

Look, monster, what a lady hast thou made me!
[*Discovers himself.*
My once betrothed wife.
Duke. Is it thou, villain? nay then—
Vendice. 'Tis I, 'tis Vendice, 'tis I.
Hippolito. And let this comfort thee: our lord and father
Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns,
And dy'd in sadness: be that thy hope of life.
Duke. Oh!
Vendice. He had his tongue, yet grief made him die speechless.
Puh! 'tis but early yet; now I'll begin
To stick thy soul with ulcers. I will make
Thy spirit grievous sore; it shall not rest,
But like some pestilent man toss in thy breast—(mark me, duke)
Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty cuckold.
Duke. Oh!
Vendice. Thy bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy brow.
Duke. Millions of deaths!
Vendice. Nay, to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for [26] damned clips.
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.
Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villains?
Vendice. Villain!
Nay, heaven is just; scorns are the hires of scorns:
I ne'er knew yet adulterer without horns.
Hippolito. Once ere they die 'tis quitted.
Vendice. Hark! the musick:
Their banquet is prepar'd, they're coming—
Duke. Oh, kill me not with that sight.
Vendice. Thou shalt not lose that sight for all thy dukedom.
Duke. Traitors! murderers!
Vendice. What! is not thy tongue eaten out yet?
Then we'll invent a silence. Brother, stifle the torch.
Duke. Treason! murder!

[26] *damned clips*] See p. 309.

Vendice. Nay, faith, we'll have you hush'd. Now with thy dagger
Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession
About his heart; if he but gasp, he dies
We dread not death to quittance injuries—
Brother, if he but wink, not brooking the foul object,
Let our two other hands tear up his lids,
And make his eyes like comets shine through blood;
When the bad bleeds, then is the tragedy good.

Hippolito. Whist, brother, musick's at our ear; they come.

Enter SPURIO *meeting the* DUTCHESS.

Spurio. Had not that kiss a taste of sin, 'twere sweet.

Dutchess. Why, there's no pleasure sweet, but it is sinful.

Spurio. True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given;
Best side to us, is the worst side to heaven.

Dutchess. Pish! come: 'tis the old duke, thy doubtful father:
The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way.
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or I'll poison him.

Spurio. Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life.
So deadly do I loath him for my birth,
That if he took me hasp'd within his bed,
I would add murder to adultery,
And with my sword give up his years to death.

Dutchess. Why, now thou'rt sociable; let's in and feast:
Loud'st musick sound; pleasure is banquet's guest.
[*Exeunt.*

Duke. I cannot brook—

Vendice. The brook is turn'd to blood.

Hippolito. Thanks to loud musick.

Vendice. 'Twas our friend, indeed.
'Tis state in musick for a duke to bleed.
The dukedom wants a head, tho' yet unknown;
As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutchess' two sons AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

Ambitioso. Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the duke's sons now.
Supervacuo. Ay, you may thank my policy for that.
Ambitioso. Your policy! for what?
Supervacuo. Why, was't not my invention, brother,
To slip the judges? and in lesser compass,
Did not I draw the model of his death;
Advising you to sudden officers,
And e'en extemporal execution?
Ambitioso. Heart! 'twas a thing I thought on too.
Supervacuo. You thought on't too! s'foot, slander not your thoughts
With glorious untruth, I know 'twas from you.
Ambitioso. Sir, I say, 'twas in my head.
Supervacuo. Ay, like your brains then,
Ne'er to come out as long as you liv'd.
Ambitioso. You'd have the honour on't, forsooth, that your wit
Led him to the scaffold.
Supervacuo. Since it is my due,
I'll publish't, but I'll ha't in spite of you.
Ambitioso. Methinks y'are much too bold; you should a little
Remember us, brother, next to be honest duke.
Supervacuo. I, it shall be as easy for you to be duke
As to be honest; and that's never, i'faith.
Ambitioso. Well, cold he is by this time; and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be shar'd equally.
Supervacuo. I am content to that.
Ambitioso. This night our younger brother shall out of prison——
I have a trick.
Supervacuo. A trick! pr'ythee what is't?
Ambitioso. We'll get him out by a wile.
Supervacuo. Pr'ythee, what wile?

Ambitioso. No, sir; you shall not know it till it be done;
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.

Enter an OFFICER.

Supervacuo. How now, what's he?
Ambitioso. One of the officers.
Supervacuo. Desired news.
Ambitioso. How now, my friend?
Officer. My lords, under your pardon, I am allotted
To that desertless office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head——
Supervacuo. Ha, ha, excellent.
Ambitioso. All's sure our own: brother, canst weep think'st thou?
'Twould grace our flattery much; think of some dame,
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.
Supervacuo. I have thought;—now for yourself.
Ambitioso. Our sorrows are so fluent,
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues; words spoke in tears
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguish'd.
Supervacuo. How died he, pray?
Officer. O, full of rage and spleen.
Supervacuo. He died most valiantly then; we're glad to hear it.
Officer. We could not wooe him once to pray.
Ambitioso. He show'd himself a gentleman in that:
Give him his due.
Officer. But, in the stead of prayer,
He drew forth oaths.
Supervacuo. Then did he pray, dear heart,
Altho' you understood him not.
Officer. My lords,
E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,
He curs'd you both.
Spervacuo. He curs'd us? 'las, good soul!
Ambitioso. It was not in our powers, but the duke's pleasure.
Finely dissembled a both sides, sweet fate; [*Aside.*
O happy opportunity!

Enter LUSSURIOSO.

Lussurioso. Now, my lords.

Both. Oh!———

Lussurioso. Why do you shun me, brothers?
You may come nearer now;
The savour of the prison has forsook me.
I thank such kind lords as yourselves, I'm free.

Ambitioso. Alive!

Supervacuo. In health!

Ambitioso. Releas'd!
We were both e'en amaz'd with joy to see it.*

Lussurioso. I am much to thank to you.

Supervacuo. Faith we spar'd no tongue unto my lord the duke.

Ambitioso. I know your delivery, brother,
Had not been half so sudden but for us.

Supervacuo. O how we pleaded!

Lussurioso. Most deserving brothers!
In my best studies I will think of it. [*Exit Lussurioso.*

Ambitioso. O death and vengeance!

Supervacuo. Hell and torments!

Ambitioso. Slave, cam'st thou to delude us?

Officer. Delude you, my lords?

Supervacuo. Ay, villain! where's his head now?

Officer. Why here, my lord;
Just after his delivery, you both came
With warrant from the duke to behead your brother.

Ambitioso. Ay, our brother, the duke's son.

Officer. The duke's son, my lord, had his release before you came.

Ambitioso. Whose head's that then?

Officer. His whom you left command for, your own brother's.

Ambitioso. Our brother's? Oh furies!

Supervacuo. Plagues!

Ambitioso. Confusions!

Supervacuo. Darkness!

* This passage and the preceding exclamation have been restored from the old copy of 1607, having been omitted both by Dodsley and Reed. C.

Ambitioso. Devils!
Supervacuo. Fell it out so accursedly?
Ambitioso. So damnedly?
Supervacuo. Villain, I'll brain thee with it.
Officer. O my good lord!
Supervacuo. The devil overtake thee!
Ambitioso. O fatal!
Supervacuo. O prodigious to our bloods!
Ambitioso. Did we dissemble?
Supervacuo. Did we make our tears women for thee?
Ambitioso. Laugh and rejoice for thee?
Supervacuo. Bring warrant for thy death?
Ambitioso. Mock off thy head?
Supervacuo. You had a trick: you had a wile, forsooth.
Ambitioso. A murrain meet 'em; there's none of these wiles that ever come to good: I see now, there's nothing sure in mortality, but mortality. Well, no more words: shalt be reveng'd, i'faith.
Come, throw off clouds; now, brother, think of vengeance,
And deeper settled hate: sirrah, sit fast,
We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last.
[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter LUSSURIOSO *with* HIPPOLITO.

Lussurioso. Hippolito!
Hippolito. My lord,
Has your good lordship aught to command me in?
Lussurioso. I pr'ythee leave us.
Hippolito. How's this? come, and leave us!
Lussurioso. Hippolito!
Hippolito. Your honour—I stand ready for any duteous employment.
Lussurioso. Heart! what mak'st thou here?
Hippolito. A pretty lordly humour!

He bids me be present to depart; something has stung his honour.

Lussurioso. Be nearer; draw nearer:
Ye're not so good, methinks; I'm angry with you.

Hippolito. With me, my lord? I'm angry with myself for't.

Lussurioso. You did prefer a goodly fellow to me:
'Twas wittily elected; 'twas. I thought
H'ad been a villain, and he proves a knave;
To me a knave.

Hippolito. I choose him for the best, my lord:
'Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him
Breed discontent in you.

Lussurioso. Neglect! 'twas will. Judge of it.
Firmly to tell of an incredible act,
Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,
'Twixt my step-mother and the bastard; of
Incestuous sweets between 'em.

Hippolito. Fie, my lord!

Lussurioso. I, in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a desperate arm; and, in that fury,
Committed treason on the lawful bed,
And with my sword e'en ras'd my father's bosom,
For which I was within a stroke of death.

Hippolito. Alack! I'm sorry: 'sfoot, just upon the stroke,
Jars in my brother; 'twill be villainous musick.

Enter VENDICE.

Vendice. My honour'd lord.

Lussurioso. Away, pr'ythee forsake us: hereafter we'll not know thee.

Vendice. Not know me, my lord! your lordship cannot chuse.

Lussurioso. Begone, I say, thou art a false knave.

Vendice. Why, the easier to be known, my lord.

Lussurioso. Pish, I shall prove too bitter, with a word
Make thee a perpetual prisoner,
And lay this iron age upon thee.

Vendice. Mum! for there's a doom would make a woman dumb.
Missing the bastard, next him, the wind's come about;
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay, mine to go out.
[*Exit.*

Lussurioso. H'as greatly mov'd me.

Hippolito. Much to blame i'faith.

Lussurioso. But I'll recover, to his ruin. 'Twas told me lately,
I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother.

Hippolito. Who I? yes, my good lord, I have a brother.

Lussurioso. How chance the court ne'er saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his hours?

Hippolito. Faith, to curse fates,
Who, as he thinks, ordain'd him to be poor;
Keeps at home, full of want and discontent.

Lussurioso. There's hope in him; for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould a villain of. [*Aside.*
Hippolito, wish him repair to us:
If there be aught in him to please our blood,
For thy sake we'll advance him, and build fair
His meanest fortunes; for it is in us
To rear up towers from cottages.

Hippolito. It is so, my lord: he will attend your honour;
But he's a man in whom much melancholy dwells.

Lussurioso. Why the better; bring him to court.

Hippolito. With willingness and speed:
Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed.
Brother, disguise must off;
In thine own shape now, I'll prefer thee to him:
How strangely does himself work to undo him! [*Exit.*

Lussurioso. This fellow will come fitly; he shall kill
That other slave, that did abuse my spleen,
And made it swell to treason. I have put
Much of my heart into him; he must die.
He that knows great men's secrets, and proves slight,

That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.
Ay, he shall speed him: I'll employ the brother;
Slaves are but nails to drive out one another.
He being of black condition, suitable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grind him to an edge.—*

Enter NOBLES.

First Noble. Good days unto your honour.
Lussurioso. My kind lords, I do return the like.
Second Noble. Saw you my lord the duke?
Lussurioso. My lord and father! is he from court?
First Noble. He's sure from court;
But where, which way his pleasure took, we know not,
Nor can we hear on't.
Lussurioso. Here come those should tell.
Saw you my lord and father?
Third Noble. Not since two hours before noon, my lord,
And then he privately rode forth.
Lussurioso. Oh, he's rid forth.
First Noble. 'Twas wondrous privately.
Second Noble. There's none i'th' court had any knowledge on't.
Lussurioso. His grace is old, and sudden: 'tis no treason
To say the duke my father has a humour,
Or such a toy about him; what in us
Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.
Third Noble. 'Tis oracle, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO. VENDICE *out of his disguise.*

Hippolito. So, so, all's as it should be, y'are yourself.
Vendice. How that great villain puts me to my shifts!
Hippolito. He that did lately in disguise reject thee
Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.
Vendice. 'Twill be the quainter fallacy. But, brother,
'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, think'st thou?
Hippolito. Nay, you must pardon me in that: I know not.

* "The Nobles enter" is printed in the Quarto as if it were a part of the spcech of Lussurioso. C.

H'as some employment for you; but what 'tis,
He and his secretary, the devil, know best.
Vendice. Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
What colour soe'er they be; hoping at last
To pile up all my wishes on his breast.
Hippolito. Faith, brother, he himself shews the way.
Vendice. Now the duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay.
His death being not yet known, under his name
The people still are govern'd. Well, thou his son
Art not long-liv'd; thou shalt not joy his death:
To kill thee, then, I should most honour thee;
For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief,
Thou'st a kind child, and only died'st with grief.
Hippolito. You fetch about well; but let's talk in present.
How will you appear in fashion different,
As well as in apparel, to make all things possible?
If you be but once tript, we fall for ever.
It is not the least policy to be double;
You must change tongue:—familiar was your first.
Vendice. Why, I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
Like such an instrument that speaks merry things sadly.
Hippolito. That is as I meant;
I gave you out at first in discontent.
Vendice. I'll tune myself, and then—
Hippolito. 'Sfoot, here he comes—Hast thought upon't?
Vendice. Salute him; fear not me.

Enter LUSSURIOSO.

Lussurioso. Hippolito!
Hippolito. Your lordship—
Lussurioso. What's he yonder?
Hippolito. 'Tis Vendice, my discontented brother,
Whom, 'cording to your will, I've brought to court.
Lussurioso. Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence;

I wonder h'as been from the court so long.
Come nearer.

Hippolito. Brother, lord Lussurioso, the duke's son.

Lussurioso. Be more to us; welcome; nearer yet.

Vendice. How don you? god you god den.
[*Snatches off his hat, and makes legs to him.*

Lussurioso. We thank thee.
How strangely such a coarse homely salute
Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire!
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name
God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on't—heaven!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?

Vendice. Why, going to law.

Lussurioso. Why, will that make a man melancholy?

Vendice. Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram—I went me to law in *anno quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded out of it in *anno sexagesimo tertio.*

Lussurioso. What, three and twenty years in law?

Vendice. I have known those that have been five and fifty, and all about [27] pullen and pigs.

Lussurioso. May it be possible such men should breathe,
To vex the terms so much?

Vendice. 'Tis food to some, my lord. There are old men at the present, that are so poison'd with the affectation of law-words (having had many suits canvass'd), that their common talk is nothing but Barbary latin: they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sins may be remov'd with a writ of error, and their souls fetch'd up to heaven with a [28] sasarara.

Hippolito. * It seems most strange to me;
Yet all the world meets round in the same bent:
Where the heart's set, there goes the tongue's consent.
How dost apply thy studies, fellow?

[27] *pullen*] Poultry. See Note 86 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

[28] *sasarara*] A vulgar corruption of *certiorari*. S. P.

* Mr. Gilchrist would substitute *Lussurioso* for *Hippolito* here, but the change is not necessary to the sense, and is not supported by the quartos. C.

Vendice. Study? why to think how a great rich man lies a dying, and a poor cobbler tolls the bell for him. How he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when he lies speechless; how he will point you readily to all the boxes; and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations; nay when to all men's hearings he whurles and rattles in the throat, he's busy threatening his poor tenants. And this would last me now some seven years thinking, or thereabouts. But, I have a conceit a coming in picture upon this; I draw it myself; which, i'faith, la, I'll present to your honour; you shall not chuse but like it, for your honour shall give me nothing for it.

Lussurioso. Nay, you mistake me then,
For I am publish'd bountiful enough.
Let's taste of your conceit.

Vendice. In picture, my lord?

Lussurioso. Ay, in picture.

Vendice. Marry, this it is—*A usuring father to be boiling in hell, and his son and heir with a whore dancing over him.*

Hippolito. H'as par'd him to the quick. [*Aside.*

Lussurioso. The conceit's pretty, i'faith;
But tak't upon my life 'twill ne'er be lik'd.

Vendice. No! why I'm sure the whore will be lik'd well enough.

Hippolito. If she were out o' the picture, he'd like her then himself. [*Aside.*

Vendice. And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eye-sore to no young revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth of gold breeches.

Lussurioso. And thou hast put my meaning in the pockets,
And canst not draw that out.—My thought was this;
To see the picture of a usuring father
Boiling in hell, our rich men would never like it.

Vendice. O true, I cry you heartily mercy; I know the reason; for some of them had rather be damn'd indeed, than damn'd in colours.

Lussurioso. A parlous melancholy! h'as wit enough
To murder any man, and I'll give him means.
I think thou art ill-monied.
Vendice. Money! ho, ho;
'Thas been my want so long, 'tis now my scoff:
I've e'en forgot what colour silver's of.
Lussurioso. It hits as I could wish.
Vendice. I get good cloaths
Of those that dread my humour; and for table-room
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me.
Lussurioso. Somewhat to set thee up withal.
Vendice. O mine eyes!
Lussurioso. How now, man?
Vendice. Almost struck blind;
This bright unusual shine to me seems proud;
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud.
Lussurioso. I think I shall affect his melancholy.
How are they now?*
Vendice. The better for your asking.
Lussurioso. You shall be better yet, if you but fasten
Truly on my intent. Now y'are both present,
I will unbrace such a close private villain
Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,
Who hath disgrac'd you much, and injur'd us.
Hippolito. Disgrac'd us, my lord?
Lussurioso. Ay, Hippolito.
I kept it here till now, that both your angers
Might meet him at once.
Vendice. I'm covetous
To know the villain.
Lussurioso. You know him, that slave pander,
Piato, whom we threaten'd last
With irons in perpetual prisonment.
Vendice. All this is I. [*Aside.*
Hippolito. Is't he, my lord?
Lussurioso. I'll tell you, you first prefer'd him to me.

* "How *art thou* now?" the enquiry has stood in previous editions, but "How are they now?" is the correct reading restored from the old copy. The words have reference to Vendice's eyes. C.

Vendice. Did you, brother?
Hippolito. I did indeed.
Lussurioso. And the ingrateful villain,
To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me,
Being, as you see; a likely man for pleasure,
With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister,
Hippolito. Oh villain!
Vendice. He shall surely die that did it.
Lussurioso. I, far from thinking any virgin harm,
Especially knowing her to be as chaste
As that [29] plant which scarce suffers to be touch'd,
The eye, would not endure him,
Vendice. Would you not, my lord?
'Twas wondrous honourably done.
Lussurioso. But with some five frowns kept him out.
Vendice. Out slave!
Lussurioso. What did me he, but in revenge of that,
Went of his own free will to make infirm
Your sister's honour (whom I honour with my soul,
For chaste respect) and not prevailing there,
(As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it)
In mere spleen, by the way, way-lays your mother,
Whose honour being a coward, as it seems,
Yielded by little force.
Vendice. Coward indeed!
Lussurioso. He, proud of this advantage, (as he thought)
Brought me this news for happy. But I, heaven forgive me for't!—
Vendice. What did your honour?
Lussurioso. In rage push'd him from me,
Trampled beneath his throat, spurn'd him, and bruis'd:
Indeed I was too cruel, to say troth.
Hippolito. Most nobly manag'd!

[29] *plant*] *The sensitive plant.* The quarto reads, *part.* The correct reading is no doubt as it stands in the quarto, the author meaning merely that the eye is "that *part* which scarce suffers to be touched," and having no allusion whatever to the *sensitive plant.* C.

Vendice. Has not heaven an ear? is all the lightning wasted? [*Aside.*

Lussurioso. If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?

Vendice. Full mad; he shall not live
To see the moon change.

Lussurioso. He's about the palace;
Hippolito, entice him this way, that thy brother
May take full mark of him.

Hippolito. Heart!—that shall not need, my lord,
I can direct him so far.

Lussurioso. Yet for my hate's sake,
Go, wind him this way. I'll see him bleed myself.

Hippolito. What now, brother? [*Aside.*

Vendice. Nay e'en what you will—y'are put to't, brother. [*Aside.*

Hippolito. An impossible task, I'll swear,
To bring him hither, that's already here. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Hippolito.*

Lussurioso. Thy name? I have forgot it.

Vendice. Vendice, my lord.

Lussurioso. 'Tis a good name that.

Vendice. I, a revenger.

Lussurioso. It does betoken courage; thou should'st be valiant,
And kill thine enemies.

Vendice. That's my hope, my lord.

Lussurioso. This slave is one.

Vendice. I'll doom him.

Lussurioso. Then I'll praise thee.
Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

Vendice. Indeed, I thank you.

Lussurioso. Now, Hippolito, where's the slave pander?

Hippolito. Your good lordship
Would have a loathsome sight of him, much offensive.
He's not in case now to be seen, my lord,

The worst of all the deadly sins is in him:
That beggarly damnation, drunkenness.
Lussurioso. Then he's a double slave.
Vendice. 'Twas well convey'd upon a sudden wit.
Lussurioso. What, are you both
Firmly resolv'd? I'll see him dead myself.
Vendice. Or else, let not us live.
Lussurioso. You may direct your brother to take note of him.
Hippolito. I shall.
Lussurioso. Rise but in this, and you shall never fall.
Vendice. Your honour's vassals.
Lussurioso. This was wisely carried. [*Aside.*
Deep policy in us makes fools of such:
Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.
[*Exit Lussurioso.*
Vendice. O thou almighty patience! 'tis my wonder,
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,
Should not be cloven as he stood;
Or with a secret wind burst open!
[30] Is there no thunder left: or is't kept up
In stock for heavier vengeance? there it goes!
Hippolito. Brother, we lose ourselves.
Vendice. But I have found it;
'Twill hold, 'tis sure; thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.
Hippolito. What is't?
Vendice. 'Tis sound and good; thou shalt partake it;
I'm hir'd to kill myself.
Hippolito. True.
Vendice. Pr'ythee mark it;
And the old duke being dead, but not convey'd,
For he's already miss'd too, and you know,
Murder will peep out of the closest husk.
Hippolito. Most true.
Vendice. What say you then to this device,

[30] *Is there no thunder left?* &c.] The same thought occurs in *Othello*, A. 5. S. 2.

"Are there no stones in heaven,
"But what serve for the thunder?"

If we dress'd up the body of the duke?

Hippolito. In that disguise of yours?

Vendice. Y'are quick, y'ave reach'd it.

Hippolito. I like it wonderously.

Vendice. And being in drink, as you have publish'd him.

To lean him on his elbow, as if sleep had caught him?
Which claims most interest in such sluggy men.

Hippolito. Good yet; but here's a doubt,
We,* thought by th' duke's son to kill that pander,
Shall, when he is known, be thought to kill the duke.

Vendice. Neither, O thanks, it is substantial!
For that disguise being on him which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the pander, did kill the duke, and fled away in his apparel, leaving him so disguised, to avoid swift pursuit.

Hippolito. Firmer and firmer.

Vendice. Nay, doubt not, 'tis in grain, I warrant it holds colour.

Hippolito. Let's about it.

Vendice. By the way too, now I think on't, brother,
Let's conjure that base devil out of our mother [*Exeunt.*

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[31] ACTUS V.

Enter the DUTCHESS *arm in arm with* SPURIO: *he seemeth lasciviously to look on her. After them, enter* SUPERVACUO *running with a rapier;* AMBITIOSO *stops him.*

Spurio. Madam unlock yourself, should it be seen,
Your arm would be suspected.

Dutchess. Who is't that dares suspect, or this, or these?
May not we deal our favours where we please?

* The Quarto reads *methought.* C.

[31] *Act* V.] In the quarto this play consists but of four acts. But as that division probably arose from the carelessness of the printer, I have made an alteration here, which appears to be a necessary one.

Spurio. I'm confident you may. [*Exeunt.*

Ambitioso. 'Sfoot, brother, hold.

Supervacuo. Woult let the bastard shame us?

Ambitioso. Hold, hold, brother! there's fitter time than now:

Supervacuo. Now when I see it!

Ambitioso. 'Tis too much seen already.

Supervacuo. Seen and known;
The nobler she's, the baser is she grown.

Ambitioso. If she were bent lasciviously (the fault
Of mighty women, that sleep soft)—O death!
Must she needs chuse such an unequal sinner,
To make all worse?—

Supervacuo. A bastard! the duke's bastard! shame heap'd on shame!

Ambitioso. O our disgrace!
Most women have small waists the world throughout;
But their desires are thousand miles about.

Supervacuo. Come, stay not here, let's after, and prevent,
Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO, *bringing out their mother, one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with daggers in their hands.*

Vendice. O thou, for whom no name is bad enough!

Gratiana. What mean my sons? what will you murder me?

Vendice. Wicked unnatural parent!

Hippolito. Fiend of women!

Gratiana. Oh! are sons turn'd monsters? help!

Vendice. In vain.

Gratiana. Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?

Vendice. That breast
Is turn'd to quarled poison.*

* Perhaps we should read *quarel'd* poison; *i. e.* such poison as arrows are imbued with. Quarels are square arrows. So in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 1823:—

"Ground *quarelis* sharpe of steele." S.

Gratiana. Cut not your days for't! am not I your mother?*

Vendice. Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a baud.

Gratiana. A baud! O name far loathsomer than hell!

Hippolito. It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.

Gratiana. I hate it.

Vendice. Ah! is't possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?

Gratiana. Dissemble!

Vendice. Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust?

Gratiana. Who I?
That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent! none lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander;—good son, believe it not.

Vendice. Oh, I'm in doubt,
Whether I'm myself, or no—
Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be sav'd, when mothers have no grace?

Hippolito. 'Twould make one half despair.

Vendice. I was the man;—
Defy me now, let's see, do't modestly.

Gratiana. O hell unto my soul!

Vendice. In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Try'd you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.

Gratiana. O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitch'd me so.

Vendice. O nimble in damnation, quick in turn!
There is no devil could strike fire so soon:
I am confuted in a word.

* Alluding to the fourth commandment. O. G.

Gratiana. Oh sons, forgive me! to myself I'll prove
more true;
You that should honour me, I kneel to you.
Vendice. A mother [32] to give aim to her own daughter!
Hippolito. True, brother; how far beyond nature
'tis,
Tho' many mothers do't!
Vendice. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to
bed;
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother, it rains; 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.
Hippolito. 'Tis done.
Vendice. I 'faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much
good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul
Have been long dry: pour down, thou blessed dew.
Rise, mother; troth this shower has made you higher.
Gratiana. O you heavens! take this infectious spot
out of my soul,
I'll rince it in seven waters of mine eyes!
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep is to our sex naturally given:
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.
Vendice. Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother:
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honourably love her.
Hippolito. Let it be.
Vendice. For honest women are so [33] seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax! do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead!
All mothers that had any graceful hue
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you:
It would have grown to this, at your foul name,

[32] *to give* aim *to her own daughter*] i. e. incite, encourage her. See Note 23 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

[33] *seld and rare*] *Seldom* to be met with. In Shakspeare's *Coriolanus* we have "*seld* seen flamens." S.
See also Note 7 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

Green-colour'd maids would have turn'd red with shame.

Hippolito. And then our sister, full of hire and baseness—

Vendice. There had been boiling lead again,
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth o' silver slut,
To have her train born up, and her soul trail i'th' dirt!*

Hippolito. Great, to be miserably great; rich, to be eternally wretched.

Vendice. O common madness!
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honour good.
Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son
In private; why she first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousands proves a whore:
"Break ice in one place, it will crack in more."

Gratiana. Most certainly apply'd!

Hippolito. Oh, brother, you forget our business.

Vendice. And well remember'd; joy's a subtle elf,
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself,
Farewel, once dry, now holy-water'd mead;
Our hearts wear feathers, that before wore lead.

Gratiana. I'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better for and 'gainst the devil than you.

Vendice. You make me proud on't.

Hippolito. Commend us in all virtue to our sister.

Vendice. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.

Gratiana. With my best words.

Vendice. Why that was motherly said. [*Exeunt.*

Gratiana. I wonder now what fury did transport me!
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.
Oh with what forehead can I look on her,
Whose honour I've so impiously beset?
And here she comes.

* The word *great* is added in the quarto to this line, but it belongs to Hippolito, and what he says has been hitherto misprinted. C.

Enter CASTIZA.

Castiza. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.
Gratiana. Content, to what?
Castiza. To do as you have wish'd me;
To prostitute my breast to the duke's son;
And put myself to common usury.
Gratiana I hope you will not so!
Castiza Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be sav'd in.
Gratiana. Truth but it is.
Castiza. Do not deceive yourself,
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.
What would you now? are ye not pleas'd yet with me?
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be.
Gratiana. Strike not me cold.
Castiza. How often have you charg'd me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman? When you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me; that did more,
The mother's curse is heavy; where that fights,
Sons set in storm, and daughters lose their lights.
Gratiana. Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee,
Oh let my breath revive it to a flame!
Put not all out with woman's wilful follies.
I am recover'd of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers; kind, forgive me,
Make me not sick in health!—if then
My words prevail'd when they were wickedness,
How much more now when they are just and good?
Castiza. I wonder what you mean! are not you she,
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
In three hours reading to untwist so much

Of the black serpent as you wound about me?
Gratiana. 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's past;
I'm now your present mother.
Castiza. Pish, now 'tis too late.
Gratiana. Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou say'st.
Castiza. No! deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
Gratiana. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me!
What will the deed do then?
Advancement, true; as high as shame can pitch!
For treasure; who e'er knew a harlot rich?
Or could build, by the purchase of her sin,
An hospital to keep their bastards in?
The duke's son; oh! when women are young courtiers,
They are sure to be old beggars;
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thoud'st wish thyself unborn, when thou art unchaste.
Castiza. O mother, let me twine about your neck,
And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips;
I did but this to try you.
Gratiana. O speak truth!
Castiza. Indeed I did not; for no tongue has force
To alter me from honest.
If maidens would, men's words could have no power;
A virgin's honour is a crystal tower,
Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.
Gratiana. O happy child! faith, and thy birth hath sav'd me.
'Mong thousand daughters, happiest of all others:
[34] Be thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO.

Vendice. So, so, he leans well; take heed you wake him not, brother.

[34] *Be*] The quarto reads, *Buy*. S.

Hippolito. I warrant you my life for yours.

Vendice. That's a good lay, for I must kill myself. Brother, that's I, that sits for me: do you mark it? And I must stand ready here to make away myself yonder——I must sit to be kill'd, and stand to kill myself. I could vary it not so little as thrice over again; [35] 'thas some eight returns, like Michaelmas-term.

Hippolito. That's enow o'conscience.

Vendice. But, sirrah, does the duke's son come single?

Hippolito. No; there's the hell on't: his faith's too feeble to go alone. He brings flesh-flies after him, that will buz against supper-time, and hum for his coming out.

Vendice. Ah, the fly-flap of vengeance beat 'em to pieces! Here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him; shew him the body of the duke his father, and how quaintly he died like a politician, [36] in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it; and in catastrophe slain him over his father's breast. Oh I'm mad to lose such a sweet opportunity!

Hippolito. Nay, pish! pr'ythee be content! there's no remedy present; may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this?

[35] *'thas some* eight *returns, like Michaelmas-term*] Michaelmas-Term now has but four returns. By the Statute 16 Car. I. c. 6. it was abridged of two; and again, by 24 Geo. II. c. 48. of the like number.

[36] *in hugger-mugger*] In secret. This uncouth expression occurs in *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5., which many modern editors have altered to the more modern phrase of *in private;* but as Dr. Johnson observes, "if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and as these alterations will often be unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. Mr. Steevens, by several instances, has shewn that the terms were in common use, and conveyed no low or vulgar ideas, and several others might be added: as in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, 1571.—"If shootinge fault at anye time, it hydes it not, it lurkes not in corners and *budder mother*."

Vendice. They may, if they can paint so well.

Hippolito. Come, now to avoid all suspicion, let's forsake this room, and be going to meet the duke's son.

Vendice. Content, I'm for any weather. Heart, step close: here he comes.

Enter LUSSURIOSO.

Hippolito. My honour'd lord!

Lussurioso. Oh me! you both present?

Vendice. E'en newly, my lord, just as your lordship enter'd now: about this place we had notice given he should be; but in some loathsome plight or other.

Hippolito. Came your honour private?

Lussurioso. Private enough for this; only a few
Attend my coming out.

Hippolito. Death rot those few!

Lussurioso. Stay, yonder's the slave.

Vendice. Mass, there's the slave indeed, my lord.
'Tis a good child, he calls his father slave. [*Aside.*

Lussurioso. Ay, that's the villain, the damn'd villain: softly,'
Tread easy.

Vendice. Puh! I warrant you, my lord, we'll stifle-in our breaths.

Lussurioso. That will do well:
Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last; 'tis policy
To have him kill'd in's sleep; for if he wak'd
He would betray all to them.

Vendice. But, my lord——

Lussurioso. Ha, what say'st?

Vendice. Shall we kill him now he's drunk?

Lussurioso. Ay, best of all.

Vendice. Why, then he will ne'er live to be sober.

Lussurioso. No matter, let him reel to hell.

Vendice. But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire.

Lussurioso. Thou art a mad [37] beast.

Vendice. And leave none to warm your lordship's

[37] *beast*] The quarto reads, *breust.* S.

[38] golls withal; for he that dies drunk falls into hell-fire like a bucket of water; qush, qush.

Lussurioso. Come, be ready, [39] nake your swords, think of your wrongs; this slave has injur'd you.

Vendice. Troth, so he has, and he has paid well for't.

Lussurioso. Meet with him now.

Vendice. You'll bear us out, my lord?

Lussurioso. Puh! am I a lord for nothing, think you? quickly, now.

Vendice. Sa, sa, sa, thumpe—there he lies.

Lussurioso. Nimbly done.—Ha! Oh, villains! murderers!
'Tis the old duke my father.

Vendice. That's a jest.

Lussurioso. What, stiff and cold already!
O pardon me to call you from your names:
'Tis none of your deed,—that villain Piato,
Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered
And left him thus disguis'd.

Hippolito. And not unlikely.

Vendice. O rascal! was he not asham'd
To put the duke into a greasy doublet?

Lussurioso. He has been cold and stiff, who knows how long?

Vendice. Marry, that do I. [*Aside.*

Lussurioso. No words, I pray, of any thing intended.

Vendice. Oh, my lord.

Hippolito. I would fain have your lordship think that we have small reason to prate.

Lussurioso. Faith, thou say'st true; I'll forthwith send to court
For all the nobles, bastard, dutchess; tell
How here by miracle we found him dead,
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

Vendice. That will be the best way, my lord to clear us all; let's cast about to be clear.

[38] *golls*] i. e. hands. See Note 17 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. XI.

[39] *nake your swords*] i. e. unsheath them, let them be *naked* swords. S.

Lussurioso. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest.

Enter All.

First. My lord.

Second. My lord.

Lussurioso. Be witnesses of a strange spectacle.
Choosing for private conference that sad room,
We found the duke my father geal'd in blood.

First. My lord the duke! run, hie thee, Nencio,
Startle the court by signifying so much.

Vendice. Thus much by wit, a deep revenger can,
When murder's known, to be the clearest man:
We're farthest off, and with as bold an eye
Survey his body, as the standers by.

Lussurioso. My royal father, too basely let blood
By a malevolent slave!

Hippolito. Hark! he calls thee slave again. [*Aside.*

Vendice. He's lost, he may. [*Aside.*

Lussurioso. Oh sight! look hither, see, his lips are gnawn with poison.

Vendice. How!—his lips; by the mass they be.
O villain!—O rogue!—O slave!—O rascal!

Hippolito. O good deceit! he quits him with like terms.

Ambitioso within. Where?

Supervacuo within. Which way?

Enter AMBITIOSO *and* SUPERVACUO.

Ambitioso. Over what roof hangs this [40] prodigious comet,
In deadly fire?

Lussurioso. Behold, behold, my lords, the duke my father's murder'd by a vassal that owes this habit, and here left disguis'd.

Enter DUTCHESS *and* SPURIO.

Dutchess. My lord and husband?

Second. Reverend majesty!

First. I have seen these cloaths often attending on him.

Vendice. That nobleman has been i'th' country, for he does not lye.

[40] *prodigious comet*] See Note 1 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Supervacuo. Learn of our mother; let's dissemble too:
I am glad he's vanish'd; so, I hope, are you.
Ambitioso. Ay, you may take my word for't.
Spurio. Old dad, dead?
I, one of his cast sins, will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his own son;
I'll tug in the new stream till strength be done.
Lussurioso. Where be those two that did affirm to us,
My lord the duke was privately rid forth?
First. O pardon us, my lords; he gave that charge
Upon our lives, if he were mist at court,
To answer so; he rode not any where;
We left him private with that fellow here.
Vendice. Confirm'd.
Lussurioso. O heavens! that false charge was his death.
Impudent beggars! durst you to our face
Maintain such a false answer? Bear him straight to execution.
First. My lord!
Lussurioso. Urge me no more.
In this the excuse may be call'd half the murder.
Vendice. You've sentenc'd well.
Lussurioso. Away; see it be done.
Vendice. Could you not stick? See what confession doth!
Who would not lye, when men are hang'd for truth?
Hippolito. Brother, how happy is our vengeance! [*Aside.*
Vendice. Why, it hits past the apprehension of indifferent wits. *Aside.*
Lussurioso. My lord, let post-horses be sent
Into all places to intrap the villain.
Vendice. Post-horses, ha, ha! [*Aside.*
Noble. My lord, we're something bold to know our duty.
Your father's accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him meet you.

Lussurioso. Meet me! I'm not at leisure, my good lord.
I've many griefs to dispatch out o'th' way.
Welcome sweet titles.— [*Aside.*
Talk to me, my lords,
Of sepulchres and mighty emperors' bones;
That's thought for me.
Vendice. So one may see by this
How foreign markets go;
Courtiers have feet o'th' nines, and tongues o'th' twelves;
They flatter dukes, and dukes flatter themselves.
Noble. My lord, it is your shine must comfort us.
Lussurioso. Alas! I shine in tears, like the sun in April.
Noble. You're now my lord's grace.
Lussurioso. My lord's grace! I perceive you'll have it so.
Noble. 'Tis but your own.
Lussurioso. Then heavens give me grace to be so!
Vendice. He prays well for himself. [*Aside.*
Noble. Madam, all sorrows
Must run their circles into joys. No doubt but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
Vendice. He were an ass then, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Noble. In the mean season,
Let us bethink the latest funeral honours,
Due to the duke's cold body.—And withal,
Calling to memory our new happiness
Spread in his royal son—lords, gentlemen,
Prepare for revels.
Vendice. Revels!
Noble. Time hath several falls;
Griefs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.
Lussurioso. Come, then, my lords, my favour's to you all.
The dutchess is suspected fouly bent;
I'll begin dukedom with her banishment.
[*Exeunt Duke, Nobles, and Dutchess.*

Hippolito. Revels!

Vendice. Ay, that's the word: we are firm yet;
Strike one strain more, and then we crown our wit.
[*Exeunt Hippolito and Vendice.*

Spurio. Well, have at the fairest mark*—(so said the duke when he begot me),
And if I miss his heart, or near about,
Then have at any; a bastard scorns to be out.

Supervacuo. Not'st thou that Spurio, brother?

Antonio. Yes, I note him to our shame.

Supervacuo. He shall not live, his hair shall not grow much longer. In this time of revels tricks may be set a-foot. See'st thou yon new moon? it shall outlive the new duke by much; this hand shall dispossess him; then we're mighty.
A mask is treason's licence, that build upon:
Tis murder's best face, when a vizard's on. [*Exit.*

Ambitioso. Is't so? 'tis very good!
And do you think to be duke then, kind brother?
I'll see fair play; drop one, and there lies t'other.
[*Exit.*

Enter VENDICE *and* HIPPOLITO, *with* PIERO *and other Lords.*

Vendice. My lords, be all of musick, strike old griefs into other countries
That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,
Not daring to stab home their discontents.
Let our hid flames break out as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous dukedom, vex'd with sin;
Wind up your souls to their full height again.

Piero. How?

First Lord. Which way?

Third Lord. Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot justly be reveng'd too much.

Vendice. You shall have all enough:—Revels are toward,
And those few nobles that have long suppress'd you
Are busied to the furnishing of a mask,

* The quarto reads "Well, have the fairest mark." C.

And do affect to make a pleasant tale on't:
The masking suits are fashioning: now comes in
That which must glad us all.—We too take pattern
Of all those suits, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an undistinguish'd hair almost:
Then entering first, observing the true form,
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure
To steal our swords out handsomely;
And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
In midst of all their joys they shall sigh blood.

Piero. Weightily, effectually!

Third. Before the t'other maskers come——

Vendice. We're gone, all done and past.

Piero. But how for the duke's guard?

Vendice. Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down.

Hippolito. There are five hundred gentlemen in the action,
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.

Piero. Oh! let us hug your bosoms.

Vendice. Come, my lords,
Prepare for deeds, let other times have words.

[*Exeunt.*

In a dumb show, the possessing of the young duke, with all his nobles: then sounding musick. A furnish'd table is brought forth; then enters the duke and his nobles to the banquet. A blazing star appeareth.*

First Noble. Many harmonious hours, and choicest pleasures,
Fill up the royal number of your years;

Lussurioso. My lords, we're pleas'd to thank you, tho' we know
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.

First Noble. That shine makes us all happy.

Third Noble. His grace frowns.

* That is, the ceremony of the young duke taking *possession* of his dignities: this may have been a *procession*, but the quarto, 1607, says nothing about it, although introduced by Mr. Reed.

Second Noble. Yet we must say he smiles.
First Noble. I think we must.
Lussurioso. That foul incontinent dutchess we have banish'd;
The bastard shall not live. After these revels
I'll begin strange ones: he and the step-sons
Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies;
We must not frown so soon, else 'thad been now.
First Noble. My gracious lord, please you prepare for pleasure.
The mask is not far off.
Lussurioso. We are for pleasure.
Beshrew thee, what art thou? mad'st me start!
Thou hast committed treason.—A blazing star!
First Noble. A blazing star! O where, my lord?
Lussurioso. Spy out.
Second Noble. See, see, my lords, a wondrous dreadful one!
Lussurioso. I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,
That blushing * flaring star.—Am not I duke?
It should not quake me now. Had it appear'd
Before, I might then have justly fear'd.
But yet they say, whom art and learning weds,
When stars wear locks, they threaten great men's heads:
Is it so? you are read, my lords.
First Noble. May it please your grace,
It shows great anger.
Lussurioso. That does not please our grace.
Second Noble. Yet here's the comfort, my lord, many times,
When it seems most near, it threatens farthest off.
Lussurioso. Faith, and I think so too.
First Noble. Beside, my lord,
You're gracefully establish'd with the loves

* In the Quarto it stands "*bushing* flaring star" which is unintelligible, and was reprinted by Mr. Reed.

Of all your subjects; and for natural death,
I hope it will be threescore years a coming.

Lussurioso. True, no more but threescore years?

First Noble. Fourscore I hope, my lord.

Second Noble. And fivescore, I.

Third Noble. But 'tis my hope, my lord, you shall ne'er die.

Lussurioso. Give me thy hand; these others I rebuke:
He that hopes so is fittest for a duke:
Thou shalt sit next me; take your places, lords;
We're ready now for sports; let 'em set on:
You thing! we shall forget you quite anon!

Third Noble. I hear 'em coming, my lord.

Enter the mask of revengers, the two brothers, and two lords more.

[*The revengers dance: at the end steal out their swords, and these four kill the four at the table, in their chairs. It thunders.*]

Vendice. Mark, thunder!
Do'st know thy cue, thou big-voic'd cryer?
Dukes' groans are thunder's watch-words.

Hippolito. So, my lords, you have enough.

Vendice. Come, let's away, no lingering.

Hippolito. Follow! go! [*Exeunt.*

Vendice. No power is angry when the lustful die;
When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy.
[*Exit Vendice.*

Lussurioso. Oh, oh!

Enter the other mask of intended murderers, step-sons, bastard, and a fourth man, coming in dancing: the duke recovers a little in voice, and groans, calls—
A guard! treason!

At which they all start out of their measure, and, turning towards the table, they find them all to be murdered.

Spurio. Whose groan was that?

Lussurioso. Treason! a guard!

Ambitioso. How now? all murder'd!

Supervacuo. Murder'd!

Fourth Noble. And those his nobles?
Ambitioso. Here's a labour sav'd;
I thought to have sped him:—'sblood, how came this?
Spurio. Then I proclaim myself; now I am duke.
Ambitioso. Thou duke! brother, thou lyest.
Spurio. Slave! so do'st thou.
Fourth Noble. Base villain! hast thou slain my lord and master?

Enter the first Men.

Vendice. Pistols, treason, murder!—help, guard my lord the duke.
Hippolito. Lay hold upon these traitors.
Lussurioso. Oh!
Vendice. Alas! the duke is murder'd.
Hippolito. And the nobles.
Vendice. Surgeons! surgeons!—Heart, does he breathe so long? [*Aside.*
Antonio. A piteous tragedy! able to [41] make
An old man's eyes blood-shot.
Lussurioso. Oh!
Vendice. Look to my lord the duke—A vengeance throttle him! [*Aside.*
Confess, thou murd'rous and unhallow'd man,
Didst thou kill all these?
Fourth Noble. None but the bastard, I.
Vendice. How came the duke slain, then?
Fourth Noble. We found him so.
Lussurioso. O villain!
Vendice. Hark!
Lussurioso. Those in the mask did murder us.
Vendice. Law you now, sir—
O marble impudence! will you confess now?
Fourth Noble. 'Sblood, 'tis all false.
Antonio. Away with that foul monster,
Dipt in a prince's blood.
Fourth Noble. Heart, 'tis a lye.
Antonio. Let him have bitter execution.
Vendice. New marrow! no, it* cannot be exprest.

[41] *make*] The quarto reads, *wake.*
* The Quarto reads, "*I* cannot be express'd." C.

How fares my lord the duke?
Lussurioso. Farewel to all;
He that climbs highest has the greatest fall.
My tongue is out of office.
Vendice. Air, gentlemen, air.
Now thoul't not prate on't, 'twas Vendice murder'd thee.
Lussurioso. Oh!
Vendice. Murder'd thy father.
Lussurioso. Oh! [*Dies.*
Vendice. And I am he: tell nobody—so, so, the duke's departed.
Antonio. It was a deadly hand that wounded him:
The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway
After his death, were so made all away.
Vendice. My lord was unlikely—
Hippolito. Now the hope
Of Italy lies in your reverend years.
Vendice. Your hair will make the silver age again,
When there were fewer, but more honest men.
Antonio. The burthen's weighty, and will press age down;
May I so rule, that heaven may keep the crown!
Vendice. The rape of your good lady has been quitted
With death on death,
Antonio. Just is the law above.
But, of all things, it puts me most to wonder
How the old duke came murder'd!
Vendice. Oh, my lord!
Antonio. It was the strangely'st carried—I not heard of the like.
Hippolito. 'Twas all done for the best, my lord.
Vendice. All for your grace's good. We may be bold to speak it now,
'Twas somewhat witty carried, tho' we say it:
'Twas we two murder'd him.
Antonio. You two?
Vendice. None else, i'faith, my lord, Nay, 'twas well manag'd.

Antonio. Lay hands upon those villains.
Vendice. How! on us?
Antonio. Bear 'em to speedy execution.
Vendice. Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?
Antonio. My good! Away with 'em: such an old man as he!
You that would murder him, would murder me.
Vendice. Is't come about?
Hippolito. 'Sfoot, brother, you begun.
Vendice. May not we set as well as the duke's so?
Thou hast no conscience, are we not reveng'd?
Is there one enemy left alive amongst those
'Tis time to die when we ourselves our foes,
When murderers shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em:
If none disclose 'em, they themselves reveal 'em!
This murder might have slept in tongueless brass,
But for ourselves, and the world died an ass.
Now I remember too, here was Piato
Brought forth a knavish sentence once; no doubt (said he) but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
'Tis well he died; he was a witch.
And now, my lord, since we are in for ever,
This work was ours, which else might have been clipt!
And, if we list, we could have nobles clipt,
And go for less than beggars; but we hate
To bleed so cowardly: we have enough,
I'faith, we're well, our mother turn'd, our sister true,
We die after a nest of dukes.—Adieu. [*Exeunt.*
Antonio. How subtlely was that murder clos'd!* Bear up
Those tragick bodies: 'tis a heavy season;
Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treaso!
[*Exit.*

* *clos'd* for *disclos'd.* O. G.

EDITION.

"The Revenger's Tragœdie. As it hath beene "sundry times acted by the Kings Majesties Servants. "At London printed by G. Eld, and are to be sold at "his house in Fleete-lane, at the signe of the Printer's "Presse, 1607, 4to."

There is a Title-page to the same Edition, in which the date is 1608.

THE

DUMB KNIGHT.

Lewes Machin was assisted, as he states, in writing this play, by one "whose worth hath been often approved," and it is singular that until very recently the name of his coadjutor should have remained unknown, when in the Garrick Collection, always accessible in the British Museum, is a copy of *The Dumb Knight*, of 1608, with the name of his "partner in the wrong," on the title page, viz. Jervis or Gervase Markham.* Another copy, with the same distinction, was sold in Mr. Rhodes' Collection. Why it was afterwards altered cannot now be ascertained; perhaps Markham wished to avoid the consequences of the "strange constructions" on the play, to which Machin in his epistle refers, and therefore withdrew his name. Nevertheless the address of Machin, "to the understanding reader," is prefixed to the copies, with and without the name of his assistant.

Although Markham was a voluminous writer, little or nothing is known regarding the events of his life. A curious anecdote of a Gervase Markham is quoted by Sir E. Brydges, in his edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 279; but in all probability it is not the same individual, as that person was high sheriff of Nottinghamshire, in 1625, and was robbed of £5000. Gervase Markham, the poet and book-maker never could have possessed any such sum. He is said to have been the son of Robert Markham of Cotham, but this is very questionable. When and where he was born and died yet remains to be discovered. He began his career of authorship late in the reign of Elizabeth, viz. in 1595, when he published "The most honorable

* In the catalogue of the printed library, *The Dumb Knight* is placed under Markham's name, so that the first reference would have led to the discovery. However, this catalogue is not always to be trusted, and it is not wonderful that in so numerous and varied a collection, mistakes should occur. Among others connected with this subject, we may notice, that a play called *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, printed in 1602, is assigned to Shirley, when he was not born until about 1594, and consequently was not then more than eight or nine years old.

tragedie of Sir Richard Grinvile (Grenville), knight," a small 8vo. of extreme rarity, which sold among the books of the late Mr. Bindley for more than £40. By this work he seems to have acquired much reputation.* Though called a *tragedy*, it is only a narrative and elegiac poem in the octave rhime.

Ritson also assigns to Markham a translation of Solomon's Song, in the same year, but it has only the initials L. M. on the title page. In 1597, he printed a translation from the French, called " Devoreux Vertues Tears for the loss of the most Christian King Henry III." In 1608 appeared a translation of Ariosto's Satires, with his name on the title page, but the work was subsequently claimed by Robert Toftes. The blame belonged, perhaps, to some knavish bookseller, who having obtained the MS. availed himself of Markham's popularity. A tract written by B. Rich, was also, not long afterwards, reprinted as the production of Markham. He continued to write various works, some on agriculture and farriery, until the middle of the 17th century.† His only other dramatic performance was a tragedy called *Herod and Antipater*, which was printed in 1622, and in the composition of which he was joined by W. Sampson.

Of Lewes Machin, merely the name has come down to us in connection with Markham and with William Barksted. The latter, in 1607, printed *Mirrha the Mother of Adonis*, and at the end of it were placed " three Eglogs," by Lewes Machin. The first of " Me-

* Charles Fitzgeoffry writing a similar poem on Sir Francis Drake, in 1596, thus mentions Markham's work.—

" Well hath this poet royalis'd his facts
" And curiouslie describ'd his tragedie;
" Quaintlie he hath eternized his acts
" In lasting characters of memorie,
" Even co-eternal with eternitie:
" So that the world envies his happie state,
" That he should live when it is ruinate."

† A person of the name of *Robert* Markham wrote and printed in 1628, " A Description of that ever to be famed Knight Sir John " Burgh." Whether he was in any way related to Gervase Markham is not known.

nalcas and Daphnis," and the two others of "Apollo and Hyacinth." It is impossible now to ascertain what share he had in *The Dumb Knight*, which appears to have been a successful play, although its merits are by no means conspicuous. It is mentioned in the following terms in Shirley's Example, 1637, A. 4.

"*Vainman.* You will give me leave to answer you.
If you should ask me any thing?

"*Jacintha.* Not a syllable,
Though I desir'd to know what o'clock 'tis;
There's your obedience: at six months' end
I may reward your silence.

"*Pumice-stone.* She'll make him the Dumb Knight.

"*Jacintha.* I will not engage you to be a mute so long."

The Dumb Knight was entered on the stationers' books, on the 6th Oct. 1608, in which year it was first printed. It was reprinted in 1633, perhaps on its revival at one of the theatres, which led Shirley to allude to it in 1637. The edition of 1633, is a copy of that of 1608, with all the original errors, and the addition of some others. It sometimes happens that an obscure reading is explained or a misprint corrected in later copies, even if the mistakes generally are multiplied; but this is not the case with *The Dumb Knight*. Mr. Reed seems to have used the edition of 1633, and therefore included most of the errors of both of the old copies. He also introduced several conjectural alterations of his own, and in a manner not easily justified, since he gave no intimation of the liberty he had taken with the author. The play has now for the first time been carefully collated, and the more important variations pointed out in the notes.

TO THE UNDERSTANDING READER.

Rumour, that Hydra-headed monster, with more tongues than eyes, by help of his intelligencer Envy, hath made strange constructions on this Dumb Knight, which then could not answer for himself: but now this publication doth unty his tongue, to answer the objections of all sharp critical censures, which heretofore have undeservedly pass'd upon him. And for my part, I protest, the wrongs I have received by some (whose worths I will not traduce) with a mild neglect I have laugh'd at their follies; for I think myself happy, because I have been envy'd, since the best now in grace have been subject to some slanderous tongues that want worth themselves, and think it great praise to them to detract praise from others that deserve it; yet having a partner in the wrong, whose worth hath been often approved, I count the wrong but half a wrong, because he knows best how to answer for himself: but I now in his absence make this apology, both for him and me. Thus leaving you and the book together, I ever rest yours.

Lewes Machin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING *of* CYPRUS.
PHILOCLES, *his favourite, the Dumb Knight.*
DUKE *of* EPIRE.
ALPHONSO.
FLORIO.
PRATE, *an Orator.*
MECHANT, }
VELOURS, } *Clients to Prate.*
DRAP, }
PRECEDENT, *Clerk to Prate.*
CÆLIO, *Marshal for the Queen.*
CHIP *and* SHAVINGS, *Carpenters.*
Heralds, Watchmen, Gentleman-Usher, Physician, Executioner, &c.

WOMEN.

QUEEN *of* SICILY.
MARIANA, *her Companion, and Sister to the Duke of Epire.*
LOLLIA, *Wife to the Orator.*
COLLAQUINTIDA, *a Baud.*
Attendants, &c.

Scene, Sicily.

THE

DUMB KNIGHT.[1]

ACTUS I. SCENA I.*

Enter the KING *of* CYPRUS, PHILOCLES, FLORIO, *and Attendants in arms.* [*Musick.*

ENOUGH; these loud sounds deaf my passions:
How long shall love make me a slave to hope,
And mix my calm desires with tyranny?
O Philocles! this † heresy I hold,
Thought and affection cannot be control'd.

Philocles. Yet may't be bent and suppled with extremes,
Sith few fare see the end of violence.
What makes the skilful [2] leech to use the fire,
Or war her engines, or states policy,
But to recover things most desperate?
Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave,
Never to faint doth purchase what we crave.

Cyprus. True, my Philocles, yet my recreant soul,
Slav'd to her beauty, would renounce all war,
And yield her right to love, did not thy spirit,
Mix'd with my longing, fortify these arms.

[1] Langbaine observes, that several incidents in this play are borrowed from Novels, as the Story of Mariana swearing Philocles to be dumb from Bandello's Novels; Alfonso's cuckolding Prate the Orator, and the latter appearing before the council from the same book. The English reader may see the same story in *The Complaisant Companion*, 8vo. 1646.

* The word *music* is here inserted in the 4to. 1608, and is repeated at the commencement of each act.

† "*'Tis* heresy I hold"—4to. 1608.

[2] *leech*] An old word used by *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, *Fairfax*, and other writers, signifying *a Physician*.

But I am now resolv'd, and this sad hour
Shall give an end to my distemperature.
Summon a parley.

Enter aloft the QUEEN *of* SICILY, MARIANA*, *the* DUKE *of* EPIRE, ALPHONSO, *and Attendants.*

Queen. What says our tyrant suitor, our disease in love,
That makes our thoughts a slave unto his sword:
What says my lord?

Cyprus. Madam, attend me, this is my latest summons:
The many suns my sorrows have beheld,
And my sad nights of longings, all through hope
T' enjoy the joy of earth (your own dear self),
Are grown so infinite in length and weight,
That like to wearied Atlas I inforce
These wars as Hercules to bear my load:
Briefly I must enjoy you, or else lose
The breath of life, which to prevent, behold
My sword must be my Cupid, and with feather'd steel
Force pity from your breast. Your city's walls,
Chidden with my cannons, have set ope a path,
And boldly bids me enter: all your men of war,
Feebled with famine and a weary siege,
Take danger from mine actions: only yourself,
Strong in your will, oppose even destiny,
And like the giant's war offend the heavens.
Which to prevent, do but descend and give
Peace to my love-suit, and as o'ercome thereby
I'll yield myself your prisoner, and be drawn
A thrall in your triumphant victory.
If otherwise, behold these fatal swords
Shall ne'er be sheath'd till we be conquerors:
And, not respecting innocence nor sex,
The cries of infants, nor the prayers of age,
All things shall perish, till within my arms

* The entrance of Mariana with the queen, &c. is not mentioned, though her *exit* is noticed: by the dialogue, which follows their departure from the walls, it is evident that she ought to be named, though hitherto omitted. C.

I fold yourself my thrall and conqueror .
Queen. Thou may'st be master of my body's tomb;
But for my soul and mind they are as free
As their creation; and with angels' wings
Can soar beyond thy reach: trust me, king of Cyprus,
Those coals the Roman Portia did devour
Are not burnt out, nor have th' [3] Egyptian worms
Yet lost their stings; steel holds his temper still,
And these are ransoms from captivity.
But art thou noble? hast thou one royal thought?
Cyprus. Approve me by your question.
Queen. Then briefly thus:
To shun the great effusion of their bloods,
Who feel no touch in mine affections,
Dare you to single combat, two to two,
Refer your right in love?
Cyprus. Who are your combatants? we love equality.
Queen. This is the first, the Epire duke, a man
Sprung from the line of famous Scanderbeg.
The next Alphonso, sprung from noble blood;
Who, laden with rich Lusitanian prize,
Hath rode through Syracusa twice in pomp.
Cyprus. Their likings to the motion?
Epire. They are like wrath,
Never unarm'd to beat weak injury.
Alphonso. Nay more, we are the sons of destiny:
Virtue's our guide, our aim is dignity.
Philocles. 'Sfoot, king, shalt not forsake 'em: this I see,
Love, fight, and death, are rul'd by destiny.
Cyprus. My spirit speaks thy motion.
Madam, altho' advantage might evade,
And give my love more hope, yet my bent will,
Bow'd to your pleasure, doth embrace your law.
We do accept the combat, and ourself
Will with that duke try fortunes; this my friend,

[3] *Egyptian worms*] Dr. Johnson observes, that *worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent*; and Dr. Percy, that in the Northern Counties the same word is still used in that sense. See their several Notes, and also Mr. Tollet's, to *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 5. S. 2.

The more part of myself, my dearest Philocles,
One of an angel's temper, shall with that lord
Try best and worst. The place? the time? the sword?
Epire. They are your rights, we claim as challengers.
Cyprus. And we would lose that 'vantage; but since fame
Makes virtue dulat, we embrace our rights:
The place before these walls, the hour next sun,
The pole-ax and the hand-ax for the fight.
Queen. It is enough;
My hostage is my person and my love.
Cyprus. And mine my hope, my faith, and royalty.
Epire. They are of poize sufficient, and one light
Shall at one instant give us day and night.
[*Exeunt Queen, Mariana, Epire, Alphonso, &c.*
Cyprus. She's gone, my Philocles: and as she goes, even so
The sun forsakes the heavens to kiss the sea;
Day in her beauty leaves us, and methinks
Her absence doth exile all happiness.
Tell me, my Philocles, nay, pr'ythee tell me true,
Even from that love
Which to us both should blend one sympathy,
Discharge an open breast: dost thou not think
She is the mirror of her beauteous sex,
Unparallel'd, and uncompanioned?
Philocles. Envy will say she's rare; then truth must vow
She is beyond compare, sith in her looks
Each motion hath a speaking majesty;
[4] She is herself, compared with herself:

[4] *She is herself, compared with herself:*
For but herself, she hath no companion.] If Theobald had been as well read in our ancient dramatick writers as he pretended to be, he would have produced this passage in justification of the celebrated line in *The Double Falshood:*

"None but himself can be his parallel."

It is certain, if authorities would sanctify absurdity, he might have made a better defence against Mr. Pope than that which he published. He might also have quoted the following line from Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, A. 4. S. 3.

"And, but herself, admits no parallel."

For but herself, she hath no companion.
But when I think of beauty, wit, and grace,
The elements of active delicacy,
Those all-eye-pleasing harmonies of sight,
Which do enchant men's fancies, and stir up
The life-blood of dull earth, O then, methinks,
Fair Mariana hath an equal place,
And if not out-shine, it shews more beautiful.
Cyprus. More than my queen?
Philocles. More in the gloss of beauty; less in worth,
In wisdom and great thoughts: the one I find
Was made for wonder, the other for admire.
Cyprus. Thine equal praises make my fancies rich:
And I am pleas'd with thy comparisons;
Things of like nature live in best consent,
Beauty with subjects, majesty with kings.
Then let those two ideas lively move
Spirit, beyond all spirit, in our breasts,
That in the end of our great victory
We may attain both love and majesty.
Philocles. Although my first creation and my birth,
My thoughts and other tempers of my soul
Took all their noble beings from the sword,
And made me only for the use of wars;
Yet in this combat something, methinks, appears,
Greater than greatest glory, and doth raise
My mind beyond herself:
S'foot, methinks Cæsar's Pharsalia,
Nor Scipio's Carthage, nor Emilius' acts,
Were worthy chairs of triumph: they o'er men's
Poor mangled bodies, and fire-wasted climes,
Made their triumphant passage; but we two
Must conquer thoughts and love, more than the gods
can do.
Cyprus. True, and therein
Consists the glorious garland of our praise:
But we neglect th' affairs of preparation. Florio, be it
your charge
To see th' erection of the squared lists,
Fit ground for either army, and what else

Belongs unto such royal eminence.

Florio. How near will your majesty's hand* the lists extend
Unto the city walls?

Cyprus. So as the dullest eye
May see the heedfull'st passage in the fight.

Florio. What square or circuit?

Cyprus. Threescore pace each way.

Florio. Your majesty shall have your will perform'd.

Philocles. Do, and you do us grace. And now thou sun
That art the eye of heaven, whose pure sight
Shall be our guide, and Jove's great chronicler,
Look from thy sphere!
No guilt of pride, of malice, or of blood,
Puts on our armour; only pure naked love
Tutors our hopes, and doth our actions move.

Cyprus. Enough, my Philocles, thine orizons are heard.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOLLIA, *the wife of Prate the Orator.*†

Lollia. Now fie upon't, who would be an orator's wife, and not a gentlewoman, if she could chuse? a lady is the most sweet lascivious life, congies and kisses,—the tire, O the tire, made castle upon castle, jewel upon jewel, knot upon knot, crowns, garlands, gardens, and what not? the hood, [5] the rebato, the [6] French fall, the loose-bodied gown, the pin in the hair; now clawing the pate, then picking the teeth, and every day change; when we poor souls must come and go for every man's pleasure: and what's a lady more than another body? we have legs and hands, and rolling eyes, hanging lips, sleek brows,

* So it stands in the quarto's of 1608 and 1633, but ought we not, for the sense, to read "How near will your majesty *have* the lists extend?" &c. C.

† There seems no reason for omitting these explanatory matters which save a reference to the *Dramatis Personæ*. C.

[5] *the rebato*] An ornament for the neck, a collar band, or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*.

[6] *French fall,*] See Note 4 to the *Roaring Girl*, vol. VI.

cherry cheeks, and other things as ladies have, but the fashion carries it away.

Enter Mistress COLLAQUINTIDA.

Collaquintida. Why how now, mistress Prate? i'th' old disease still? will it never be better? cannot a woman find one kind man amongst twenty? O the days that I have seen, when the law of a woman's wit could have put her husband's purse to execution!

Lollia. O mistress Collaquintida, mine is even the unnaturallest man to his wife—

Collaquintida. Faith, for the most part, all scholars are so, for they take so upon them to know all things, that indeed they know nothing; and, besides, they are with study and ease grown so unwieldy, that a woman shall ne'er want a sore stomach that's troubled with them.

Lollia. And yet they must have the government of all.

Collaquintida. True, and great reason they have for it; but a wise man will put it in a woman's hand: what! she'll save what he spends.

Lollia. You have a pretty ruff, how deep is it?

Collaquintida. Nay this is but shallow; marry I have a ruff is a quarter deep, measured by the yard?

Lollia. Indeed! by the yard?

Collaquintida. By the standard I assure you: you have a pretty set too, how big is the steel you set with?

Lollia. As big as a reasonable sufficient—pity of my life, I have forgot myself; if my husband should rise from his study, and miss me, we should have such a coil.—

Collaquintida. A coil, why what coil? if he were my husband and did but thwart me, I would ring him so many alarums, sound him so many brass trumpets, beat him so many drums to his confusion, and thunder him such a peal of great shot, that I would turn his brain in the pan, and make him mad with an eternal silence.

Lollia. O mistress Collaquintida but my husband's

anger is the worst favouredst without all conscience of any man's in all Sicily; he is even as peevish as a sick monkey, and as waspish as an ill pleas'd bride the second morning.

Collaquintida. Let your wrath be reciprocal, and pay him at his own weapon. But to the purpose for which I came; the party you wot of commends him to you in this diamond; he that met the party you know, and said the party's party was a party of a partly pretty understanding.

Lollia. O, the Lord Alphonso.

Collaquintida. The very same, believe it: he loves you, and swears he so loves you, that if you do not credit him, you are worse than an infidel.

Lollia. Indeed, mistress Collaquintida, he hath the right garb for apparel, the true touch with the tongue in the kiss, and he dances well but falls heavily: but my husband, woman, my husband, if we could put out his cats eyes, there were something to be said; but they are ever peeping and prying, that they are able to pierce through a mill-stone: besides, I may say to you, he is a little jealous too; and see where he comes, we shall have a coil now.

Enter PRATE *the Orator.*

Collaquintida. Begin you to pout first, for that's a woman's prevention.

Prate. What, Lollia, I say, where are you? my house looks you, my men lack you, I seek you, and a whole quest of enquiry cannot find you; fie, fie, fie, idleness is the whip of thrift, a good housewife should ever be occupied.

Lollia. Indeed I have much joy to be occupied in any body's company.

Prate. Why, what's the matter?

Lollia. Why orators wives shortly will be known like images on water-stairs, ever in one weather-beaten suit, as if none wore hoods but monks and ladies; nor feathers, but fore-horses and waiting gentlewomen;

nor chains, but prisoners and lords officers; nor perriwigs, but players and hot-brains; but the weakest must to the wall still.*

Prate. Go to, you shall have what you will.

Lollia. Nay, nay, 'twas my hard fortune to be your wife, time was I might have done otherwise, but it matters not, you esteem me as you do yourself, and think all things costly enough that cover shame, and that a pair of silken fore-sleeves to a sattin breastplate is a garment good enough for a capitol; but is master Wrangle, master Tangle, or master Trolbear, of that opinion? in faith, sir, no.

There's never a gallant in our state
That goes more rich in gaudy bravery:
And yet I hope for quality of speech,
Audacious words, or quirks or quiddities,
You are not held their much inferior.
Fie, fie, I am asham'd to see your baseness.

Collaquintida. Indeed, master Prate, she tells you truly; I wonder that you, being a proper man, and an orator, will not go[7] brave, according to the custom of the country.

Prate. Go to, neighbour; he that will rise to the top of a high ladder must go up, not leap up: but be patient, wench, and thou shalt shortly see me gallant it with the best, and for thyself, my Lollia,

Not Lollia Paulina, nor those blazing stars,
Which make the world the apes of Italy,
Shall match thyself in sun-bright splendency.

Lollia. Nay verily, for myself I care not, 'tis you that are my pride; if you would go like yourself I were appeas'd.

* This proverb is also quoted in *The Bloody Banquet*, by T. D 1639, which Mr. Malone gives to R. Davenport:

Clown. Oh, alwayes *the weakest goes to the wall.*

There was a play first printed in 1600 under the title of *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, the plot of which is taken with much servility from B. Rich's *Farewell to the Militarie Profession*, 1583 and 1606, which book also furnished Shakespeare with the plot of his *Twelfth Night*. C.

[7] *brave*] i. e. fine.

Prate. Believe it, wench, so I will. But to the purpose for which I came: the end of this great war is now brought to a combat, two to two, the duke of Epire and Alphonso for our queen, against the king and prince Philocles: now, wench, if thou wilt go see the fight, I will send and provide thee of a good standing.

Lollia. Indeed, for you have ne'er a good one of your own.

Prate. What! Precedent, I say!

Precedent [*within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Prate. Why when I say? the villain's belly is like a bottomless pit, ever filling and yet empty; at your leisure, sir.

Enter PRECEDENT, *Prate's man, eating.*

Precedent. I can make no more haste than my teeth will give me leave.

Prate. Well, sir, get you without the town, to the place of the combat, and provide me for my wife some good standing, to see the conflict.

Precedent. How, master! how! must I provide a good standing for you for my mistress? truly, master, I think a marrow-bone pie, candid eringoes, preserved dates, marmalad of cantharides, were much better harbingers; cock-sparrows stew'd, doves' brains, or swans' pizzels, are very provocative; [8] roasted potatoes, or [9] boil'd skerrets, are your only lofty dishes; methinks these should fit you better than I can do.

Prate. What's this, what's this? I say provide me a standing for my wife upon a scaffold.

Precedent. And truly, master, I think a private chamber were better.

Prate. I grant you if there were a chamber convenient.

Precedent. Willing minds will make shift in a simple

[8] *roasted potatoes*] See Mr. Collins's Note to *Troilus and Cressida.*

[9] *boil'd skerrets*] "Sisarum Tiberii Augusti deliciæ, olim e "Germania in Italiam translata est, eoque vocem Sisarum Hof- "mannus originis Germ. esse existimat." *Skinner's Etymologicon.* See also C. Plinii Nat. Hist. lib. xix. c. 5.

hole; close windows, strong locks, hard bed, and sure posts, are your only ornaments.

Prate. I think the knave be mad; sirrah, you chop logick, blockhead, you that have your brain-pan made of dry leather, and your wit ever wetshod; pack about your business, or I'll pack your pen and inkhorn about your ears.

Precedent. Well, sir, I may go or so, but would my mistress take a standing of my preferment, I would so mount her, she should love strange things the better all her life after.

Prate. Why, when, sir? [*Exit Precedent.*
And come, sweet wife, and neighbour, let us have your company too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door a herald, and FLORIO, *marshal for the King, with officers bearing the lists; at the other door a herald, and* CÆLIO, *marshal for the Queen.*

Cælio. Holla, what are you?

Florio. High marshal for the king. Your character?

Cælio. I likewise for the queen; where lies your equal ground?

Florio. Here underneath these walls, and there and there
Ground for the battles.

Cælio. Place there the queen's seat,
And there and there chairs for the combatants.

Florio. Place here the lists, fix every joint as strong
As 'twere a wall, for on this foot of earth
This day shall stand two famous monuments;
The one a throne of glory bright as gold,
Burnish'd with angels' lustre, and with stars
Pluck'd from the crown of conquest, in which shall sit
Men made half gods through famous victory:
The other a rich tomb of memorable fame,
Built by the curious thoughts of noble minds,
In which shall sleep those valiant souls in peace,
Whom fortune's hand shall only overthrow.

Heaven in thy palm this day the balance [10]hings,
Which makes kings gods, or men more great than kings.
Cælio. So, now let the heralds give the champions sign
Of ready preparations. [*Exit Heralds.*

The cornets sound; and enter at one end of the stage a herald, two pages, one with pole axes, the other with hand axes, the Duke of EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO *like combatants, the* QUEEN *and* MARIANA *and* PRATE, LOLLIA, COLLAQUINTIDA, *and* PRECEDENT *aloft.*

Florio. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?
Epire. I am the duke of Epire, [11]and the mine
Which doth attract my spirit to run this marshal course
Is the fair guard of a distressed queen,
Would wed to hate and inequality and brutish force,
Which to withstand I boldly enter thus,
And will [12]defail, or else prove recreant.
Florio. And what are you, or your intendiments?
Alphonso. I am Alphonso, marshal of this realm,
Who, of like-temper'd thoughts and like desires,
Have grounded this my sanctimonious zeal,
And will approve the duke's assertions,
Or in this field lie slain and recreant.
Florio. Enter and prosper as your cause deserves.

The cornets sound; and enter at the other end of the stage a herald, two pages with axes and pole-axes; then the king of CYPRUS, *and* PHILOCLES, *like combatants, and their army.*

Cælio. What are you that appear, and what devoir
Draws you within these lists?
Cyprus. I am the king of Cyprus, who, led on
By the divine instinct of heavenly love,
Come with my sword to beg that royal maid,

[10] *hings*] A Scotch word, signifying *hangs.* See the Glossary to Douglas's Virgil, voce *Hingare.*

[11] *and the mine*, &c.] The magnet, for in Kent they call the iron stone *mine*, quasi *mineral.* S. P.

[12] *defail*] i. e. prove defective, fail in my strength, *defaillir*, Fr. S.

And to approve by gift of heaven and fate
She is alone to me appropriate:
Which to maintain I challenge entrance here,
Where I will live a king or recreant.

Cælio. And what are you or your intendiments?

Philocles. I am less than my thoughts, more than myself,
Yet nothing but the creature of my fate;
By name my nature only is obscur'd,
And yet the world baptiz'd me *Philocles;*
My entrance here is proof of holy zeal,
And to maintain that, no severe disdain,
False shape of chastity, nor woman's will,
Neglective petulance, or uncertain hope,
Foul vizard coyness, nor seducing fame,
Should rob the royal temper of true love
From the desired aim of his desires,
Which my best blood shall witness, or this field
Intomb my body made a recreant.

Cælio. Enter and prosper as your cause deserves.
[*Draws two swords.*

Florio. Princes, lay your hands on these swords points.
[13] Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
And by the right you challenge in true fame,
That here you stand not arm'd with any guile,
Malignant hate, or usurpation
Of philters, charms, of night-spels; characters,
Or other black infernal vantages;
But even with thoughts as pure
As your pure valours, or the sun's pure beams,
T'approve the right of pure affection;

[13] *Here you shall swear,* &c.] When the combat was demanded and allowed, it was the custom for each party to take an oath to the following purport: viz. "That they had not brought into the "lists other armour or weapon than was allowed, neither any en-"gine, instrument, *herbe, charm,* or *enchantment,* and that neither of "them should put affiance or trust in any thing other than God "and their own valors, as God and the holy Evangelists should "help them." *Segar on Honor,* p. 134.
See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Macbeth,* A. 5. S. 7.

And howsoe'er your fortunes rise or fall,
To break no faith in your conditions.
So help you Jove.
All. We swear.
Queen. How often do my maiden thoughts correct
And chide my froward will, for this extreme
Pursuit of blood! believe me, fain I would
Recal mine oath's vow, did not my shame
Hold fast my cruelty, by which is taught
Those gems are prized best, are dearest bought,
Sleep my love's softness then, waken my flame,
Which guards a vestal sanctity! Princes, behold,
Upon those weapons sits my god of love,
And in their powers my love's severity.
If them you conquer, we are all your slaves;
If they triumph, we'll mourn upon your graves.
Mariana. Now, by my maiden modesty, I wish
Good fortune to that Philocles; my mind
Presages virtue in his eaglet's eyes.
S'foot, he looks like a sparrow-hawk, or a wanton fire,
A flash of lightning, or a glimpse of day;
His eye steals to my heart, and lets it see
More than it would: peace blab, no secrecy,
He must have blows.
Florio. Sound cornets, princes respect your guards.
Here they fight and Philocles overthrows Alphonso and and Epire overthrows Cyprus.
Philocles. I crave the queen's conditions, or this blow
Sends this afflicted soul to heaven or hell.
Speak, madam, will you yield, or shall he die?
Epire. Neither, bold prince; if thou but touch a hair,
The king's breath shall redeem it: madam, your love
Is safe in angels guarding, let no fear
Shake hands with doubtfulness, you are as safe
As in a tower of diamonds.
Philocles. O 'tis but glass,
And cannot bear this axe's massiness.

Duke, thy brave words, that second thy brave deeds,
Fill me with emulation: only we two
Stand equal victors; then if thou hast that tie
And bond of well-knit valour, which unites
Virtue and fame together, let us restore
Our captives unto freedom, and we two,
In single combat, try out the mastery.
Where whoso falls, each other shall subscribe
To every clause in each condition.

Epire. Thou art the index of mine ample thought,
And I am pleas'd with thine election.
Speak, madam, if ever I deserved grace,
Grace me with your consent.

Queen. 'Tis all my will.
Thy noble hand erect and perfect me.

Philocles. What says his majesty?
My stars are writ in heaven, nor death nor fate
Are slaves to fear, to hope or human state.

Cyprus. I neither fear thy fortune nor my ruin;
But hold them all beyond all prophesy.
Thou hast my free consent, and on thy power
Lies my life's date, or my death's hour.

Epire. Then rise and live with safety.

Philocles. Alphonso, here my hand,
Thy fortune lends thy peace no infamy.
And now [14]thou glorious issue of Jove's brain,
That burnt the Telamonian ravisher,
Look from thy sphere, and if my heart contain
An impure thought of lust, send thy monsters forth
And make me more than earthly miserable.

*Here the cornets sound, they fight, and Philocles overcomes the Duke, the Queen descends.**

Philocles. Yield, recant, or die.

Epire. Thine axe hath not the power to wound my thought,

[14] ——— *thou glorious issue of Jove's brain,*
That burnt the Telamonian ravisher,] i. e. Minerva, who killed Ajax Oileus with a thunderbolt for ravishing Cassandra in her temple. S.

* "The Queen *defends*" it stands in both the quartos. C.

And yields a word my tongue could never sound;
I say thou'rt worthy, valiant, for my death,
Let the Queen speak it, 'tis an easy breath.

Queen. Not for the world's large circuit; hold, gentle prince,
Thus I do pay his ransom: low as the ground,
I tender my unspotted virgin love
To thy great will's commandment; let not my care,
My woman tyranny, or too strict guard,
In bloody purchase take away those sweets
Till now have govern'd your amaz'd desires;
For trust me, king, I will redeem my blame
With as much love as Philocles hath fame.

Cyprus. Thus comes a calm unto a sea-wreck'd soul,
Ease to the pained, food unto the starv'd,
As you to me, my best creation.
Trust me, my queen; my love's large chronicle
Thou never shalt o'er-read, because each day
It shall beget new matter of amaze,
And live to do thee grace eternally.
Next whom my Philocles, my bounteous friend,
Author of life, and sovereign of my love,
My heart shall be thy throne, thy breast the shrine,
Where I will sit to study gratefulness.
To you, and you my lords, my best of thoughts,
Whose loves have shew'd a duteous carefulness;
To all free thanks and graces; this unity
Of love and kingdoms is a glorious sight.
Mount up the royal champion, musick and cornets sound,
Let shouts and cries make heaven and earth rebound.
[*Exeunt.*

Epire. How like the sun's great bastard o'er the world
Rides this man-mounted engine, this proud prince,
And with his breath singes our continents.
Sit fast, proud Phæton, for by heaven I'll kick
And plunge thee in the sea; if thou'lt needs ride,

Thou should'st have made thy seat upon a slave,
And not upon mine honour's firmament,
Thou hast not heard the god of wisdom's tale,
Nor can thy youth curb greatness, till my hate
Confound thy life with villain policy.
I am resolv'd, since virtue hath disdain'd
To cloath me in her riches, henceforth to prove
A villain fatal, black and ominous.
Thy virtue is the ground of my dislike;
And my disgrace, the edge of envy's sword,
Which like a razor shall unplume thy crest,
And rob thee of thy native excellence.
When great thoughts give their homage to disgrace,
There's no respect of deeds, time, thoughts, or place.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter PRATE, LOLLIA, COLLAQUINTIDA, *and* PRECEDENT

Prate. Come, wife, methought our party stood stifly to it.

Precedent. Indeed they were stiff whilst they stood; but when they were down, they were like men of a low world; a man might have wound their worst anger about his finger.

Lollia. Go to, sirrah, you must have your fool's bolt in every body's quiver.

Precedent. Indeed, mistress, if my master should break his arrow with foul shooting or so, I would be glad if mine might supply the whole.

Prate. I find you kind, sir.

Precedent. True, sir, according to my kind, and to pleasure my kind mistress.

Prate. Go to, sirrah, I will not have your kindness to intermeddle with her kind; she is meat for your master.

Precedent. And your man, sir, may lick your foul trencher.

Collaquintida. Ay, but not eat of his mutton.

Precedent. Yet I may dip my bread in the wool, mistress Collaquintida.

Prate. Go to, sirrah, you will be obscene, and then I shall knock you: but to the combat; methought our side were the most proper men.

Lollia. True, and therefore they had the worse fortune: but see, here's the lord Florio.

Enter FLORIO.

Florio. Master orator, it is the king and queen's majesty's pleasure, that you presently repair unto the court, touching the drawing out of certain articles for the benefit of both the kingdoms.

Prate. My lord, I will instantly attend their majesties.

Florio. Do, for they expect you seriously.

[*Exit Florio.*

Prate. Wife, you can have my service no longer. Sirrah Precedent, attend you upon your mistress home: and, wife, I would have you to hold your journey directly homeward, and not to imitate princes in their progress; step not out of your way to visit a new gossip, to see a new garden-house, to smell the perfumes of court jerkins, or to handle other tools than may be fit for your modesty: I would not have you to step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with monsters or [15] motions, but holding, your way directly homeward, shew yourself still to be a rare housewife.

Lollia. I'faith, i'faith, your black outside will have a yellow lining.

Prate. Content thee, wife, it is but my love that gives thee good counsel. But here comes one of my clients.

Enter DRAP, *a country gentleman.*

Drap. Sir, master orator, I am bold to trouble you about my suit.

Prate. Sir, master country gentleman, I am now for present business of the king's.

[15] *motions*] i. e. puppet-shews.

Drap. You may the better remember me.

Prate. Hey-day! I shall mix your business with the king's?

Drap. No, but you may let his majesty know my necessity.

Prate. Sir, sir, you must not confine me to your seasons; I tell you I will collect mine own leisures.

Enter VELOURS, *a citizen.*

Velours. Master orator, is it your pleasure I attend you about my dispatches?

Prate. Sir, it is my pleasure you dispatch yourself from mine incumbrance; I tell you, I am for instant business of the king's.

Velours. Sir, I have borne my attendance long.

Prate. Bear it till your bones ach, I tell you; I cannot bear it now, I am for new business.

Drap and *Velours.* Yet the old should be dispatch'd, it was first paid for.

Prate. If you be gentlemen, do not make me mad.

Drap and Velours. Sir, our suits are of great weight.

Prate. If you be Christians, do not make me an Atheist: I shall prophane if you vex me thus.

Enter the Lord MECHANT.

What more vexation? my lord, my lord, save your breath for your broth, I am not now at leisure to attend you.

Mechant. A word, good master orator.

Prate. Not a word, I beseech your lordship: I am for the king's business; you must attend me at my chamber. [*Exit Prate.*

Mechant, Drap, and Velours. And every where else, we will not leave you. [*Exeunt.*

Precedent. Now methinks my master is like a horse-leech, and these suitors so many sick of the gout, that come to have him suck their blood: O 'tis a mad world.

Lollia. Go to, sirrah, you will never leave your crab-tree similes; but pity of me, whom have we here?

Enter ALPHONSO.

O 'tis the lord Alphonso.

Alphonso. Mistress, God save: nay your lip, I am a stranger, and how doth mistress Collaquintida? O you are an excellent seasoner of city stomachs.

Collaquintida. Faith, my lord, I have done my best to make somebody relish your sweet meats: but hearkee you, my lord, I have struck the stroke, I have done the deed, there wants nothing but time, place, and her consent.

Alphonso. Call you that nothing?

Collaquintida. A trifle, a trifle; upon her, my lord; she may seem a little rough at the first; but if you stand stiffly to her, she'll fall: a word with you, master Precedent. [*They whisper.*

Alphonso. Mistress Prate, I am a soldier, and can better act my love than speak it: my suit you know by your neighbour, my love you shall prove by my merit, to both which my tokens have been petty witnesses; and my body shall seal and deliver upon thee such a brave confirmation, that not all the orators in Sicily shall be able to cancel the deed.

Lollia. Truly, my lord, methinks you being witty should be honest.

Alphonso. Nay, wench, if I were a fool, there's no question but I would be honest: but to the purpose; say, wench, shall I enjoy, shall I possess?

Lollia. To enjoy my love, is not to possess my body.

Alphonso. Tut, wench, they be words of one signification, and cannot be separated.

Lollia. Nay, then, I should wrong my husband.

Alphonso. S'foot, thou should'st but do for him as he does for the whole world: why an orator were a needless name, if it were not to defend wrong; then, wench, do as he doth, write by a precedent.

Lollio. O, my lord, I have a husband,
A man whose waking jealousy survives,
And like a lion sleeps with open eyes;
That not a minute of mine hours are free
From the intelligence of his secret spies.
I am a very covert* Danae,

* The edition of 1608, reads *toward*, which may be right: the

Thorow whose roof suspicion will not let
Gold showers have passage, nor can I deceive
His Argus eyes with any policy;
And yet I swear I love you.

Alphonso. Death of affection, if thou lov'st me, as thou say'st thou dost,
Thou canst invent some means for our delight.
The rather sith it ever hath been said,
That walls of brass withstand not willing minds:
And women, when they're prone, make love admir'd
For quaint endeavours: come instruct thy wit,
And find some scale to our high height of bliss.

Lollia. Then briefly thus, my lord.
To-morrow doth the senate sit to judge
Causes both criminal and of the state;
Where of necessity my husband's place
Must be fill'd by himself, because his tongue
Must gild his clients' causes. Now if you please,
All that self-hour, when he is turmoiled
About those serious trifles, to vouchsafe
To visit me, his absence and my care
Shall give us liberty of more delight.
You know my meaning, and I am asham'd
My love should thus betray my modesty;
But make the use according to your fancy.

Alphonso. What hour assures his absence!

Lollia. Eight is the latest time.

Alphonso. This kiss leave* my faith with thee, farewel.
Thou hast given me double glory from thy breath,
Nothing shall lose me time but certain death.

[*Exit Alphonso.*

Precedent. Truly, mistress Collaquintida, you are an excellent piece of sweet gall.

Lollia. Well, sir, will you lead the way homeward?

edition of 1633, reads *coward;* but probably covert is the correct word. C.

* The metre, and sense also, would be improved could any warrant be found for reading "This kiss *shall* leave," &c.

Precedent. To your bed-chamber, mistress, or your privy lodging. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILOCLES *alone.*

Philocles. Night clad in black mourns for the loss of day,
And hides the silver spangles of the air,
That not a spark is left to light the world;
Whilst quiet sleep the nourisher of life
Takes full possession of mortality.
All creatures take their rest in soft repose
Save malcontents, and we accursed lovers,
Whose thoughts perturbed make us passion's slaves,
And rob us of the juice of happiness.
Dear Mariana, shap'd in an angel's mould,
Thou thrall'st my senses, and inflam'st my blood:
Love's power by wisdom cannot be withstood.
But see the morning star breaks from the East,
To tell the world her great eye is awak'd,
To take his journey to the western vales:
And now the court begins to rise with him.

Here pass over the stage a physician, a gentleman-usher, and a waiting-maid.

There goes the physician, the waiting-maid,
And a fine straight-legg'd gentleman-usher.
The preface to a kirtle all puff-paste;
One that writes sonnets in his lady's praise,
And hides her crimes with flattering poesy.

Enter MARIANA.

But peace! amazement! see the day of life,
Nature's best work, the world's chief paragon!
Madam, one word.

Mariana. I; so now farewel.

Philocles. You do mistake me.

Mariana. That yourself can tell:
You ask'd me one word, which I gave, said, I;
A word of least use in a virgin's breath,
Urge not my patience then with fond reply.

Philocles. Dear lady, lend an ear unto my voice,
Since each were made for other's happiness:
My tongue's not oil'd with courtly flatterings,

Nor can I paint my passions to the life;
But by that power which shap'd this heavenly form,
I am your bond-slave, forc'd by love's command;
Then let soft pity with such beauty dwell,
Madam, I love you.

Mariana. As I am a virgin, so do I.

Philocles. But, madam, whom?

Mariana. Myself, no lady better.

Philocles. But will you love me?

Mariana. No, by my chastity.

Philocles. I hope you do but jest.

Mariana. Nay, I'll keep mine oath,
Men shall abandon pride and jealousy
Ere I'll be bound to their captivity:
They shall live continent, and leave to range,
But men like to the moon each month must change;
Yet we must seek that nought their sight displeases,
And mix our wedlock sweets with loath'd diseases;
When we consume ourselves and our best beauty,
All our reward is, why, 'twas but our duty.

Philocles. Judge not so hard of all for some offenders;
For you are subject to the self-same crimes,
Of men and women always have been had
Some good of each.

Mariana. But for the most part bad:
Therefore I'll have none at all, but die a perfect maid.

Philocles. That humour like a flower soon will fade;
Once did mine own thoughts sing to that delight,
Till love and you reform'd my barbarousness:
Therefore, dear lady, pity my wounded heart.

Mariana. A surgeon here for this love-wounded man;
How deep's your ulcer'd orifice I pray you tell?

Philocles. Quite thorow my heart.

Mariana. 'Tis strange and look so well;
Yet ladies' eyes have power to murder men,
And with one smile to make them whole again.
Achilles' lance to a hair; but do you love me, prince?

Philocles. Dearer than my soul.

Mariana. Would I could love you!

Philocles. Madam, so you may.

Mariana. As yet I cannot, therefore let me go.
Philocles. O do not leave me, grant me but one request,
And here I vow by that divinest power,
The salt-sea's glorious issue, whose bright sphere
Rules my sick heart, and knows my chaste intent,
That if you please to impose on me that task,
Which neither man nor monster can atchieve,
Which even angels have a dread to touch,
Deeds which outstretch all possibility,
S'foot, more than can be thought, and I'll effect,
Or else I'll perish in th' accomplishment.
Mariana. Let your request fit virgin-modesty,
And you obey your vow, I am content
To give your thoughts contented happiness.
Philocles. 'Tis but a kiss I ask, a minute's joy.
Mariana. Now Cupid help thee; is thy grief for this?
Keep thy strong vow, and freely take a kiss.
[*He kisses her.*
Philocles. I have obtain'd my heaven, and in this touch
I feel the breath of all deliciousness:
Then freely give the sentence of my work,
Muster up all the engines of your wit,
Teach Juno rules beyond maliciousness;
Whate'er it be, I'll die but I'll perform it.
Mariana. Thou shalt not kill thyself, nor fight with monsters,
Nor bring the great Turk's beard* to shew thy zeal:
Thy life thou shalt not hazard for my love,
Nor will I tie thee to an endless task:
But even with ease, and gentle tangled knots,
Thou shalt untwine thy clue of miseries.
Philocles. Let it have passage, madam, give me doom.
Mariana. Then, Philocles, knit silence to my w d,
And mark thy doom; for thus my stricter will

* *Bird* in the 1st Edit. shewing how the word was then pronounced. C.

Loads grief upon thy vainer levity.
Hence for the space and compass of one year,
Thou shalt abjure the liberty of speech,
Thou shalt not speak for fully twelvemonth's space,
For friend nor foe, for danger nor for death;
But live like air, with silent emptiness.
Break thou this vow, I'll hold thee for a villain:
And all the world shall know thy perjury.

Philocles. Be heaven and earth a witness of my vow,
And mine eternal silence—I am dumb.

Mariana. Why so, now shall I not be troubled with vain chat,
Or idle prate of idle wantonness:
For love I cannot, therefore 'tis in vain;
Would all my suitors' tongues I thus could rein!
Then should I live free from feign'd sighs and groans,
With, O take pity, 'tis your servant moans,
And such harsh stuff, that frets me to the heart;
And sonnets made of Cupid's burning dart,
Of Venus' lip, and Juno's majesty;
Then were I freed from fools and foolery.
In May the cuckoo sings, then she'll come hither,
Her voice and yours will rarely tune together.

[*Exit Mariana.*

Enter FLORIO.

Florio. Prince Philocles, the king would speak with you. [*Speaks louder and louder.*
Prince Philocles, the king would speak with you.
Prince Philocles, the king would speak with you.

[*Philocles strikes Florio, and fells him.*

Florio. The pox rot off your fingers for this blow!
It is coronation-day thorow all my scull,
There's such a fatal ringing in my brain:
'Has won the set, has laid five fingers on;
But 'twas a knavish part of him to play so:
Hear me, ye gods, for this my open wrong,
Make short his fingers as you have his tongue.

[*Exit Florio.*

Enter MECHANT *alone.*

Mechant. 'Tis not man's fortune, envy, or neglect,

Which makes him miserable, but 'tis mean fate,
Even sole predestination, a firm gift
Fix'd to his birth before the world was made.
For were it otherwise, then within our lives
We should find some distractions, errors change,
And other toys of much uncertainty:
But my mishaps are fix'd so to my blood,
They have no sire but my creation:
The queen, out of suspicion that my love
First set an edge upon the king's desires,
And made him wooe her with a victor's sword,
Casts me from favour, seizes all my lands,
And turns my naked fortunes to the cold.
The king, made proud with purchase of his wish,
Neglects my sufferance for him, and o'erlooks
The low tide of my fortunes; lest my woes
Should speak my wrongs to his ingratitude:
The whilst those lords, whose supple hams have bow'd
To do me formal reverence, now despise
And slight me in their meanest compliments.
O 'tis a torment more than hell yet knows,
To be an honest flatterer, or to live
A saint in limbo, which that I may prevent,
I'll be nor best nor worst, but all indifferent.
But here comes a nobleman, I must turn petitioner.

Enter FLORIO.

My lord, may I not see the king?

Florio. You may not.
His majesty is now down press'd with seriousness;
As for your suit it is with Prate the orator,
I heard his highness give him a special charge
For your dispatch with favour.

Mechant. O, but he doth neglect,
And slights me like his weak orations:
And by your lordship's leave, I do not think
His wisdom worthy of the conference.

Florio. Nay, if you will correct the king's coin, you are not for my conference, farewel. [*Exit Florio.*

Mechant. Why, and fare you well! 'sfoot, this is more than strange,

That, being griev'd, I may not say I'm pain'd.

Enter ALPHONSO.

But here comes another: mine honourable lord,
May I not have some conference with the king?

Alphonso. You may not; business of greater weight
Imports both him and us: nay, pray you cease;
As for your suit, 'tis with the orator.

Mechant. Yet, methinks, 'twere meet—

Alphonso. That you would rather trouble him than me.

Mechant. It's strange.

Alphonso. It's strange, indeed, to see you wrong your ease.
I am not now for idle conferences. Adieu.

[*Exit Alphonso.*

Mechant. Why this is court-grace to men in misery,
And thus these tail-less lions with their roar
Affright the simple herd: O I could now
Turn rebel 'gainst their pride.

Enter EPIRE.

But here comes the duke:
My gracious lord, vouchsafe to hear my griefs.

Epire. For God's love cease your trouble, we are all
Troubled with griefs of stranger qualities.

Mechant. Words are no heavy burthen.

Epire. No, had I no other weight;
But we are all press'd down with other poise:
As for your suit, it is referr'd to Prate:
And he must give you fair dispatch with favour;
Which if he slight for envy or for bribe,
Repair to me, and I will not forget
To give you ease, and chide his negligence;
Mean space I pray you leave me, for we all
Are troubled now with greatest miracles.

Mechant. Your grace doth do me comfort, and I will
Study with service to deserve your favours,
And so I take my leave. [*Exit Mechant.*

Enter two DOCTORS.

Epire. Your own contentments follow you.

Now, gentlemen,
What news within? can this dumb wonder speak?
Have you cut off those lets that ty'd his speech,
And made your fames to sound through Sicily?

First Doctor. All hopeful means that man or art can find
Have we made trial of, but 'tis in vain:
For still, my lord, the cure's invincible.

Second Doctor. Those organs nature gave to move the tongue
He fully doth possess as well as we:
Which makes us think his sudden apoplexy
Is either will, vow, or a miracle.

Epire. I should think strangely had we strange things on earth:
But wonders now are most familiar:
But here comes his majesty, now we shall see
If this dumb beast can speak before the king.

Cornets, and enter CYPRUS, QUEEN, PHILOCLES, MARIANA, *and attendants.*

Cyprus. My best of friends, my dearest Philocles,
Thy griefs run in my spirit, make me sad,
And dull my sense with thine affliction.
My soul with thine doth sympathize in woe,
And passion governs him that should rule all.
What say you, doctors, is there no hope of help?

First Doctor. No hope, my lord; the cure is desperate.

Cyprus. Then I am king of grief; for in his words
Found I more musick than in choirs of angels.
It was as silver, as the chime of spheres,
The breath of lutes, or love's deliciousness:
Next to my queen, he is my joy on earth:
Nor shall the world contain that happy good
Which with my tears I will not wooe for him.
My lord of Epire, let it be straight proclaim'd
Through all the cities in our kingdom's verge,
That whoso will avow to cure this prince,
And bring his work to wish'd effectualness,
Shall have ten thousand crowns and our best love;

But if he fail in his great enterprize,
His daring is the loss of present life.
Since no man hitherto could do him good,
The next shall help him, or else lose his blood.

Epire. Your majesty shall have your will perform'd.

Mariana. Not all so soon, dear brother, what if a woman now
Should turn Æsculapius and restore
This dumb Hippolitus? Nay, do not look strange,
I dare avow and undertake the cure.

Epire. You, sister! are you in your wits?

Mariana. 'Faith, of the outside of them, brother; yet a woman's tongue,
Whose burthen still is superfluity,
May lend a man an age's compliment.

Cyprus. Madam, I would not have you [16] with the lark
Play yourself into day-net; this great cure,
I fear, is far beyond your physick's help.

Mariana. My lord, you know not how Apollo loves me;
I have been thought as fair as Oenon was,
And dare be bold to claim this miracle.

Cyprus. Mariana, attend; glory and ruin compass thee about,
This hand shall raise thee to a golden throne,
And grace thee with all stiles of dignity;
This cast thee down,
Lower than life's misfortune, and overwhelm
Thy beauties with thy grave. Perform, be great:
Fail, and be worse than worst calamity.

Queen. Stay, gentle friend, my love doth bid thee stay;
Attempt not, and be safe from misery.

[16] ——— *with the lark*
Play yourself into day-net;] So the quartos, we should read *dare net.* Surry, in *Henry* VIII. A. 3. S. 3. says, "and *dare* us "with his cap like larks." See Blome's *Gentleman's Recreation.* S. P.

Epire. Sister, you shall not grasp with mischief thus;
My blood doth challenge interest in your ill,
And I conjure you from this desperateness.
Mariana. Brother, content yourself, words but augment our strife;
I will perform, or else my pawn's my life.
Cyprus. Proceed, fair virgin.
Mariana. Vouchsafe me privacy: now Venus be my speed.
Speak, gentle Philocles, thine oath's bond I untye,
And give thy vows a free infranchisement;
Thy well-kept league hath shew'd thy strength of truth,
And doth confirm me in my virtuousness:
Thy martyrdom and sufferance is too long,
And I restore it to new liberty.
Then speak, my Philocles, speak, gentle prince,
To her whose love respects and honours thee.
Cyprus. How now, what virtue from thy charms?
Mariana. No hope is left! dear Philocles, regard my miseries,
Untye that wilful let which holds in speech,
And make me happy through thy noble pity.
I see the face of mine ill-shaped contempt,
Where like with like hath quit most injury:
Then speak, my lord, utter one angel breath
To give me joy, and save me from strange death.
What, not a word! hath this small silence brought
An utter detestation to thy speech?
Wilt thou not hear, nor speak, nor pity me?
The gentle gods move thee to more remorse.
Cyprus. What, wilt not be?
Fond maid, thou hast drawn affliction on thy head,
And thrall'd thyself to worse calamity:
Till morrow's sun thy incantations use,
But then effectless, all hope's desperate:
Wer't thou my bosom love thou dy'st the death;
Best ease for madness is the loss of breath.

[*Exeunt all but Philocles and Mariana.*

Mariana. O, Philocles, I am no court's disgrace,
No city's prostitution, country's shame,
Nor one shall bring Troy's fire unto thy house:
Turn not away, hard-hearted myrmidon.
See, on my knees I'll follow thee in court,
And make the world condemn thy cruelty.
Yet if my tears may mollify thy heart,
Receive them as the flood of strangest tides;
Turn not thy face from her that doats on thee.
Love now hath made me subject to thy will,
And pale disdain hath ta'en revenge on me.
Behold my nerves I'll wear upon this earth,
And fill this roof with lamentations.
What! dost thou smile? hath fury so much sway
As even to banish poor civility?
Then be thyself, and break thine itching spleen;
For I disdain thy ransom's victory.
Life, thou art weary brought: welcome, my death,
Sweet because wish'd for, good because my choice:
Yet when I am dead, this of me shall be said,
A cruel prince murder'd a loving maid;
And after-ages to th' unborn shall tell,
Thy hate, my love, thy envy, and my hell.
Nay, do not speak I charge thee: go, let nothing move thee,
Death is my glory, since thou wilt not love me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Enter the Duke of EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO.

Epire. Grief, which controuls the motions of our thoughts,
Reigns in my blood, and makes me passion's slave.
My sister's misery torments my soul,
And breaks my gall when I but think of her:
She was bewitch'd with spells to her misfortune,
Or else born hapless under a low'ring star,
And 'tis her fate to be thus miserable.

O, Philocles, hadst thou no other scale
To mount thy heaven but by our miseries?
Must all the noble fame of our great house
Waste down her royal pillars, to make steps
For thee to climb to glory? Well, I see
Thou plott'st our shames in thy great dignity.

Alphonso. Patience, great lord; methinks these ill-rais'd storms
Have not more violence than may be borne:
Come, we will both go sue unto the king,
We there will kneel and pray eternally,
And never rise till he remit his doom.
It shall be so, I will unto the king,
To beg great favour for a small offence:
But if she die for this, then king take heed,
Thee and thy fortunes by this hand shall bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHIP, SHAVING, *and others with a scaffold.*

Chip. Come, my hearts, let's make all things ready for the execution; here's a maidenhead must be cut off without a feather-bed.

Shaving. It's a sign she deals with sharp tools and a cruel headsman.

Chip. If I had been her judge, she should have been tost to death in a blanket.

Shaving. No, I would have had her smother'd in a feather-bed.

Chip. They say she would not plead at her trial.

Shaving. No, that's true, for she had a great desire to be press'd.*

Chip. And I have known some of her sex have got that favour to be press'd for speaking.

Shaving. Then she was unwise to hold her tongue, being a woman.

Chip. What is her crime that she must lose her head?

Shaving. Because she lived honest, contrary to the statute.

* Alluding to the old law for pressing prisoners who refused to plead.

Chip. There is a great number of my neighbours will never suffer for that fault.

Shaving. No, nor thou neither, if the truth were known; for my part, I shun that danger.

Chip. I think we are all out of danger of the law for that crime.

Shaving. I know I am free, for I am a knave if I have not forgot what wench had my maidenhead.

Enter FLORIO.

Florio. Make room there, his majesty is coming to the execution.

Chip. Come, now all things are ready, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter EPIRE *and* ALPHONSO.

Epire. Mercy is banish'd courts; the king, like flint,
Hardens his royal temper 'gainst our 'plaints,
And makes our woes most unavoidable.
What inauspicious star reign'd at her birth,
That heaven thus frowns upon her misery?
And, my good lord, now innocence must die,
As white as untrod snow, or [17] culver down.
Kings words are laws, and cannot be withstood;
Yet 'tis false greatness, which delights in blood.

Alphonso. Patience, my lord; I do not think this ill
Is yet so big, as unrecoverable.
The king doth hold you in most choice respect,
And whom kings love, they study to oblige;
Then call your reason home, make not this civil war,
To suffer makes woes lesser than they are.

Epire. How well the sound can [18] salve the sick-
man's grief!
But oh how ill he can digest his pills!*

[17] *or* culver *down*] i. e. dove's down. S.

[18] *salve the sickman's grief*] Another allusion to the book mentioned in *Eastward Hoe;* see p. 266. Since the note on that passage was written, I have discovered that there were two books with titles nearly similar; one of them, *The Sickman's Salve*, by Thomas Becon, 8vo. 1591; and the other, *The Salve for a Sickman;* or, A treatise concerning the nature, difference, and kinds of Death, by William Perkins, 8vo. 1595.

Mr. Reed, without any authority from the old copies, and

O, my good lord, you shall not lose a sister
That is the joy and comfort of your breath ;
'Tis not your blood shall issue from her wound ;
But mine that runs in rivers from her tears,
And drown my face in her calamity.
Well, let her perish, since her soul is clear,
And for her death, I'll make a massacre.

Enter CYPRUS, QUEEN, PHILOCLES, MARIANA *bound, a guard of halberts, and an executioner.*

Cyprus. Your suits are bootless : for my vows have glew'd
And clos'd mine ears, that they retain no sound
Of your intreaties ; and even now the time
Doth run upon his latest minutes, and
Save but by speech there's no recovery.

Queen. Have mercy, good my lord : O let my tears intrude
Betwixt your vows and her calamity :
In her you take from me my best of life,
My joy, my comfort, and my play-fellow.

Cyprus. Content you, madam, for my vow is past,
And is like fate still unrevocable :
Ascend, poor model calamity.

Mariana. As lightly burden'd with the weight of crimes,
As spotless infants, or poor harmless lambs,
Thus I ascend my heaven, this first step lower
Mounts to this next ; this thus and thus* hath brought
My body's frame unto its highest throne :
Here doth her office end, and hence my soul
With golden wings of thought shall mount the sky,
And reach † a palace of pure sanctity.
Farewel, my sovereign ! Madam, within your thoughts
Make me a tomb, and love my memory.

without the slightest notice, gave the lines that follow to Alphonso' and inserted his name accordingly : they are most clearly a continuation of Epires' speech : he draws the distinction between their situations. C.

* The omission of this repetition of the words *and thus*, has hitherto spoil'd the measure. C.

† "*Reap* a palace" in both quartos. C.

Brother, farewel; nay, do not mourn my death,
It is not I that die to spot our house,
Or make you live in after-obloquy;
Then weep no more, but take my last adieu,
My virtues, not my faults, preserve with you.
Lastly, to you that are my last of hope,
Nay, do not hide your eyes, I love them still,
To part friends now is greatest charity.
O be thy days as fruitful in delights,
As Eden in choice flowers, thine honours such
As all the world may strive to imitate.
Be master of thy wishes: only this,
When the sad nurse, to still the wrangling babe,
Shall sing the careful story of my death,
Give me a sigh from thy heart's purest breath:
And so farewel.

Executioner. Madam, kneel here; forgive me for your death.

Mariana. With all my heart, thou art but law's poor hand.
Thus to my death I bow, and yet arise,
Angels protect my spirit in the skies.

[*He offers to strike.*

Philocles. Hold, or thine hand shall be thine own destruction.

Cyprus. Never did musick sound with better voice!
Unbind the lady.

Florio. The fear of death hath brought her to a swoon.

Cyprus. Endeavour her recovery.

Epire. Sister, dear sister, call thy spirits back,
Sister, O sister, hearken to my woes,
Recover breath, and live with happiness.

Queen. She stirs, give way to air that she may breathe:
Speak, Mariana, thy woes are cancelled.

Mariana. You are not charitable unto my moans,
Thus to afflict me with a double punishment:
One death for one poor fault might well suffice,
They are most wretched who twice live and die.

Philocles. Madam, to save your life, I kill my soul,

And speckle that which was immaculate.
Black perjury, that open-ey'd disease,
Which is the plague-sore of society,
Brands me with mischief, and protests I hold
Nothing within me but unworthiness:
And all these ills are your creation.

Mariana. Which to wash off, lo here I yield myself
An humble sacrifice to love and thee:
All my best hopes, my fortunes, and my love,
My faith, my service and my loyalty,
Shall as thy slaves attend on thy commands,
And make me famous in my suffrages.

Cyprus. Receive her, Philocles, for it pleaseth us.

Philocles. But not me, my thrice royal sovereign;
I'd rather wed a sooty Blackamore,
A leper, monster, incubus, or hag,
A wretch deform'd in nature, loath'd of men,
Than her that hath bemonster'd my pure soul.
Her scorn and pride had almost lost her life;
A maid so faulted seldom proves good wife.

Queen. What is the reason you not love her now,
And were so passionate in love before?

Philocles. Not that I love her less, but rather more,
Run I this backward course; only my vow
Sith unperform'd craves satisfaction;
Which thus I reconcile: when this fair maid
Shall with as strong a love, as firm a zeal,
A faith as constant, and a shame as strong,
Requite my care, and shew as ample proof
In mine extremes, as I have in her death,
Then will I love, enjoy, and honour her;
Till when I will not think a loving thought,
Or give the easy temper of my mind
To love-sick passion or deliciousness;
Only with those which do adore the sun,
I'll give her all respect and reverence.

Mariana. I am well pleas'd, and with a doubtful foe
You have good reason thus to capitulate:
Then hang your colours forth, extend your thought,
Muster your strongest powers of strictest wit;

And, when your reason's best artillery's bent,
Love not my love if't be not excellent.
Cyprus. I have not seen a war breed better wit,
Or passion draw on more delightfulness:
Proceed in your contention; for we boast,
That love is best which is approved most.
But now to revels, since our tragick scene
Is turn'd to comic mirthful constancy;
Instead of mourning, we will dance and banquet,
And fill our empty veins with all delights:
For oft' we find that storms and sorrows prove
The best fore-runners of a happy love.
[*Exeunt all but Epire.*
Epire. He will, but he will not; loves, but cannot like.
Will and affection in this prince are like
Two buckets which do never both ascend;
Or those star twins which shine not in one sphere.
O, Philocles, I see thy soul grows fat,
And feeds upon the glories of my fame;
But I'll forestal thine epileptic fits;
And by my plots breed thy destruction.
Revenge now rules as sovereign of my blood,
And other's ruins shall advance my good;
Which once attain'd to, I will prove ambitious,
Great men, like gods, are ne'er thought vicious.
Now, Philocles, stand fast; king, guard thy crown;
For by this brain, you both shall tumble down. [*Exit.*
Enter VELOURS *and* DRAP; PRECEDENT *sitting at his desk.*
Velours. This is his chamber, let's enter, here's his clerk.
Precedent. [19] *Fondling, said she, since I have hemm'd thee here,*
Within the circuit of this ivory pale.
Drap. I pray you, sir, help us to the speech of your master:
Precedent. *I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:*

[19] *Fondling, said she,* &c.] These lines are the 39th Stanza of *Venus and Adonis,* by Shakspeare.

He is very busy in his study.
Feed where thou wilt, in mountain or on dale;
Stay a while, he will come out anon.
Graze on my lips, and when those mounts are dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.
Go thy way, thou best book in the world!

Velours. I pray you, sir, what book do you read?

Precedent. A book that never an orator's clerk in this kingdom but is beholden unto; it is called Maid's Philosophy, or *Venus and Adonis.* Look you, gentlemen, I have divers other pretty books.

Drap. You are very well stor'd, sir; but I hope your master will not stay long.

Precedent. No, he will come presently.

Enter MECHANT.

Velours. Whom have we here? another client sure, crows flock to carcases: O 'tis the lord Mechant.

Mechant. Save you, gentlemen; sir, is your master at any leisure?

Precedent. [20] *Here, sit thee down where never serpent hisses,*
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.
His businesses yet are many, you must needs attend a while.

Mechant. We must attend; umph! even snails keep state
When with slow thrust their horns peep forth the gate.
We must attend! 'tis custom's fault, not mine,
To make men proud, on whom great favours shine:
'Tis somewhat 'gainst my nature to attend,
But when we must, we must be patient;
A man may have admittance to the king
As soon as to these long robes, and as cheap.
Come, gentlemen, shall we walk?
Thus are the pavement stones before the doors
Of these great tongue-gilt orators, worn smooth
With clients dancing for* them.

[20] *Here, sit thee down,* &c.] Two lines from the third Stanza of *Venus and Adonis.*

* *i. e.* dancing attendance *for* them: both the Quartos have it ', but Mr. Reed altered it to *'fore.* C.

Velours. It's strange to see how the world waits upon them, therein they are the only men now.

Mechant. O, only; they of all men in request.
Your physician is the lawyer for your health,
And moderates unruly humours best.
Others are nobody compar'd with him;
For all men neglect their health in regard of their profit.

Drap. True, and that's it makes these men grow so fat,
Swell with rich purchases.

Mechant. Yea with golden fees,
And golden titles too, they can work miracles,
And like creators, even of empty nothing,
Erect a world of goodly livings, fair demeans,
And gallant manors, heap'd one on another.

Velours. They gain indeed excessively, and are not like us citizens,
Expos'd to hazard of the seas and traffick.

Mechant. Why, here's a fellow now, this orator,
Even Prate, you would little think it, his father was
An honest [21] proiner of our country vines;
Yet he's shot to his [22] foot-cloth.

Drap. O, he is! he proin'd him well, and brought him up to learning.

Mechant. 'Faith, reasonable learning; a smattering in the Latin tongue.
A little rhetorick, wi h wrangling sophistry,
Were his preparatives unto his art.

Velours. After these preparatives (if you call them so)
The physick wrought well, for a few years' practice
Brought him in wondrous credit, and preferments
Came tumbling in: O such a sudden rise
Hath fortune for her minions! blame him not then
Though he look high on't.

Mechant. Nay, for his pride, of weaker souls term'd state,

[21] *proiner*] i. e. pruner. Chaucer, in the *Merchant's Tale*, says of Damian, that
"He kembeth him, he *proineth* him, and piketh." S.
[22] *foot-cloth*] Horse with housings. S.

It hurts none but himself.

Drap. Yet to my seeming it is very strange,
That from so base beginning, men can breathe
Such soaring fames.

Mechant. Strange! it's not strange a whit,
Dunghills and marish bogs, dart store of vapours,
And viscous exhalations, against heaven,
Which borrowing lustre there (though basely bred)
Seem yet like glorious planets, fairest stars,
To the weak eyes of wondring ignorance,
When wise men know they are but meteors.
But here comes the orator.

Enter PRATE.

Prate. What, Precedent, I say,
Come and attend me to the senate house.

Precedent. I am ready, sir; if you have *copia verborum*, I have *copia rerum* in a buckram bag here.

Prate. Your lordship's pleasure.

Mechant. Master Orator, 'tis not unknown, my suit.

Prate. Nay, your lordship must be brief, I'll not attend
The shallow sleight of words; your suit, your suit.

Mechant. The restoration of my lands and honours.

Prate. They are confiscate.

Mechant. My lands confiscate, and my body free?

Prate. My lord, my lord, the queen's more merciful.

Mechant. Sir, you forget my place.

Prate. Sir, you forget your faith:
'Twas known unto the queen, the state, and us,
Your malcontented spirit, your disease in duty,
Your diligent perturbance of the peace!
Your passages, occurrences, and—

Mechant. Sir.

Prate. Sir me no sirs,
Do not I know you were the chief of those
Which rais'd the war in Sicil? and long since
Wrought in the king's loves bloody business?
Did not you hold fair quarter and commerce
With all the spies of Cyprus? fie, I am asham'd
Blind impudence should make you be so bold,

To bear your face before authority.

Mechant. But here me.

Prate. I will hear no reply; go home, repent, pray, and die.

Come, gentlemen, what's your businesses?

Velours. Your confirmation to his highness' grant touching our trade with Spain, in which if it please you to assist us, we have a thousand crowns which shall attend you.

Prate. O I have you in my memory; the suit is great: and I must squeeze forth more than a thousand crowns. Well, attend me to the senate; you shall have fair dispatches. [*Exeunt all but Mechant.*

Mechant. I'll not attend the shallow sleight of words,
Go home, repent, pray, and die:
Excellent precepts for an orator's chamber.
Where speech must bathe a handful deep in gold,
Till the poor givers conduit being dry,
The wretch goes home, doth curse, repent, and die.
It is thy counsel, orator, thy tale breath,
Good only but to season infamy,
From this reproach, this incaressing humour
Hath taught my soul a new philosophy.
I will go home, and there repent all good
Done to thy name or thy profession;
I will go home, and there new frame myself
More thirstily pernicious to thy state
Than war or unabated mutiny.
As for my prayers, orator, they are for thee.
Thou hast a pretty, lovely, witty wife:
O may'st thou live, both to be known and know
Thyself the greatest cuckold in our land;
And yet not dare to amend or grieve at it!
May'st thou embrace thy shame with thankful arms,
Hug thy disgrace, make thy black poison wine,
And cap and crouch to thy dishonour!
May thy remembrance live, upon my knees I pray,
All night in bellmen's mouths, with [23] Pasquil in the day!

[23] — *with Pasquil*] The name of an image on a post in Rome, to which defamatory libels are affixed. S.

Enter ALPHONSO *unbraced.*

Alphonso. Day be my speed, night shall not cloak my sin,
If I have nought to do, it's by the sun,
The light gives leave to all mine idleness.
Quick business and ope eyes sieze on mine orator,
Whilst I create him horny precedents.

Enter COLLAQUINTIDA.

But here's my bed-broker. Now, my great armful of good intelligence, where is my mistress?

Collaquintida. Fast lock'd in her bed, with a close ward to devour thee, my brave [24] Paraquito: but hush, no words; there is a calm before the tempest.

Alphonso. Tut, tell me of no storms; but direct me to her bed-chamber, my noble firelock of a flesh pistol.

Collaquintida. Follow thy colours, my brave worthy, mount up thy standard, so enter and prosper.

[*She puts Alphonso into the orator's house.*

Thou hast a rich room, safe locks, sweet sheets, a choice armful, with O the rare, rare thought of imagination.

Mechant. What's this, what's this. Doth this lord Alphonso turn the orator to an antelope? 'Tis more than excellent,
And from the juice of this despight I suck
Delight more great than all my miseries.
Observe, dear eyes, observe.

Collaquintida. Nay, go thy way for a camel, or a camelion; thou may'st compare with all Europe, Africk, and Asia; and one that will change tricks, though thou wert worthy to be school-master either to Proteus or Aretine: what an excellent gift did God give unto man when he gave him woman; but how much more when that woman was made fair! But oh, the most of all when she had wit to use every member of her creation. Well, I'll stand to't, there's nothing but beauty, use, and old age, that puts women of my rank out of

[24] *Paraquito*] A parroquet, or small sort of parrot. See *Altieri's* Italian Dictionary, in the English part. She gives him this name on account of his prating. S. P.

request; and yet like old bucklers, though few of your gallant cavaliers will wear us, yet many of your stale ruffians will employ us, and that's our comfort still.

Mechant. Was ever heard a baud more damnable!
A very mountebank of wench-flesh, an empirick,
A dog-leech for the putrified sores
Of these lust-canker'd great ones. O I could
Even mad myself with railing at their vices.
[*Prate knocks at the door.*
But hark, one knocks, O for the orator!
Heavens, I beseech thee, O for the orator!

Collaquintida. How now, who knocks so rudely at the door?

Prate. 'Tis I, I say, open the door, I am in haste.

Mechant. 'Tis he, just heavens, 'tis he, 'fore God, the orator.

Collaquintida. Soul of my baudy office; how are we betray'd!
Anon, anon, sir, what, mistress Prate, I say;
Arise for shame, your husband's at the door,
I come, I come; Lord God, how dull you are
When danger's at your heels! rise quickly.

Prate. Open the door, or I will break it ope.

Collaquintida. I come, I come; I think he's mad with haste.
What, John; what, Thomas, Robert, where's these knaves:
What, Julian, Mary, Cicely, ne'er a maid within?

Lollia. For God's love, stay; I'll find the key straightway.

Enter LOLLIA, *and* ALPHONSO *in his shirt.*

O, mistress Collaquintida, what shall become of us?

Collaquintida. Nay, I'm at my wit's end, and am made
Duller than any spur-gall'd, tired jade.

Alphonso. 'Sfoot, if he enter I will break his neck.

Lollia. Not for a world, dear love, step into my closet.

Alphonso. Did ever slave come thus unluckily?

Lollia. Nay, now's no time for passion, good lord, in.
[*Exit Alphonso.*

Enter PRATE.

Collaquintida. Fie, I have almost broke my heart with running.

Lollia. How now, dear husband, what hath mov'd this haste?

Prate. I think I was not blest this morning when I rose; for through my forgetfulness, I have left behind me in my study the breviates of all my causes; and now the senate is fain to dance attendance on my leisure; fie, fie, fie. [*Exit Prate.*

Lollia. Nay, if he smell nothing but papers, [25] I care not for his dry foot-hunting, nor shall I need to puff pepper in his nostrils; but see, he comes again.

Enter PRATE, *and, stumbling at his wife's bed, sees Alphonso's rich apparel laying thereon.*

Prate. I think the devil hath laid his horns in my ay.

Mechant. Yes, and if you had wit you might conjure him out of your wife's closet.

Prate. Sancte Benedicite, what have we here! Hath the golden snake cast his skin upon our bed? go to, wife, I smell, I smell, methinks your plain rug should not agree with this rich counterpoint.

Lollia. Husband, either I have fitted you now, or else I shall never fit you whilst I breathe.
You oft have told me, that like those of your rank,
Who both adorn their credits and themselves,
Yea even their causes with their costly cloaths,
Yourself in like sort would strive to imitate;
And now my neighbour here hath brought this suit,
Which if you please to buy, 'tis better cheap
Than e'er 'twas made by full five thousand crowns.

Prate. Say'st thou me so, wench; a kiss for that, i'faith;

[25] *I care not for his dry foot-hunting*] To draw *dry foot*, as Dr. Gray observes, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot; for which the blood-hound is famed. See Mr. Steevens's Note to the *Comedy of Errors*, A. 4. S. 2.

'Fore God 'tis a delicate fine suit, rich stuff, rare work, and of the newest fashion: nay, if the senate's business were never so hasty, I will stay to try it on; come, help, good wenches, help; so, there, there, there.

[*The orator puts on Alphonso's apparel.*

Mechant. 'Sfoot, will the ox put on the lion's hide?
He will, he will, 'tis more than excellent;
So gild the tomb that holds but rottenness:
Laughter, I fear, will burst me; look, how he struts.
O God that ever man should look
Upon this [26]maumet, and not laugh at him!

Prate. Fit, fit, excellent fit, as though
The body it was made for wore my mould:
Wife, I will have it, we'll dispute no price.

Enter VELOURS.

Velours. Master orator, the senate are set, and can dispatch no causes through your absence, therefore they earnestly intreat your presence.

Prate. I come, I come; good friend, go, say I come. And, wife, see that you pay for this suit, whatsoe'er it cost. [*Exit Prate.*

Mechant. Not above making you cuckold, that's the most.

Lollia. What, is he gone?

Collaquintida. He is.

Enter ALPHONSO *in his shirt.*

Lollia. Why then come forth, poor naked lord.

Alphonso. What, is he gone? May the devil and his horns both follow him!

Lollia. He is gone; but yet he hath discover'd your treason.

Alphonso. How!

Collaquintida. Yes, and in revenge thereof hath vow'd, that in this naked sort as you are you shall do penance through the city for your sin of unchastity.

[26] *maumet*] A puppet. Mr. Tollet supposes it to be a corruption of Mahomet. See several instances of the use of this word in Mr. Steevens's Note on *The First Part of King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 3. Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. Henry IV. "— by the devi- "acion, and not devinacion of that *mawmet* Merlyn."

Alphonso. I pray thee, leave thy woman's phrase, and speak like a man, plainly, plainly.

Lollia. Then plainly thus, he is gone, and hath taken away your apparel.

Alphonso. Upon what accident?

Lollia. This: when your negligence had left your cloaths upon my bed, he espied them, task'd me for the owner; I, in excuse, told him it was a suit brought by my gossip to be sold; he straight, like a child, proud of a new coat, presently puts it on, presently is sent for to the senate, and at this present hath left you, that the world may behold your naked doings.

Alphonso. [27] I would it were wash'd in the blood of a centaur, that when he puts it off, his skin might follow it: but how shall I get to my chamber?

Lollia. Truly, I know not, except you will wear a smock's upper coat.

Alphonso. What, a petticoat? you mad me with your mirth.

Lollia. Then, seriously, thus: as he hath ta'en your cloaths, you must take his; and let the world know you have had more than fidlers fare, for you have meat, money, and cloth.

Alphonso. 'Sfoot, how shall I look in this devil's suit? sure I shall grow sick to see my shape.

Lollia. Well, extremity must then be your physick; but, come, you shall attire yourself in my chamber.

[*Exit Alphonso, Lollia, and Collaquintida.*

Mechant. Are these the winding turns of female shames,
Loose woman's gambols, and the tricks of sin?
And are we born to bear these suffrages?
O, he that's ty'd unto a brothel bed
Feels his worst hell on earth, and may presume
There is no sickness like his pestilence.
Well, what the issue of this jest will prove,
My wit but yet conceives, and after-time

[27] *I would it were wash'd in the blood of a centaur,*] Alluding to the poisoned garment given by Deianira to Hercules. See *Ovid's Metamorphosse*, B. ix.

Shall perfect it and give it liberty,
In such sort, that if it true fire strike,
A world of apes shall study for the like. [*Exit.*

Enter the Duke of EPIRE *alone.*

Epire. My thoughts are troubled, joy forsakes me quite,
And all my meditations are revenge:
Ambition and fell murder join in me,
And aid each other to untwine a state,
And make whole millions prove unfortunate.
Now must I practise court-art, flattery,
And wisely temporize with blackest deeds:
I'll smile and stab, now weep, then laugh, then frown,
And with sly tricks of state kill all suspicion;
Devils must seem like angels, saith ambition.
The blackest thoughts I'll study to excel,
Crowns and revenge have made men dive to hell.
My plot is current and it cannot miss,
Whilst wisdom winds me on the clue of bliss.
The king shall kill the queen, that acted right,
I soon will turn his brightest day to night.
He's simple, honest, and loves downy rest;
Then he must fall: 'tis policy in state,
To hurl them down are blest with happy fate.
Thus each shall scourge himself with his own rod,
Who is all policy avows no God.
Who is within there, ho?

Enter FLORIO.

Florio. Did your grace call?
Epire. I did; where's the king?
Florio. He's in his privy chamber playing at chess.
Epire. Go straight, and tell him I must speak with him,
And say my business doth import great haste.
Florio. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Epire. Be a blest Mercury; now mount thee up my spirit,
And shew thyself a politician;
Let slander rule thy tongue, envy thy heart,

And let destruction be thy period
Of what thou speak'st; for this my maxim is,
But rule no heaven, and but revenge no bliss.

Enter CYPRUS, FLORIO *and attendants.*

Here comes the king. My lord, we must be private.*

Cyprus. Remove your hearings from our conference.

[*Exeunt Florio, &c.*

Now speak, my lord, speak freely, as to heaven.

Epire. First with my knee I kiss this prostrate earth,
And humbly beg that which my tongue shall speak,
So it proceed from love and vassalage,
May bear a pardon or forgetfulness.

Cyprus. You have it; rise, discharge an open breast.

Epire. O, my dread liege, my speech will make you sad;
(And kings do seldom relish their distates)
And from that sadness such a storm will rise
As will even drown up all credulity.
O that my loyal heart could cover sin,
Or that my tongue, inured unto grief,
Might lose its spleen ere it distemper you!
But love, and mine allegiance, bid me speak.

Cyprus. Then speak, and do not rack me with delay.

Epire. Women, why were you made for man's affliction?
The first that ever made us taste of grief,
And last of whom in torments we complain:
You devils shap'd like angels, through whose deeds
Our forked shames are made most visible;
No soul of sense would wrong bright majesty,
Nor stain their blood with such impurity.

Cyprus. Nay, good lord, leave this allegorick speech,
And give me knowledge from a plainer phrase.

Epire. Then plainly thus: your bed is press'd with lust,
I know you do not credit, nay, what's more,
I know you hate me for my virtuousness:

* In the quarto of 1608 and of 1633, this line is by mistake assigned to Cyprus. The *exit* of Florio, who obviously withdraws, is also not marked. C.

Your queen behaves her like a courtezan.
I know you hold me for a vile impostor;
O foolish zeal, that makes me be so fond
To leave my faith unto black censuring.
O, she hath sinn'd, and done a double wrong
To you, to her, and sacred chastity.

Cyprus. Duke, thou art valiant, and with a valiant mind
Slander is worse than theft or sacrilege,
Nay, more, than murder, or the height of treason,
A step beyond the utmost plagues in hell.
Then thou, which in that nature wrong'st a queen,
Deserv'st a scourge beyond their punishments;
Virtue should kill thee now.

Epire. Nay, do, my breast is bare unto thy steel;
Kill me because I love thee and speak true.
Is this the merit of a Roman faith?
For this have I observ'd, pry'd in unto,
And search'd each secret shift of vanity?
Nay, pray you kill me; faith I'll patient stand,
Live still a monster, hold shame in your hand.

Cyprus. Speak a word more, a king shall be thy death.

Epire. Death is a slave to him that is resolv'd,
And my soul loaths this servile flattery,
Nor will I cover such intemperate sin,
But to the world make them and that transparent,
Unless yourself will seek to right yourself.

Cyprus. Thou hast awak'd me, and thy piercing words
Have split my sense in sunder: yet what ground
Remains whereon to ground suspicion? a cuckold, cuckold, ha!

Epire. Your absence is the baud to her desires,
For their masks, dancings, gaming, banquetting,
Strange private meetings, and all toils in love,
As wanton speeches to stir appetite,
And all inchantments that inflame desire:
When you return, then all is hush'd and still,
And she demurely walks like virtue's ghost;

Before your face she's like a puritan,
Behind your back a blushless courtezan.
Cyprus. O I have drank-in poison at mine ears,
Which makes my blood boil with unquenched flames.
But speak, who is it that dishonours me?
Epire. He that you prize a line before your life;
I know you will not credit, faith you will not.
Cyprus. Nay, if thou cease to speak, thou hat'st my life;
Tak'st thou delight to kill me, then forbear:
S'foot, I am mortal man, kill me, do, do, do.
Epire. Your best of friends, your dearest Philocles,
Usurps your bed and makes you a cornute.
A creature uncreate in paradise,
And one that's only of a woman's making.
Cyprus. Is't possible! can I give faith to this?
Epire. Nay, be but patient, smooth your brow a little,
And you shall take them as they clip each other,
[28] Even in their height of sin, then damn them both,
And let them sink before they ask God pardon,
That your revenge may stretch unto their souls.
Cyprus. To be a cuckold doth exceed all grief.
Epire. To have a pleasant scoff at majesty.
Cyprus. To taste the fruit forbidden from my tree!
Epire. But he shall lose his paradise for that.
Cyprus. The slave will make base songs in my disgrace.
Epire. And wound your reputation in strange lands.
Cyprus. This injury sads all my joys on earth.
Epire. Horns are not shunn'd by wisdom, wealth, or birth.
Cyprus. Watch their close meetings, and then give us notice;
Mean space my love shall in thy bosom rest.
My grief is like my birth, great, great and high:

[28] *Even in their height of sin, then damn them both,*] This horrid sentiment is to be found in too many of our ancient poets. See Note 25 to *'Tis pity She's a Whore*, vol. VIII.

Give close intelligence; till then farewel,
Lust is the broadest path which leads to hell.
[*Exit Cyprus.*

Epire. He's gone with black suspicion in his heart:
And his soul made a slave to jealousy,
My plots shall drive him to his own destruction;
And I gain both revenge and dignity.
He shall no sooner put his queen to death,
But I'll proclaim her spotless innocence;
All men will hate him for so vile an act,
And mad with rage depose him from his crown.
Then I will be his death, his state doth give,
Kings once depos'd long after must not live;
For, like a phœnix rare in jealousy,
He shall consume himself in scorching flames,
Whilst from his ashes I a phœnix spring.
Many renounce their God to be a king,
And I'll be one to kill men with a frown,
None dare dispute the actions of a crown. [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Enter FLORIO *and* MECHANT.

Florio. The queen is all for revels, her light heart,
Unladen from the heaviness of state,
Bestows itself upon delightfulness.

Mechant. She follows her creation and her sex.
In my conceit it is as vile a thing,
To see the worthy model of a woman,
Who had not been at all but to give life,
And stirring spleen to man's alacrity,
To sit o'erwhelm'd with thought, with dark amuse,
And the sad sullenness of * griev'd dislike;
As to behold an old man in his furs,

* "And the sad sullenness of *a* griev'd dislike," is the reading of the quarto. The article was omitted by Mr. Reed for the sake of the measure. C.

Whose well-spent youth hath given his age full strength,
To be his country's best physician,
To caper to his grave, and with vain gauds
Trick up his coffin, and upon his tomb,
To leave no knowledge but his levity.

Florio. 'Tis true indeed, and nature in herself
Doth give us still distaste in contraries.
And in my thoughts it is as base to see a woman man,
As see a man a long-rob'd feminine.

Mechant. Well, we forget ourselves, my lord; what, is the musick ready? I pray you command the guard to take their halberts in their hands, the ushers should have seen this room perfum'd, in faith they are too negligent: here comes the queen.

Enter the QUEEN, MARIANA, *and waiting-women,* PHILOCLES *and other lords, the King disguised like one of the guard at the one end of the stage, and the duke so likewise disguised at the other end of the stage.*

Queen. Loud musick there, and let the god of harmony
Ravish our senses, with delightful airs,
Tun'd to the musick of the higher sphere;
And with that mortal sign most rarely shew
The joys in Jove's high court, to feast the gods,
Making that place abound in happiness.
Come, noble Philocles, I seize you first,
(Mariana, there are choice of other lords)
In gracing you, it is the king I grace.

Mariana. Come, honest lord, 'tis you must stand to me,
The queen in mine doth challenge interest,
And I must fly for shelter to my friends.

Mechant. And I'll be glad to be your coverture.

Mariana. O no, my lord, not till the weather change.

Mechant. Well, when you please, mean time you do me grace.

Queen. Nay, my lord, there's a lady worth the handling:
Sound musick then, fill earth with heaven's pleasure.

Cyprus. My queen is out of time, though she keep measure. [*Here they dance the first strain.*

Epire. Be lucky villainy, hit now the mark *
That mine ambition aims at; methinks I see
That lean Italian devil, jealousy,
Dance in his eyes: possess him, spirit of rage,
Muffle his understanding with black thoughts,
Let passion govern reason, falsehood truth,
Oblivion hide his age, hate kill his youth.

Cyprus. Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,
[29] Even as upon these rushes, which thou treadest:
See how her motions wind about his eyes,
And doth present to him her passions:
Now doth her moistening palm glow in his hand,
And courts him unto dalliance. She dies, 'tis just:
She's slave to murder that is slave to lust.

Epire. Thou curse of greatness, waking-ey'd suspicion,
Now help thy poor friends, murder and ambition.

The first strain ends.

Queen. This strain contain'd a pretty change.
Proceed unto the next.

They dance the second.

Cyprus. Sin follows sin, and change on change doth wait;
Thy change doth change my love to cruel hate.

Here, in this strain, Mariana came to Philocles.

Philocles. Madam, methinks this chance is better than the first.

Mariana. I, if the musick would not alter it.

Queen. Methinks 'tis worse; come, we will have another strain.

They dance again.

Philocles. I'm * pleas'd, let us proceed.

* "Be lucky *villainy*" is necessary for the measure and is conformable to the old copies. Mr. Reed permitted the misprint to stand and did not regulate the verse as it required. C.

[29] *Even as upon these rushes,*] See Note 7 to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V. and Mr. Steevens's Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 4.

* The Quarto, 1608, has it "*I* pleas'd," and the reprint of 1633 implicitly follows all blunders and adds others peculiar to itself. C.

Cyprus. Rivals in crowns and beds of kings must bleed.
Can that fair house contain so foul a guest
As lust, or cloak inordinate base* desires,
Under so fair a coverture? O yes,
Women can blind our sense when we see best,
And set fair landskips on inconstancy,
Making us blind with seeing. The dance ends,
Your sins are blackest, breach of love and friends.

Epire. Now to the king; blow rage till it flame hate.
A politician thrives the best in state.

[*Exit Epire, and enters to the king again.*

Queen. Come, sweet prince Philocles,
Devise some new delights to shorten time;
This dulness hath no relish in my sense,
It hath no pith; and sloth in my conceit
Is but a type of pride in best constructions.†

Mariana. Madam, I'll stand, that a fair woman must be proud, or else a fool.

Philocles. I would fain hear that, i'faith.

Queen. Thy reason, wench, I pray thee come, disburse.

Mariana. A woman fair is like a full-blown rose,

Queen. Which holds the fair no longer than it grows.

Mariana. A woman fair is like the finest gold.

Philocles. Which kept from use is good though ne'er so old.

Mariana. Nay, good lord, leave a little:
She that is fair is wise, and ought to know it,
For to that end did nature first bestow it.
Now of this knowledge if we be not proud,
We wrong the author, and we are allow'd
To rank with senseless beasts, since careless we
For want of pride detract our dignity.

* "Inordinate *and* base desires" both quartos.

† In the last edition it was printed,

"and sloth in my conceit
"Is but a type of pride in best *constitutions.*"

which is neither sense nor metre. The old copies are uniform for the restored reading. C.

Not knowing it, we know truth in the same,
Not to be proud of truth asks folly's name.
This lessen still is read in beauty's school,
She that is fair and humble is a fool.
For neither knows she how to hold her good,
Or to keep safe the treasure of her blood.

Queen. A notable declamation.

Mariana. Nay, madam, by your leave,
Pride gives a lustre to a woman's fair,*
Things that are highest priz'd are ever dear.
Why is the diamond the saphyr's king,
But for esteem and rareness? both which spring
From the stone's pride, which is so chaste and hard,
Nothing can pierce it, itself is itself's guard.
Now what is pride? self-love, our own esteem,
A strength to make us of ourselves well deem:
From whence this maxim I collect 'mongst other,
Who hates herself can never love another.
And, to conclude, man's appetite grows dull
To what it may have, empty hope is full;
To all our sex on earth, maid, widow, wife, and bride,
They happy live, when they live with chaste pride.

Cyprus [*Aside.*] My queen will speak as much for lust, as she
For pride, if the toy take her.

Mechant. Your ladyship sows dangerous seed abroad.

Mariana. But I hope, my lord, all grounds are not fruitful.

Queen. Well, wench, shalt be the proud woman's champion.

Mariana. And I'll defend them against all men, as at single tongue.

Mechant. I had rather fight with a giant, than you at that weapon.

Cyprus [*to Epire.*] My lord, go forth, return in your own shape,
Say I am coming.

Epire. I go, my lord. [*Exit Epire.*

* See Note 7 to *The Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III. C.

Cyprus. [*Aside.*] I'll note their countenance when they hear of me,
Kings often see that which they would not see.

Queen. Dancing hath made me weary, what sport is next?

Philocles. What your highness will command.

Cyprus. [*Aside.*] She will command you, sir, to play with her.

Enter EPIRE.

Epire. Madam, his majesty is return'd to court.

Queen. Nay, then, away with revels and with sports;
Lie hush'd and still this vainer idleness,
It now hath lost his spleen; come, lords, away,
My sun is risen, brings a brighter day.

[*Exeunt all but Cyprus and Epire.*

Cyprus. Darkness is thy delight, lascivious queen,
And thou wouldst have thy son pent up in clouds,
If I be he. O falseness, did I for this,
In single opposition hand to hand,
Hazard my royal blood for thee to be
My greatest shame, the scandal of my blood,
Whilst rumour crowns me king of infamy?
But I will be reveng'd: watch, gentle lord,
When next I see them, they shall taste of death;
Such power hath baseness over great defame,
That monarchs cannot cover their own shame,

[*Exit Cyprus.*

Epire. My plot yet holds a true proportion,
And I do see an even way to rule,
A crown, like a bold champion, bids me on,
And fame shall chronicle mine enterprize:
The queen being dead, I must oppose myself
Against her tyrant husband, that's my claim,
And with strong courage stand the shock of war:
If of myself I can withstand the king,
Then all the land will flock unto mine aid; if not,
The king is God's anointed, my head fits the block,
And that's the worst: yet future times will tell,
I sunk not slightly; for a crown I fell. [*Exit Epire.*

Enter MECHANT, *and a guard of* WATCHMEN.

Mechant. Come on, my masters,
You know the tenor of the king's command,
And what in this great business you must do,
Which is to keep him safe, and not vouchsafe
That any creature speak or visit him,
Till he be brought to the presence of the king.
You must not start for bounty, nor for threats,
No, though he say he is a nobleman,
As it may be, he may prove mighty born,
Yet what for that? you must perform your office,
Or else expect to taste sharp punishment.

First Watchman. Tut, fear not, my lord, we that have had Cerberes office so many years under a gate, are not to learn now to play either devils, or tyrants; let us but see him, and then take no care for his safety.

Second Watchman. Nay, he shall be put into safe keeping, for my wife shall take charge of him.

Enter ALPHONSO *in the Orator's cloaths.*

Mechant. 'Tis well devis'd, see where he comes;
He may not see my presence; think upon't,
Your charge is trusty, and of mighty weight.
Farewel. [*Exit Mechant.*

First Watchman. Fear not; come, my hearts, compass him about, and seize on him all at once, like so many ravens on a dead horse.

Alphonso. Now an eternal sleep, an apoplex, a swoon,
Seize on their senses, who in this disguise
Shall view or note my vile deformity.
I was bewitch'd by spells to my misfortune,
Or else star-cross'd with some hagg's hellishness.
Sure I said my prayers, ris'd on my righside,
Wash'd hands and eyes, put on my girdle last;
Sure I met no spay-footed baker,
No hare did cross me, nor no bearded witch,
Nor other onmious sign. O then why
Should I be thus damn'd in the devil's nets?
Is't possible this habit that I wear
Should become any man? now of my soul,

I loath to see myself, and willingly
I would even vomit at my countenance.

First Watchman. Stand, sir, we arrest you.

Alphonso. Arrest me! why I injure no man but myself.

Second Watchman. You're the more unkind, he that wrongs himself will not stick to wrong the whole world also.

First Watchman. Nay strive not, for we arrest you by virtue of the king's commission.

Alphonso. Well, my masters, be careful, you may mistake me.

Second Watchman. Indeed it is no marvel, you are so like other men.

Alphonso. Indeed at this time I am hardly like one of God's making.

First Watchman. Faith, and I am sure you are no man of a good taylor's making, you are but piec'd-work.

Alphonso. Well, yet I may hap to prove a noble-man.

Second Watchman. A whoremaster, or an unthrift: away with him, and let no man catechise him upon pain of my displeasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of EPIRE *alone.*

Epire. Roll on the chariot-wheels of my dear plots,
And bear mine ends to their desired marks.
As yet there's not a rub of wit, a gulf of thought,
No rocky misconstruction, thorny maze,
Or other let of any doubtfulness:
And yet thy way is smooth and plain,
Like the green ocean in a silent calm.
Blessed credulity, thou great God of error,
Thou art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;
By thy great deity he doth believe
Falsehoods, that falsehood's self could not invent,
And from that misbelief doth draw a course
To overwhelm even virtue, truth, and sanctity.
Let him go on, blest stars, 'tis meet he fall,

Whose blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.
But O these shadows have bewitched long,
To threat and not to do doth malice wrong.
And see, here comes the queen.

Enter the QUEEN, MARIANA, *and other ladies.*

Queen. My lord the duke, your presence and my wish
Jump in an even line together: come, we must to cards,
I have some crowns I needs must lose to you.

Epire. I humbly beseech your highness pardon me,
I have important business of the king's,
Which doth command mine instant diligence.

Mariana. Brother, indeed, you shall attend the queen;
Another time will serve those state dispatches.

Epire. Sister, content you, the affairs of state
Must give their best attendance on the times;
And great occurrents must not lose their minutes.

Mariana. Now I'll stand to it, that to be a statesman or a lawyer, is to be of the most thankless occupation that ever was deriv'd from human invention.

Queen. Why I pray thee, wench?

Mariana. Because they bestow all the laborious toil of the mind until they be forty, that they may live imprisoned in a study-chamber till they be fourscore, only for this world's mammon, a great name and riches, which, like a string between a galley-slave's legs, is the only ease of their fetters.*

Queen. A notable construction of a noble labour: but shall we not have your company, my lord?

Epire. My service, madam, but my presence the king hath employed; only if you please, I will send prince Philocles to your majesty.

Queen. No creature better, for his skill in play

* In the two quarto copies of this play the latter part of the speech stands thus:—"Only for this world's mammon, which is "great name and riches, like a string between a galley slave's "legs, is the only ease of their fetters." Mr. Reed introduced the improvement. C.

Is equal with our knowledge. Good my lord,
Send him to my privy-chamber presently.

[*Exeunt Queen, Mariana, &c.*

Enter PHILOCLES.

Epire. I will, and send affliction after him;
And see where he comes. My lord, your presence hath
Saved me much labour, and a little care,
I was in quest for your fair company:
The queen, my lord, intreats you earnestly
You will attend her in her privy-chamber.

Philocles. Unto what end?

Epire. Only to waste some time at cards with her,
The lazy hours stick heavy on her thoughts,
Which she would lose with some forgetfulness.

Philocles. Faith, and play ne'er relish'd worse within my thoughts:
I know not how, but loaden with heaviness
Draws me to be in love with melancholy.

Epire. The fitter for you with more light sports
To chase that blood-consumer from your breast,
Who with a honey-poison doth devour,
And kill the very life of livelihood.

Philocles. 'Tis true, and therefore shall your counsel tutor me;
Where is her majesty?

Epire. Gone to her privy-chamber, where she doth expect you.

Philocles. I will attend her presently.

[*Exit Philocles.*

Epire. Do, and I will attend thee to thy grave,
Poor shallow lord, by much too virtuous.
Ho, who's within there?

Enter FLORIO.

Florio. Your grace's pleasure?

Epire. Go tell his majesty that I must speak with him.

Florio. I go. [*Exit.*

Enter aloft to cards, the QUEEN *and* PHILOCLES.

Queen. Come, my lord, take your place, here are cards, and here are my crowns.

Philocles. And here are mine; at what game will your majesty play?

Queen. [30] At Mount-saint.

Philocles. A royal game, and worthy of the name,
And meetest even for saints to exercise:
Sure it was of a woman's first invention.

Queen. It is not saint, but cent, taken from hundreds.

Philocles. True, for 'mongst millions hardly is found one saint.

Queen. Indeed you may allow a double game;
But come, lift for the dealing; it is my chance to deal.

Philocles. An action most, most proper to your sex.

Enter CYPRUS.

Cyprus. How now, my waking dragon, thou whose eyes
Do never fall or close through Lethean sleep:
What, is there a Hercules that dare to touch,
Or enter the Hesperian [31] rosaries?

Epire. Speak softly, gentle lord, behold, behold
The silly birds are tangled in your snare,
And have no way to 'scape your punishment:
See how her eyes do court him, and his looks
Pay to her love a double interest.
Fie, fie, they are to blame.

Queen. What are you, my lord?

Philocles. Your highness' servant, but misfortune's slave.

Queen. Your game I mean.

Philocles. Nothing in show, yet somewhat in account;
Madam, I am blank.

Queen. You are a double game, and I am no less; there's an hundred, and all cards made but one knave.

Epire. Mark that, of my life she means your majesty.

Cyprus. True, I know she holds me as her varlet,
And that I am imperfect in her game;

[30] *At Mount-saint.*] This game is often mentioned in our ancient writers, and what immediately follows sufficiently explains the nature of it. See also Note 12 to *The Wits*, vol. VIII.

[31] *rosaries*] Places where roses grow in great abundance.
"——— biferique *rosaria* Pasti." VIRG. S.

But my revenge shall give me better place,
Beyond the hate of her foul impudence.

Epire. Nay, good my lord, observe, they will confirm you better.

Queen. What's your game now?

Philocles. Four kings as I imagine.

Queen. Nay, I have two, yet one doth me little good.

Philocles. Indeed, mine are two queens, and one I'll throw away.

Epire. Doth your majesty mark that?
You are the king that she is weary of,
And my sister the queen that he will cast away.

Philocles. Can you [32]decard, madam?

Queen. Hardly, but I must do hurt.

Philocles. But spare not any to confirm your game.

Epire. Would you have more plain proof of their foul treason?
They do not plot your highness' death alone.

Cyprus. But others which they think depend on me.

Epire. Myself and those which do you services:
They are bloody-minded; yet for myself,
Were it not for your safety, I could wish
You would remit and blot these errors out,
In hope that time would bring them to more virtue.

Cyprus. O then thou didst not love me, nor thy faith
Took hold upon my scandals; fie, I'm mad,
Sham'd and disgrac'd, all wit-stung, wisdomless.
Within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO.

Florio. Did your majesty call?

Cyprus. Go instantly (nay do not look sad or pale,
Neither dispute with me, nor with thy thoughts;
But as thou lov'st thy life, effect my will)
Call all my guard, ascend the queen's privy-chamber,
And in my name arrest her and prince Philocles of treason.
Make no delay, but in thy diligence
Shew how thou dost respect me; arrested once,

[32] *decard*] i. e. throw away a card. S.

Convey them unto straitest prison: away. [*Exit Florio.*
For you, my lord, go instantly prepare,
And summon all the princes of our land
Unto an instant parliament, where we
Will have them both condemn'd immediately,
Without their answers, plaints, or pitiousness.
Since women's tears do blunt revenge's sword,
I will not see, nor hear them speak one word.
[*Exeunt Cyprus and Epire.*

Enter FLORIO, *and a guard aloft, to the* QUEEN *and* PHILOCLES.

Florio. Madam, and prince Philocles, in the king's name I arrest you both of high-treason.

Philocles. He lies that saith I ever knew the word.

Queen. I pray thee do not affright me, gentle lord,
Thy words do carry death even in their sound.

Florio. Madam, I am most sorry 'tis my fortune,
But what I do is by the king's commission.

Queen. Whence is that warrant grounded, or what's our treason?

Florio. I am his instrument, but not his counsellor.

Philocles. Madam, be patient, that we do not know
We have no cause to grieve at. As for envy's toil,
Let her even break her own gall with desire,
Our innocence is our prevention.
Be cheerful, madam, 'tis but some villain's sound,
Made only to amaze, not to confound.
And what must we do, my lord?

Florio. To prison are the words of my commission.

Philocles. Then lead the way, he hath of grief no sense,
Whose conscience doth not know of his offence.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter at one door EPIRE, *at another* MARIANA.

Epire. How now, mad sister, your dear love is condemn'd;
A sweet adulterer.

Mariana. How! condemn'd before their trial?
Epire. No, they were condemn'd by act of parliament.
Mariana. I do not hold thee, brother, for a man,
For it is reasonless to mock calamity:
If he die innocent, thrice happy soul;
If guilty, weep that man should so transgress:
Nature of reason thus much doth importune,
Man should partake in grief with man's misfortune.
Epire. For him, if e'er mine eyes weep, may they drop out,
And leave my body blinder than my sense:
Pity my foe, the ruin of my house,
My valour's scandal, and mine honour's poison!
No let him fall, for blood must still quench lust,
Law hath condemn'd him, then his death is just.
Mariana. Spit out that monster envy, it corrupts you,
And mildly hear me answer for my love.
What did he 'gainst you was not honourable,
Which you 'gainst him would not have gladly done?
Will you hate him for acting your own thoughts?
Can it be ill in him, yet good in you?
Let reason weigh this difference, then you'll find
His honour poizes down his infamy.
Epire. Canst thou love him that brought thee to thy death?
Mariana. No, like a God, he made me with his breath.
Epire. Did he not win thy love, and then reject thee?
Mariana. His honour, not his love doth now neglect me.
Epire. Fond maid, thy foolish dotage doth mistake him.
Mariana. Hell shall have mercy, ere I will forsake him.
Epire. Farewel then, sister, friend to my greatest foe:
Revenge strikes home, being ended with one blow.
[*Exit Epire.*
Mariana. Prevention, thou best midwife to misfortune,

Unfold this ugly monster's treachery;
And let his birth be ominous, struck dead,
Ere it have being in this open world.
Love commands nature; brother, pardon me,
Thine envy dies by my love's liberty.
Invention (heart of wit) possess my brain,
For treason is to treason her own bane.
And you, bright heav'ns, now aid me in my plots,
That truth may shine through falsehood's leprous spots;
My life I'll hazard to redeem my love,
Firm constancy like rocks can never move.
Be bold then, maiden-heart, in his defence;
He saved thy life, thy life's his recompence:
My wit and hopes have furnish'd me with all
The helps of art to bring forth treason's fall.
Now to the means: some say that gold hath power
To enter without force a gateless tower;
And I'll try that, which if it take fast hold,
I'll never blame them more that doat on gold.
Ho, who's within there?

Enter JAILER.

Jailer. Who calls, what would you have? I thought you were a woman, you were so hasty: O, madam, is it you? I cry you mercy.

Mariana. My grief speaks loud, sir, and my swift desire
O'er-rules my tongue, makes it keep time with thought;
I long to see a prisoner in this ill-built house.

Jailer. What prisoner, madam?

Mariana. The worthy prince: the famous Philocles.

Jailer. Madam, I dare not, without especial warrant.

Mariana. I have my brother's strong commission; hold, there is gold.

Jailer. This golden calf is an excellent idol, and few of my profession but serve it: this dumb god gives tongue to all men, wit to all men, honour to any man, but honesty to no man: and therefore as for honesty I mean not to deal with so dear a commodity, but leave

it to my better: madam, those stairs direct you to his lodging.

Mariana. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Mariana.*

Jailer. This is a worthy lady, to give thus much for the bare sight of a man in affliction; if he were at liberty, it were nothing; but being as it is, it is most bountiful: but it may be it is for the past hours of former recreations: well, let it be what it shall be, I am sure it was not that I should hold this disputation: but see, here she comes again.

Enter PHILOCLES *in Mariana's attire, and Mariana in his.*

Philocles. Madam, my soul cannot consent to leave
Your life in this great hazard, nor can death
Carry such ugly shape, as doth the thought
That you are left in this extremity:
Indeed I will not leave you.

Mariana. Will you grow mad? what, shall your nobler spirit,
Which is the school of wisdom, grow so [33] fond,
As to revolt from all our happiness?
Our plots you know, and how to manage cares,
Whose true events have true proportions;
Then, dear lord, rest resolv'd, the jailer over-hears:
Live you with safety.—Most worthy maid, farewel.

Philocles. Farewel, fair prince: thanks, master Jailer, and a kind commend.

Jailer. As much unto your ladyship. So now I'll lock my doors. [*Exeunt Mariana, Philocles, and Jailer.*

Enter CYPRUS, MECHANT, FLORIO, *and attendants.*

Cyprus. Is our commission, as we gave in charge,
Delivered o'er to the corregidors?

Mechant. It is, and with such strictness and advice,
For speedy execution of the same,
That by this time I know they are in the way
Unto their execution; for the hour
Of death doth run upon his latest minutes.

[33] *fond*] Foolish. See Note 16 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Cyprus. 'Tis well: for till their shameless lives have end,
There can no comfort creep into my thoughts,
Or aught save mischief keep me company.
Why was I born to this malignity
And lowness of base fortune? yet my place
Above the level of the vulgar's sight?
O it is but to let me know thus much,
That those which lie within the richest graves
Were at the best but fortune's glorious slaves.
But see, here comes my shame.

Enter corregidors, QUEEN, *and* MARIANA *disguised like* PHILOCLES, *both bound, and a guard of halberts with the executioner.*

Queen. My dearest lord.

Cyprus. Pass, and respect me not, lascivious woman!
Thy tears are like the tears of crocodiles.*
See how I stop mine ears against thy plaints,
And glue mine understanding from thy charms.
Nay, call on him thou hast offended most;
Mercy from me were worse than cruelty.

Queen. My dearest dread, my best best sovereign,
Whom I have ne'er offended, but with zeal
And constant love, loyal and honourable,
Vouchsafe me, though a queen, a subject's right,
And let me know for what offence I perish.

Cyprus. For thine adulterate and monstrous lust,
Shameful, and gross, and most unsufferable.

Queen. Who doth accuse us?

Cyprus. Ourself, and our own soul that have beheld
Your vile and most lascivious [24] passages.

Mariana. O that my tongue would not betray my knowledge!

* "Thy tears are *of the spears* of crocodiles," are the words in both the quartos: probably the amendment of Mr. Reed is correct. C.

[24] *passages*] i. e. what hath passed between you. See Notes of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens to *All's well that ends well*, A. 1. S. 1.

Then would I amaze them all with mine assertions.
Madam, challenge the law.

Queen. My gracious lord, since no desert in me
Can merit your belief, nor that your eye
Can rightly judge my pure complection:
Yet as your handmaid let me beg the right,
Due unto wretches from our country's laws.

Cyprus. The tenor of the law you do demand?

Queen. That in the case of slander, where the proof
Proceeds as much from envy as from truth,
We are allow'd our champions to defend
Our innocence, with a well-ordered sword.

Cyprus. I look'd for this objection and allow it,
Nor am I unprovided for your best
And strongest hope in any victory:
Lords, attend in my champion.

Here the noblemen go forth, and bring in the Duke of EPIRE *like a combatant.*

Queen. Will you, my lord, approve the king's assertion?

Epire. Madam, although against the nature of my spirit,
And my first duty, bound to your allegiance,
Yet now compell'd by duty and by truth,
I must of force become your opposite.

Queen. Thou art no true Italian, nor true gentleman,
Thus to confound the glory of thy judgment.
Hath not that arm which now is arm'd against me,
That valour, spirit, judgment, and that worth,
Which only makes you worthy, stood t' approve
More than myself will challenge to my virtues?
And are you now basely turn'd retrograde?
Well, I perceive there's nought in you but spleen,
And time's observance, still to hold the best:
Still I demand the law,

Cyprus. And you shall have it in the amplest manner.
Sound, cornets.

Here the cornets sound thrice, and at the third sound enters PHILOCLES, *disguised like a combatant.*

Florio. There is a combatant on the defendant's part;

Your majesty's pleasure.

Cyprus. Give him his oath according to the laws.

Florio. Are the fair ends of this your warlike posture,

To prove the innocence of these two condemn'd?
So help you Jove.

Philocles. They are.

Cyprus. Then give the warlike signal to the fight.

Here the combat being fought, Philocles overcomes the Duke.

Philocles. Thou art my slave, either confess or die.

Epire. Didst thou speak true, I would not sound a word
To save the world from cinders; yet that thou may'st
With more resolved fury murder me,
This I confess: 'twas I that only stirr'd,
Out of strong falsehood's hate and jealousy
The king's eternal wrath, and made him think
Untruths, that even untruth would not suggest:
And all my malice sprung from that prince Philocles.

Philocles. No, 'twas from me, that still am Philocles.

Cyprus. My Philocles, my queen! O double pardon me,
My jealousy, his envy, and your virtues,
Are sprung from such impatient contraries,
I cannot reconcile them; yet O pardon me:
My faith in life shall make you recompence.
For thee, rare Mariana, thou hast wrought
A work of noble constant magnitude.
As for this monster, this my tempting devil,
Whose forfeit life is witness to his shame,
I give his life and fortunes to the queen.
She, whom his malice would have brought to death,
Shall now be judge and juror of his breath.

Mariana. In which commission (madam) let it be inroll'd,
He is my brother and my best of blood.

Queen. And only that is charter for his life:
Live, envious lord, more envious than thou'rt great,

Live to lament thy worst of wretchedness,
Live to repent, since this I certain know,
Thine own gall'd conscience will be thy worst woe.

Enter a guard of WATCHMEN *with* ALPHONSO.

First Watchman. Come, bring away, thrust him forward, though favour and a great purse were against him.

Cyprus. How now, what tumult have we there?

Second Watchman. An't please your majesty, we have brought you here [35] a slip, a piece of false coin: one that is neither stampt with true coin for his excuse, nor with good cloaths for his redemption.

Cyprus. Alphonso! in the name of madness, how comes this metamorphosis? nay stand forth, discourse; if thou dost lye thou art mine enemy.

Mechant. Nay more, if thou stick in any bog, and by a trick seek to wind out, I will discover you.

Alphonso. This conjuration (believe it my lord) shall make me leap out of all fetters, and briefly thus: I have long time loved the fair wife of the orator; and, having no opportunity but his absence at the senate, I took that season: he, out of negligence, omitting his papers, return'd unseasonably, found me insufficiently, and forc'd to take sanctuary strangely, which however I purchas'd, yet he found mine apparel, and mistaken in the tenure, reach'd it presently, put it on immediately: and now in the senate-house is pleading in it seriously.

Cyprus. I cannot blame him, you having got so much within his inward garment.

Mechant. Of all which, my lord, I being (in a strict conceit) a baudy witness; and having both from the orator's scorns and delays received many indignities,

[35] *a slip, a piece of false coin:*] See Note 55 to *A Mad world my masters*, vol. V.

Again, in Day's *Law Tricks*, 1608, A. 3:

"A guilded *slip* carryes as faire a show
"As perfect gold, guilt honour may do so.
"But put your *slip* to triall, the slight gold
"Is soone rubb'd of."

thought by this discovery to cry quittance with my proud enemy.

Cyprus. And you have amply done it; yet this jest
So perfect doth deserve more memory.
Florio, go bid the orator attend us presently.

[*Exit Florio.*

And now to you, Drap and Velours, I did
Refer you long since to the orator.
Yet I note your attention: come, there is
Some too close-fisted hardness in your hearts:
You gripe too hard, your bribes will not disburse:
Come tell me truly, as you look for heaven,
What must you pay for your dispatches?

Drap and Velours. A thousand crowns we offer'd willingly.

Cyprus. And will your suit avail with such disbursement?

Drap and Velours. It will, and we most richly satisfied.

Cyprus. We'll see the business perfected.

Drap and Velours. With all our hearts, and be full joy'd thereat;
Here are the crowns.

Cyprus. You shall have your dispatches.

Enter PRATE *and* FLORIO.

See, here comes the orator. Prate; come hither;
These gentlemen, whom long since I referr'd
To your dispatches, are yet unsatisfied.

Prate. Alas, my lord, the state—

Cyprus. I know employs you, yet there's many minutes
May give your best cares leisure; come, there is
Some odd disburse, some bribe, some gratulance,
Which makes you lock up leisure: come tell true,
What bribe must they give, what is your utmost price?

Prate. But five hundred crowns, of my best conscience.

Cyprus. Tut, it is nothing, hold, here's the coin,
And let them have their patents presently:
Or look to lose both place and sovereignty.

Prate. Legions of devils haunt their diligence.
Cyprus. Fie, I would not have a man of your high place,
Or for respect of wealth, or base observance,
In smallest things thus to neglect your credit,
Why look you, my lords, this orator is not like others of his rank,
Who from their gainish* and fantastick humours,
Go through the streets, spotted with peacock's plumes,
Wearing all colours, laces, broideries,
Sattins and silks, so antick garnished,
That when their gowns are off, you cannot find
In Italy a master shap'd more nice.
But this fellow Prate here's of another sort,
Cloath'd like himself, demure and soberly:
Nay, you shall see him for a precedent.
[*Ungowns the orator.*
Passion of mine eye-sight! who have we here?
This is Alphonso, there's the orator.
Prate. Heart of impatience, I am then a cuckold!
A scorn, a by-word, and a laughing stock.
What is my wife turn'd whore? and must her depth
Be sounded by [36] the plumbs of foreigners?
Well, the revenge that I will take for this my shame
Shall make all whores hereafter dread my name.
Cyprus. Not for thy life, not for my love, I charge thee:
Thy wife is honest, chaste and virtuous:
Only this wanton lord, with lust and coin,
Hath much attempted, but prevail'd in nought.
For proof, see here the crowns he would have given
To have purchas'd her bed's honour, but she would not;
Which I bestow on you for recompence.
Therefore as thou dost hope my grace to find,
So to thy wife be loving, gentle, kind.

* The quarto, 1608, reads *ganish*, but probably we ought to read *garish*. C.

[36] *the plumbs*] i. e. the plummets. S.

Prate. Your majesty may mould me to your pleasure.

Cyprus. I thank you, and will quittance it.
Now, Mechant, we restore you to your lands,
Your honours and near places, next ourself:
To all that feel distaste in any sore,
We give to cure them all our grace and favour.
Thus storms bring gentle sun-shine; and our hands
May, after shipwreck, bring us to safe lands.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The dumbe Knight. A historicall Comedy, "acted sundry times by the children of his Majesties "Revels. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for "John Bache, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-"head Palace, neere to the Royall Exchange. 1608. "4to."*

(2.) "The Dumbe Knight. An Historicall Comedy, "acted sundry times by the children of his Majesties "Revells. London, Printed by A. M. for William "Sheares, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Chan-"cery Lane, near Seriants Inne." 1633. 4to.

* This edition had a different title page to some of the copies, but in all other respects they were similar: it was as follows—
"The Dumbe Knight. A pleasant Comedy, acted sundry times "by the children of his Majesties Revels. Written by Jarvis "Markham." [Imprint the same as above.] C.

THOMAS WHITE, PRINTER,
JOHNSON'S COURT.

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